September 11, 1973 75¢

Saturday Review World

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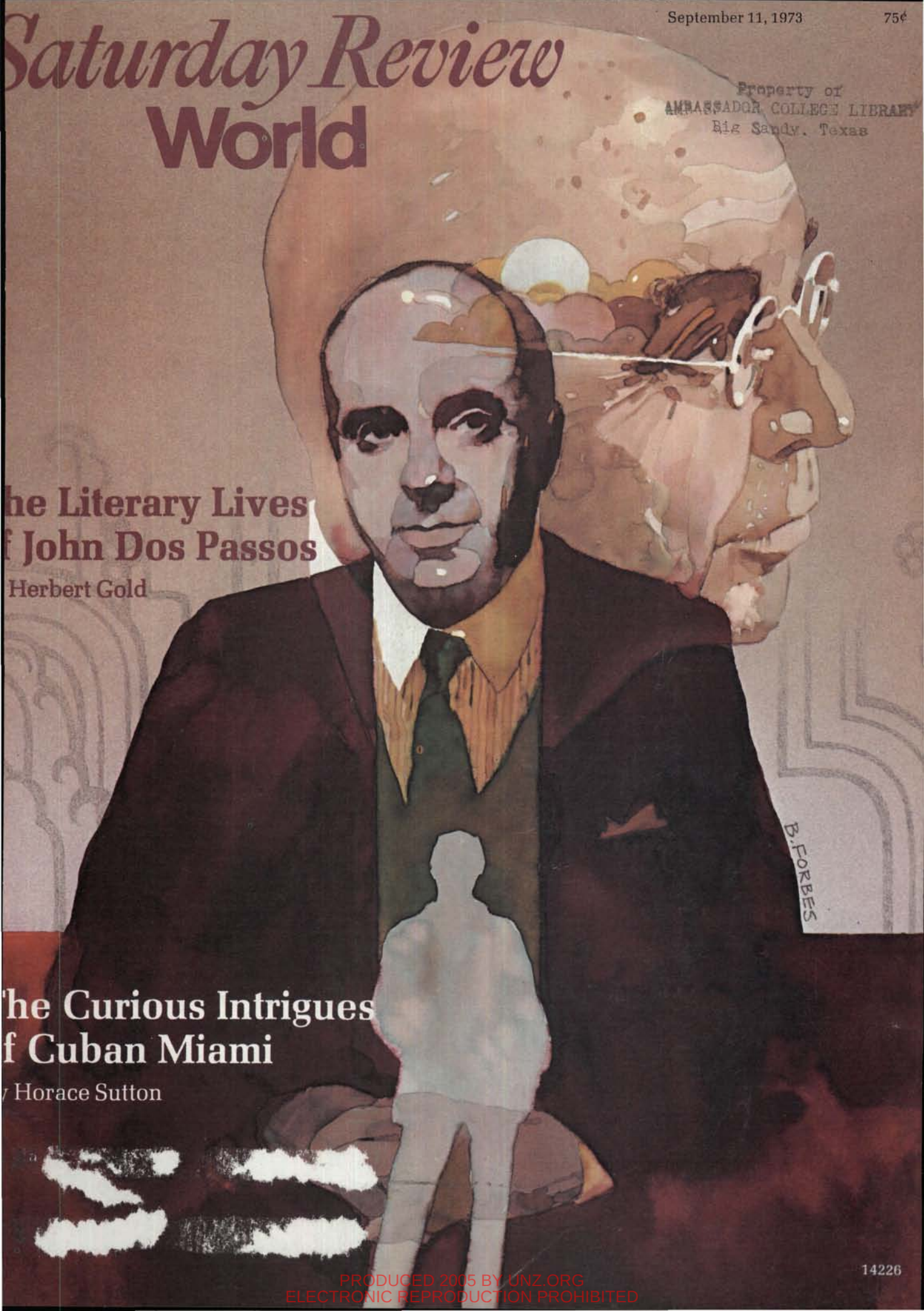

he Literary Lives f John Dos Passos

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he Curious Intrigues f Cuban Miami

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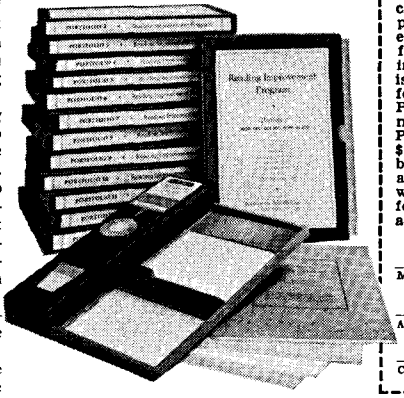

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Saturday Review
World

September 11, 1973

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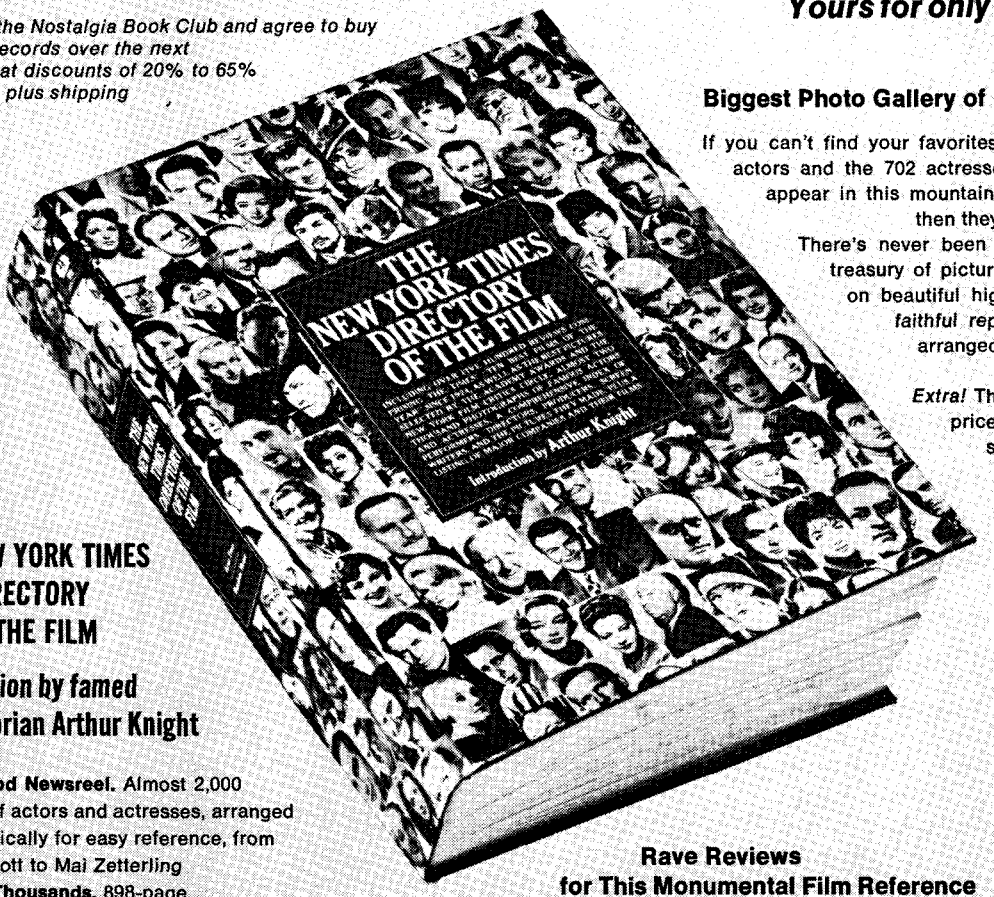

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A NEW WORLD FOR "SR"

Ever since it was announced that the four monthly magazines—*Saturday Review of Education, Saturday Review of the Sciences, Saturday Review of the Arts,* and *Saturday Review of the Society*—would be combined with WORLD as a single, fully integrated magazine, people have asked where the editors would put their emphasis. Would we return to the "old," or pre-1972, *SR*? Would we simply absorb *SR* into WORLD? Would we retain any of the editorial flavor of the past two years? Or would we try to create an essentially new magazine?

Perhaps the best way to answer these questions is to begin by examining two opposed theories of editing. One theory holds that a magazine should ascertain the needs of readers through market surveys, conducted often enough to enable editors to stay current with readers' attitudes and tastes. The other theory is that editors shouldn't expect readers to tell them what to do but should edit to please themselves.

We have no difficulty in favoring the latter theory. A magazine should be an essential reflection of the enthusiasms and concerns of its editors. If enough people share these enthusiasms and concerns, a magazine may have a reason for being. Editors have to be constantly on the prowl for new facts, new trends, new perceptions, new arenas. They have to recognize critical issues early enough to be able to sound an alert. They shouldn't have to wait until major events bulge into public view before taking notice. Nor need they fear going back for a second or third look; there may be odd pieces of history left lying around to be discerned, pieces that, when put together, may change the contours of an event, or at least our understanding of it.

THERE IS SOMETHING beyond anticipation and appraisal, of course. There is the importance that people attach to the sheer delight of reading. The human mind craves festivity, diversion, mirth. Nothing about an editor's job is more explicit or difficult than to find writers who know how to join words together in a way that pleases or excites the creative intelligence. Similarly, no challenge to the editor is more enduring than the need to help people take reasonable pride in the evidence of human progress. And an editor's greatest satisfaction comes not when he is thanked for telling a reader something he doesn't know but when he is told that the magazine has put into words something the reader instinctively feels.

The answer to the opening question, therefore, is that SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD will be edited not out of any preconceived, rigid editorial formula but out of the personal enchantments and desperations of the editors. Also, the certainty that nothing exists unless it is shared. This is what WORLD had in common with the "old" *Saturday Review* and this is what the new SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD has in common with both.

Readers of WORLD will notice an increased emphasis on books and the arts in the combined magazine. No general American magazine paid more attention to books than did the *Saturday Review*. We aim to recapture that distinction. It is worth remembering that, half a century ago, *SR* came into the world as *SRL*—the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Its forerunner had been a weekly book-review newspaper supplement. When that supplement was discontinued, the four editors who produced it—Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, Christopher Morley, and William Rose Benét—started *SRL*. Their emblem was the phoenix, which has turned out to be even more of a mascot than a symbol. It has been a felicitous and durable bird, demonstrating a capability for repeated ascents from different sets of ashes.

A little-known fact about the beginning of the *Saturday Review of Literature* is its original association with Time, Inc. Henry Seidel Canby had been professor of American literature at Yale. One of his students had been Henry R. Luce, who, not long after his graduation, decided to launch a weekly newsmagazine. Soon after the first issue of *Time* appeared in 1924, Dr. Canby and his colleagues announced their own new journal. At Henry Luce's invitation, *SRL* moved with Time, Inc., into two small rooms at 236 East Thirty-ninth Street, in Manhattan. The name Time, Inc., appeared as publisher in the first issue of the new literary weekly.

The relationship between *Time* and *SRL* lasted little more than a year. Henry Luce and his associates were serious young men who were too often disconcerted by the hearty laughter from the likes of Christopher Morley and Bill Benét on the other side of a thin partition. Reports have also drifted down over the years—probably apocryphal—that there was a mix-up one week, and the copy for an entire issue of *Time* was lost for two days on top of one of the *SRL* desks. *SRL* and its spunky phoenix soon moved to new quarters.

In his first editorial for *SRL*, Henry Canby set the keynote of knowledgeable optimism that was to become the principal intellectual heritage and hallmark of the magazine. He spoke against the "literature of retreat." Those who enjoy it "are for the moment old. The drums have sounded for them; they have left the

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treets, left the battle, stepped out of the mmediacies of life, are looking on, not nto, experience. . . . Neither readers nor eviewers can live on Mountaintops or in loisters. . . . To search for eternal values nly in literature and to disregard the rest s inhuman and a little ridiculous, like rying to understand all ages without experiencing one's own."

SRL's optimism was fed not by pompus heroics but by historical infusions nd poetic splendor. It never strayed rom these prime sources of its intellecual and spiritual energy. This mood of trong but unostentatious confidence was thrilling environment for a young man n his mid-twenties. To anyone brought ip on William James, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Dewey, and Alfred North Whitehead, an editorial job on *SRL* was in unbelievably heady experience.

LITERARY AMERICA throbbed with rediscovery during and immediately following World War II. Despite the bleakness of negative existentialism that emanated from France, it was a time of great expectations and refurbishing of heroes. Exciting new books were being written about Jefferson, Paine, Emerson, Whitman, Fuller, Thoreau. The debunking outlook of the Thirties had lost its charm. Writers and thinkers who only a decade earlier were dismissed as lightweights or unsophisticated moralists were being eagerly studied. The transcendentalists were back in favor. Dr. Canby had just finished his own book on Thoreau. We had a constant stream of visitors in those days, people who were caught up in the excitement of new literary or philosophical undertakings. There were spirited discussions and debates. Henry Canby was the polite magistrate, abstaining from pronouncements but contributing his measured and softspoken observations. Chris Morley was hearty and pungent, unabashed at being the first to laugh at his own sallies. Bill Benét had the sweetest and most encouraging grunts in conversation of any man I have ever known. Amy Loveman was the guardian angel, the object of our combined affections. She helped make the connections between the things we spoke about and the work we had to do if there was to be a next issue. George Stevens, my immediate predecessor, was the publishing craftsman of the group. Inevitably, he was stolen from us by a major book-publishing house.

This, then, is the common heritage of *SR/W*. And this is what comes to mind when readers ask why we decided to go through all the legal tangles and the prodigious cost of acquiring the subscription list and the name of the magazine after the *Saturday Review* filed for bankruptcy, since there was a strong likelihood that almost everything associated with *SR* would have flowed to us anyway. Yes, it is possible that it might have worked out that way. But we would not have had the name. And without the name, we would have been in a constant state of frustration and deprivation. Most serious of all would have been the lack of direct access to Canby, Loveman, Morley, Benét. How could we reconcile ourselves to the fact that there was once a magazine called the *Saturday Review* —even though we might offer an addendum saying we considered ourselves the historical successor? It would have been an indigestible chunk in the subconscious. We didn't want to live with stuttering memories.

Getting continuity back into our lives does not mean that we intend to be tied to the past. Right now, our preoccupation is with the new mood of America. The American people today are beset by omens and disconnections. Almost for the first time in our history, we are out of balance politically and spiritually; our perplexities appear to outweigh our hopes. Contemporary pedestals are empty. We live in an age without heroes.

Skepticism is no longer a philosophical adornment but a matter almost of intellectual self-preservation. People feel they have to expect the worst just to survive the next surprise. Watergate is more than a few burglars stealing for political advantage. It is a specific manifestation of a monstrously dangerous

(Continued on page 89.)

To Our Readers:

Beginning with the next issue, SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD will run alternating special supplements on Education and Science.

"Amsterdam? Boy, am I lost!"

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Letters From Readers

Judging Ourselves

James Reston, Jr., is wise in suggesting that the question of who was right and who was wrong concerning the Vietnam war be left aside in discussing amnesty ("A Case for Amnesty," July 17). Any attempt to introduce such a question would shift the discussion from amnesty to either exoneration or pardon, depending on what moral judgment is offered concerning the war.

An immediate universal and unconditional amnesty should indeed be granted, but its motivation should be neither commendation nor condemnation for the war resisters or the war makers. Rather, the basis for it should be that we, as a nation, value the need for reconciliation as currently more important than the need for prosecution.

I do not believe that Mr. Reston is suggesting that we now forget the war. His concern is simply that we not use the amnesty question as a means of trying to fix blame for it. The genius of his argument is that he is able to make an amoral case for amnesty.

Rev. Robert Newton Barger
President, Religious Workers Assn.
University of Illinois
Champaign, Illinois

The difficulty in accepting Mr. Reston's case for amnesty lies in his apparent unwillingness to extend the idea of amnesty to the President and the nation as a whole in regard to the Vietnam war. Inasmuch as neither Mr. Reston nor President Nixon were harmed by the desertions and evasions, it would seem that the decision should be made by two principal groups: the men who took the places of the dissenters in the military and the men who, in the pure ideals of Gandhi and Thoreau, took on the pain of imprisonment to demonstrate their opposition to war and the draft.

While amnesty may not mean forgiveness, it should involve the victims of the act. When will both Mr. Reston and the White House rise to the kind of leadership the people deserve?

Abbott Fay
Gunnison, Colorado

The two groups most directly involved in the Vietnam war, the antiwar Vietnam veterans and the deserters, have much in common. Both groups face criminal charges; both suffer economic penalties; both have had the normal course of their lives interrupted by war.

The role the larger society chooses to play will be recorded in the fabric of social history as a measure of the human spirit. If the veterans are judged accomplices in mass murder and the rape of a country, either officially or by the withholding of employment or by social censure, the marking in the books and in the collective consciousness will read bigotry and stonyheartedness.

If, on the other hand, the young mer who refused to serve are judged to b cowards, America will have willed her self the attribute of vindictiveness. . . .

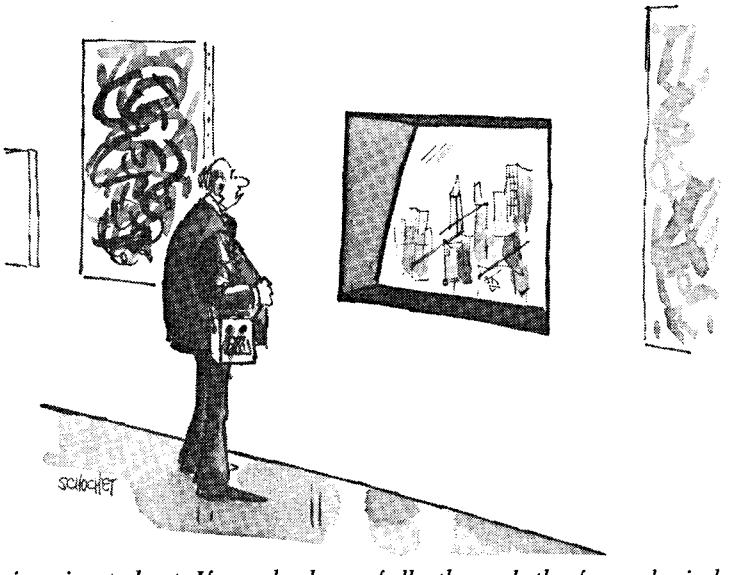
Since by judging anyone we judg ourselves, why not answer truthfull that we were all involved, some mor than others, and each for different rea sons? Let's give the young men thei lives back, forgive ourselves and them and hope we will never be so stupic again.

If presidential pardon does not come soon, an initiative through the state legislatures might speed the process.

Mary Goodwin
Seattle, Washington

Watergate notwithstanding, Mr. Nixon bore no mandate from the people to presume moral superiority and to exact revenge on the war resisters in the name of the war veterans and the war dead. I am particularly frustrated by the double standard of the former P.O.W.s who, when asked how they feel about the proposed aid to North Vietnam, reply that, as military men, they are not qualified to react to essentially political questions. Yet when asked to discuss amnesty, they do not hesitate to say that war resisters are welcome to stay in any country that will accept them, except their own. . . .

Linda Pohle
Denver, Colorado



". . . this is animated art. If you look carefully through the framed window, you can observe all the moving details of city life: pollution . . . corruption . . . strikes . . . traffic . . . violence . . . crime. . . ."

Literary Debt

It was a joy to read Charles Lam Markmann's review of the José Ortega y Gasset book, *An Interpretation of Universal History* (WORLD, July 31). How easily we forget, or never bothered to know, the brief moment of glory in 1931 when Ortega, Miguel de Unamuno, and Juan Negrín gave Spain a moment when she stood tall. How wise of Mr. Markmann to acknowledge Ortega's debt to Unamuno, himself a profile in courage who stood up to Franco and lived to return as rector of the University of Salamanca. . . .

What we need is someone to give a rebirth to Ortega's *Revolt of the Masses* in the same way that Leslie Fiedler salvaged Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* from literary oblivion.

Bert S. Gerard
Elkins Park, Pennsylvania

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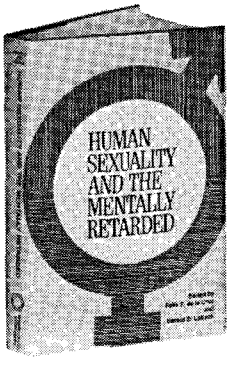

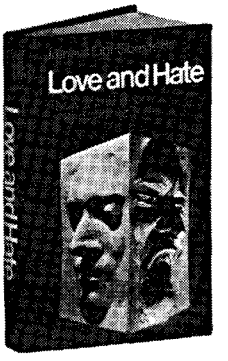

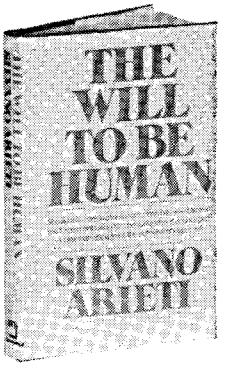

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World Progress Report

Progress with Caution

Progress in physics has led us to the atomic bomb and beyond; progress in reproductive biology has affected sexual mores and population trends; progress in electronic miniaturization challenges traditional notions of personal privacy. Such cases, and a growing list of others, make it increasingly plain that new developments in science and technology, seemingly innocent in themselves, often have far-reaching and unanticipated consequences—for better or for worse—for the society in which they operate.

In the hope of being able to predict and modify, if necessary, the social side effects of scientific and technological advances, a group of leading British scientists has formed the Council for Science and Society. The council's members, including two Nobel laureates and thirty-one specialists in a wide variety of disciplines, will attempt to identify the social costs and benefits implied by advanced research and to suggest measures to mitigate any undesirable consequences.

Among the subjects of immediate interest to the council are recent advances in the chemical control of human behavior and methods of determining the sex of fetuses. "Science and technology have done some magnificent things," says council chairman Sir Michael Swann, an eminent zoologist and chairman of the British Broadcasting Corporation. "But," he adds, "they often produce uncomfortable side effects. Very often we then do something about it, but it is too late."

Braillophone

A device that enables people who are both blind and deaf to enjoy telephone communication has been developed by Germany's Siemens electronics firm. The invention marries the Braille system of raised symbols to the advantages of a conventional telephone.

To use the "Braillophone," the caller dials the number, just as with a regular phone; but instead of ringing on the other end, the signal alerts the person being called by triggering a vibration in a special receiver. When the connection has been established, the message is typed out on a keyboard on the sending Braillophone and is "printed out" on the other end in Braille symbols embossed on a narrow ticker tape.

The inventors anticipate that their system will eventually be integrated with standard telephone equipment, making it possible for the deaf and blind to communicate with anyone anywhere in the world.

Cow Power

There was nothing about the bovine accouchement last spring in Cambridge, England, to suggest anything special. In every respect, both cow and calf seemed healthy and normal. Only the attending specialists from the Agricultural Research Council's Unit of Reproductive Physiology and Biochemistry were in on the secret: Mother and child were totally unrelated. The calf was the first large mammal to be successfully carried to term after being removed from its natural mother as an embryo, frozen, stored, thawed, and then implanted in the uterus of a foster mother.

The Cambridge scientists employed a technique that had previously been tested successfully on mice at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee. The embryos from twenty-two artificially inseminated cows were removed ten days after impregnation and stored for six days at minus 196 degrees Centigrade, the temperature of liquid nitrogen. Of the two embryos that survived the freezing and thawing process, only one survived the nine-month gestation period.

Subsequent research is concentrating on refining the procedures to achieve a higher survival rate. If the frozen-embryo process can be perfected, it will have important implications for animal husbandry. Calves of superior genetic inheritance could be transported as embryos anywhere in the world, to be carried to term by inferior cows. Meanwhile, the natural mother would be free to produce more embryos. Conceivably, milk cows could do double duty as foster mothers for beef calves. Such a combination might not be strictly kosher, but it would be an efficient use of cow power.

ANTHONY WOLFF

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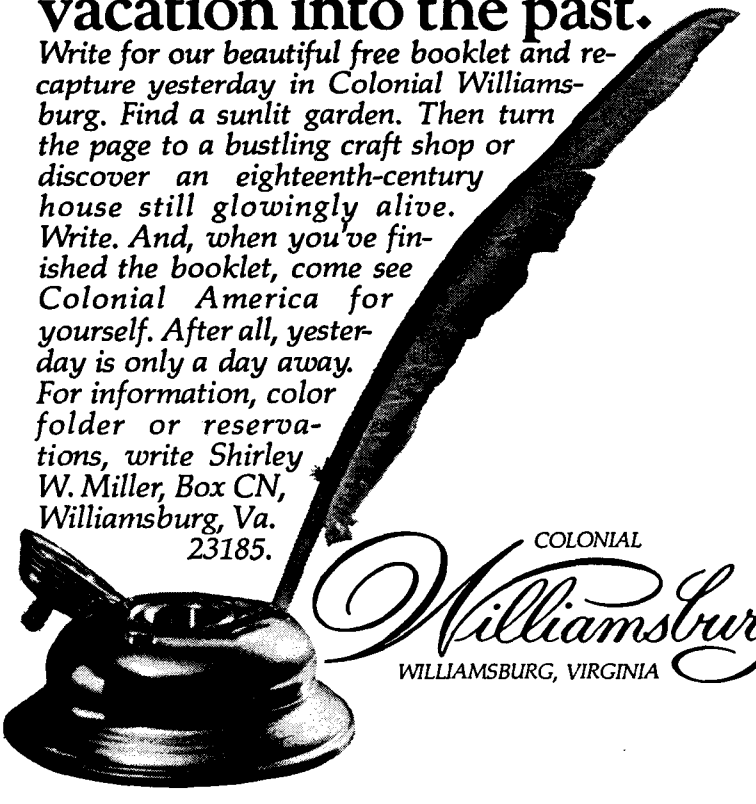

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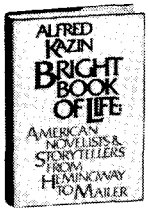

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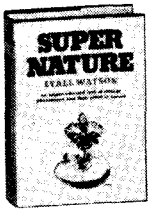

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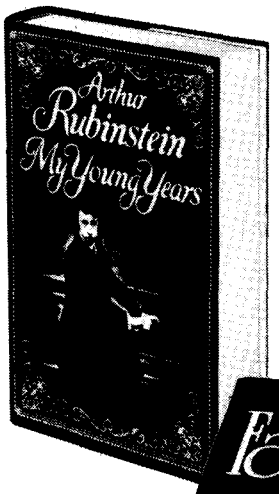

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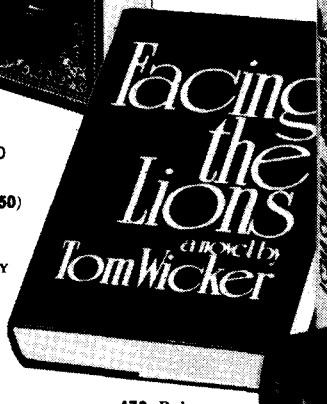

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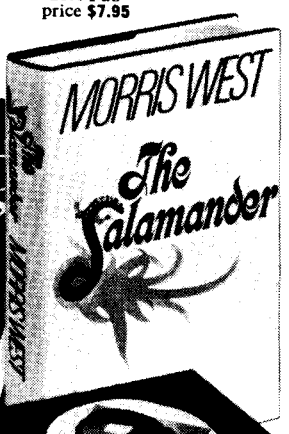

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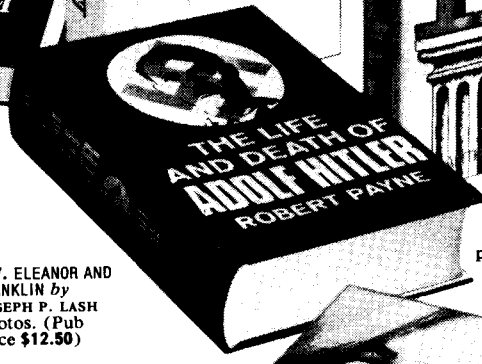

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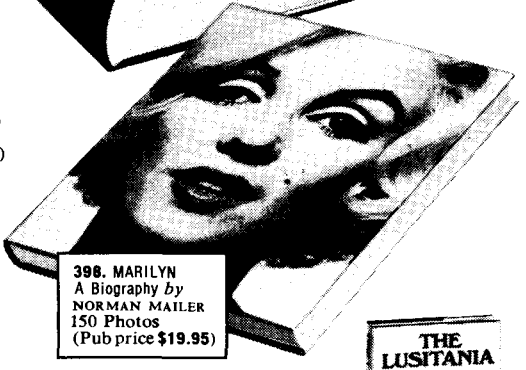

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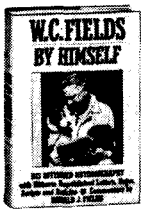

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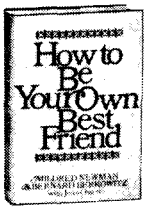

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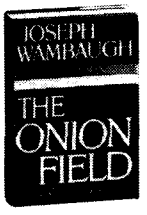

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

What follows is a transcript of a metaphysical wiretap installed in the White House to monitor the wiretaps installed by the Nixon administration. For reasons of national security, the names of the speakers have been classified Top Secret. Clearly, however, one of them has Cabinet rank, and the other is a young administrative assistant.

As the conversation starts, the secretary speaks to the young assistant. "Harry, I want you to . . ." sounds distinctly. Then the voice fades as if the speaker were whispering into the assistant's ear. The assistant replies in astonishment, "But is that *legal*?" The voices then alternate:

"Legal? This is the White House, son."

"Isn't it still in the United States?"

"What difference does that make?"

"To start with—a legal one."

"Yes, of course, Harry, but the White House *is* the law."

"Is it? When did that happen, sir?"

"Isn't the real point, rather, that it *has* happened? No need to act surprised. These changes have been in what you might call the 'design phase' a long time."

"But isn't there *still* a legal question? Of the idea of checks and balances and of government by law, for example? I thought that was in the Constitution."

"Of course it is. And there are bound to be problems, but Central Control is there to take care of them. That's how it is with this thing and the new Court. His boys will handle the problems for the Chief. Does that answer your question?"

"In a way. But only to raise a moral question."

"Harry, I couldn't agree with you more, and you can see that we're doing everything we possibly can about this morality thing. You know how the Chief keeps slugging the networks with prime-time pre-empts. When has he ever looked that coast-to-coast audience right straight in its boob tube without a prominent mention of God? We've put together an A-one-A-all-systems-go moral tone for those shows—and we've got the ratings to prove it."

"That's not what I mean by morality."

"You mean you have a new slant? Wonderful, Harry! We'll certainly want a long memo on your ideas. Why, just yesterday the Chief was saying it was time we came up with someone who could 'structure a new rhetoric for him' —his very words."

"I am not talking about rhetoric but about the national character, damn it!"

"Now hold on, Harry. I can't accept that phrasing. Direct orders from the Chief. 'Damn it' went out with the Democrats. The Chief insists that we can be emphatic without profanity—that's one thing he has wanted to make clear from the start."

"Sorry, sir. I'll rephrase: The one thing I want to make perfectly clear is my concern for the national character."

"And mine, Harry! That's what we're molding. That's what it's all about!"

"Molding or manipulating?"

"What's the difference? It all boils down to a question of audience reaction, and we have the ratings to tell us when we're on the beam."

"The American people, I insist, are not an audience to be sold glass diamonds by pitchmen. What I mean is, not an audience but a nation. I grew up thinking the idea was to keep the people informed, to describe national problems to them, and to see what they wanted to do about them as citizens of a free idea."

"Write that down! Write that down! Just the sort of idea the Chief and his writers have been looking for. It will take a bit of structuring, but that's the sort of stuff that *can* be structured. It's bound to project a strong image."

"Frankly, I'm more concerned with protecting the rights of a strong nation."

"That's the ball game, Harry. There's nothing more important than a strong nation. But how do you get it without the right image? There's nothing more important than a good, strong image."

"Character is, sir. The inner disposition of a free people who guard a memory of what they have been and a determined sense of what they mean to become."

"Exactly my views. We've *got* to have the truth to work on. Saves all sorts of embarrassing questions later. Naturally, it can't be the whole truth. But we still want all the truth we can manage without letting any real cats out of the bag."

"Are you talking about truth or a managed lie?"

" 'Truth or a managed lie.' I *like* it, Harry. Be sure you write that down. That's a phrase you can manipu—I mean, 'swing' an audience with. The sort of thing that makes them feel they are really part of the process."

"I thought they *were* the process in government of the people, for the people, by the people."

"Harry, that's your best phrase yet. I'll tell you what: You forget that little business I mentioned at the start. We'll get one of the back-alley boys to handle it. You get to work on that memo, and get it to me soonest. I want to tell you I have never met a man who can phrase my own deepest feelings for me as you can. And I think I can promise you the Chief will feel exactly as I do." □

"If Te Deums *depress you, why don't you compose gavottes?"*

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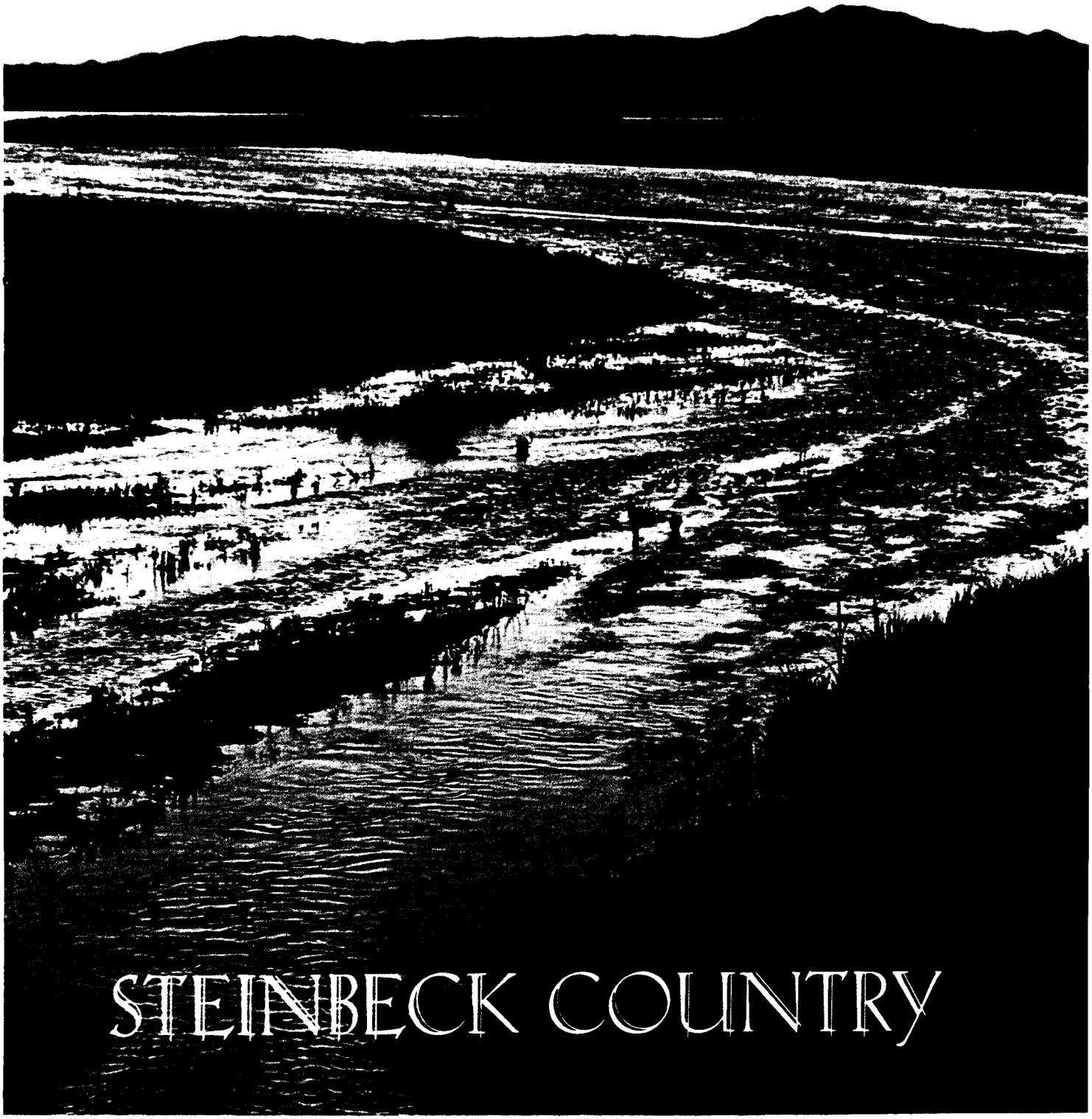

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Summertime, and the Viewing Was Easy

When a TV viewer sees the symbol (*R*) in the daily network listings, he knows it stands for "Regurgitation." It's one of the countless shows television heaved up during the summer.

To the more sophisticated viewer, (*R*) is for *"Requiescat in Pace."* In either case, a rerun.

Repeats of vintage (H. Bogart, B. Davis) movies have their own symbols. Instead of (*R*), there is a number—like (*1948*) or (*1957*). These numerals, of course, signify the number of times those films have been shown on your home screens.

However, for the past two summers, TV has not been entirely ho-hum. The networks were saved by two big, spectacular specials. Actually, there were three. I'll get to that third one later in this column. If I remember. Remind me if I don't.

Last summer there were the Democratic and Republican primaries, along with both conventions, followed by the election—a race that McGovern lost by a landslide and Nixon won by what now appears to have been a mudslide.

Viewers can still recall the highlight of that race, when the beleaguered Tom Eagleton withdrew, leaving Senator McGovern Vice Presidentless. Once upon a Shakespearean time, Marc Antony, speaking over the dagger-rent cloth enshrouding Caesar's body, said, "I thrice presented him a kingly crown, which he did thrice refuse."

McGovern presented the vice-kingly crown in rapid succession to Senators Muskie, Kennedy, Jackson, Ribicoff, and Humphrey. They refused it. Sargent Shriver, who finally accepted it, was the sixth. Which is twice thrice. At least.

Undaunted, McGovern was confident. He told us everything was fine. And it would have been, if only they hadn't held the election. But they did.

One may now surmise that the defeated candidate would not relish seeing that TV special listed this summer with an (*R*). But Mr. Nixon wouldn't mind a rerun of that night when balloons dropped to the thunderous cheers of the conventioneers as he leaped into the spotlight and accepted the crown in a trice. (That's less than a thrice.)

Then came the spring of '73, and the television networks came up with a new daytime serial, "In a Swank Hotel." Immediately it captured the viewers' fancy and opened up a whole new gateway to a flood of unpleasantness.

If you thought that other daytime shows—"Edge of Night," "As the World Turns," "Peyton Place"—had their assortment of social, health, and money troubles, you soon learned that this new program had everything the others had, plus an all-star cast. Everything, that is, except that good old soap-opera standby, amnesia. These new players not only fully remembered what had actually happened but they also were willing even to say what they had heard.

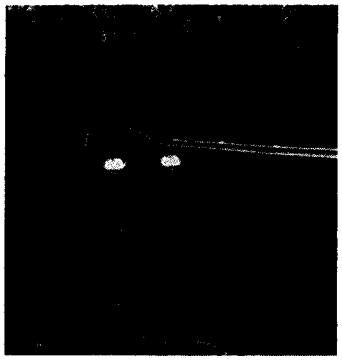
Of course, there were some TV viewers who frantically phoned TV stations to ask why their favorite soaps had been pre-empted for the Senate hearings. These were the fans of amnesia, infidelity, children born out of wedlock, terminal ailments, and mismarriages.

Nevertheless, '73 turned out to be an exciting summer of viewing—including the election of Mayor Bradley over Yorty in Los Angeles. I like to think of that happenstance as a defeat for racism, in spite of some ethnic grumbling that the L.A. smog is so thick the voters couldn't see the color of a man's skin.

OH, ONE THING I almost forgot. (Why didn't you remind me?) That third big summer special was the winning of the Belmont Stakes by Secretariat, after he had won the Derby and the Preakness. The winner of the triple racing crown. (There's that thrice again.)

What warmed this heart was the happy roar of the crowd as they watched Secretariat win by thirty-one lengths, a figure comparable to winning an election by forty-nine states. Surely, money won was not the determinant of their joy. The horse paid only ten cents on the dollar. But I got the feeling that the 70,000 spectators were cheering the sight of a race honestly won—no bugging of the saddle, no phone tapping at the stable—an example of what the President means when he asks us to speak about what's right with America.

Incidentally, a hunch bet on the same day's program was the winner of a race before the main event—a horse named Whole Truth. □



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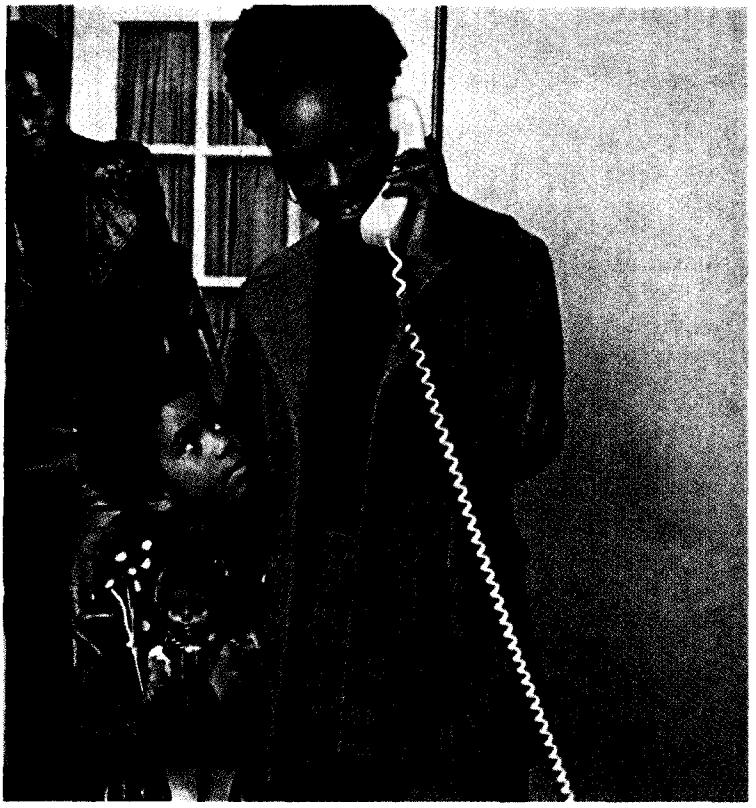

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Curmudgeon-At-Large

by Cleveland Amory

For some reason there has been a rash of items in the news lately on the business of dying. Take, for a starter, the following, supplied by Rudolph Hearns of Bridgeport, Connecticut:

TEL AVIV (JTA)—The number of funerals has dropped by nearly half since the doctors' strike began last week, according to statistics released by the Jerusalem Burial Society. Statistics culled from the archives of the Tel Aviv Burial Society showed a similar drop in the number of funerals twenty years ago, when the doctors last went on strike. There was no immediate explanation of the coincidence.

Well, we don't suppose there's any hurry. But if we're not going to get an immediate explanation, we sure would like one bye and bye.

Secondly, take this report from Alan Abelson's column, "Up and Down Wall Street," in Barron's. It is a letter to stockholders from International Funeral Services:

A number of factors, primarily of a temporary and non-recurring nature, affected the results for the final quarter and therefore for the entire year. The death rate, while a very stable factor in our business, did experience a cyclical drop, which was not anticipated. This affected our February and March volume, and earnings were below the level that had been expected. It would appear that this lower trend has now been reversed. . . . *Corrective measures have been taken that should increase both revenues and earnings in most of the weak areas.*

"Italics," declares Mr. Abelson, "are ours." Well, thank heavens for that, anyway.

Thirdly, take this report, sent to us by an anonymous contributor:

WHITEFISH, MONT. (UPI)—Rockey Mountain Casket Company is trying to do something about the high cost of dying.

The Whitefish company announced that it was now producing old-fashioned pine boxes for $125 apiece—and suggests purchase in advance.

"The casket can be used as a wine rack or a linen closet until the buyer's time has come," said a company spokesman.

Anyway, as a catchall.

Last but not least, take the story of an inveterate golfer who, with other members of his foursome, had agreed that, when any of their times came, their ashes would be buried in the sixteenth bunker of their favorite golf course.

"It was to be the sixteenth bunker," explained the man's widow, who eventually vetoed the idea, "because he spent more time there than any place else. The idea was that every time those boys would step on that tee, they would remember him."

One of the foursome, however, was doubtful. "Maybe we would think of him," he said, "especially if we hit a bad shot."

In which case, we hope, they would watch their language.

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE YEAR—As supplied by the source:

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Because of Watergate's extraordinary prestige and publicity, you may assume that office space here is extremely expensive. Not so. Nor do Watergate's unusual amenities add to your rental cost.

Unusual! At what point in time, sir?

STORY DEPT.—as found by Annis Allen in the San Juan *Star:*

WASHINGTON (AP)—President Nixon announced Wednesday that John B. Connally is resigning from his part-time, unpaid position as special presidential adviser.

The announcement said that the former Democratic OVERNOR of Texas, who became a Republican last spring, will take a round-the-world prip with his wife "which the vovernor postponed in order to take the White House position."

You don't suppose he's thinking of switching countries?

FINALLY, a social note, as discovered by Thomas Savage of the Department of English of Xavier University, Cincinnati, in *The Cincinnati Enquirer:*

Norwood Baptist Church was the scene June 16 of the marriage of Miss Brenda Lea Strasser and Keith Martin Harshman. A reception followed the ceremony.

The Rev. Mitchell S. Seldler of Detroit, Mich., officifudged. . . .

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For example, recent issues have reported on the following subjects:

The psychodrama aboard a hijacked plane.
Occupations having the greatest difficulty adjusting to unemployment.
Therapists who make parents the scapegoats for their children's problems.
Why some therapists have sexual relations with their patients.
How gun users who are potential murderers can be identified.
The "truth" about bullfighters discovered on a Spanish psychiatrist's couch.
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Why depression decreases during periods of violence and rioting.
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- **The Media**
- **Social Behavior**
- **Crime**
- **Women's Lib**
- **The Family**
- **Population**
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In addition there are major features on important subjects like the psychological problems of returning Viet Nam veterans, drug abuse, the alienation of the American worker, deceit in American politics, the new age of the psyched-out athlete, Alpha waves and meditation, the ordeals of the Ph.D. candidate, encounter groups and the inside story of how psychologists helped the defense pick the Angela Davis jury resulting in her acquittal. Each issue also features an intimate profile of the lifestyle and work of someone at the forefront of social science knowledge and activity. Recent profiles have included B. F. Skinner, Arthur Jensen, S. I. Hayakawa, Thomas Szasz, Masters and Johnson, Carl Rogers, Jerome Jaffe, Laurence J. Peter, R. D. Laing and the late Fritz Perls.

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Diversions

A Few to Remember

Herewith, with neither explanation nor apology, I give you some people —living or departed—I deem worthy of remembrance.

Polish Soldier

He was an officer in the Red Army and, when young, had fought in Spain for the Loyalists (that is, for the Red Army's *sub rosa* contingent), and he was a faithful member of the Communist party of Poland.

In 1969 he was haled before a Communist party tribunal and accused of two awful crimes: (1) teaching his children Hebrew and (2) raising them as Jews.

The officer listened in silence as the party prosecutor recited the charges and the dastardly inferences of the apostasy from the True Faith of this Enemy of the Proletariat.

When the prosecutor finished, the chief judge of the tribunal asked the Jewish officer to present his defense.

The officer rose and said, "But I have no children. I never have had."

So he was condemned, stripped of his rank, and dismissed from the glorious Red Army. Why? Because his "long, provocative silence" during the prosecutor's allegations had been "designed to make the party look ridiculous."

Thus does Justice prevail in the glorious Proletarian Vanguard of the Future. (Barbara Coudenhove-Kalergi, writing in the *New Leader*, reported this episode.)

W.H.R. Rivers

The English social scientist who once said: "Freud may not have been a great scientist, but he was surely a very great artist."

When I consider how much we have learned from artists—Homer or Montaigne or Rembrandt, Shakespeare or Mozart, Phidias or Mark Twain or Yeats —I bow to Rivers and gently sneer at Freud's detractors.

Babe Ruth

I sing here not of that matchless ballplayer's matchless performance—on the pitcher's mound (he still holds several world's records); in the outfield (he was a superlative fielder, with an arm legendary for distance, speed, and accuracy); on the bases (he was, despite his paunch, a remarkably astute and effective runner); and—need I say?—at bat.

What I praise here is the remark that Mr. Ruth made to a sports writer when told that the Bambino's new salary ($80,000) for the season was higher than the $75,000 earned by then-President of the United States Herbert Hoover.

Ruth did not bat an eye as he retorted, "Hell, I had a better year than he did."

Cartoonist

The creator, whose name is illegible, of a cartoon in *Punch* that shows two cave men staring at a huge, crude, round stone as it rolls down a hill. One cave man admonishes the other, "If you made them *square*, you wouldn't keep losing them."

Eero Saarinen

For the joyous, soaring flow of the TWA terminal at John F. Kennedy airfield and for the most haunting and exquisite modern edifice in New York: the CBS building on the Avenue of the Americas.

When you first approach this unique edifice on Sixth Avenue, it seems to have no windows. It appears a mighty slab of solid, dark, somewhat volcanic stone. But as you walk along, the vertical stone columns, which are shaped like inverted Vs, seem to open up, like Venetian blinds, and you perceive story upon story of glass. And when you stand in front of the building, the vertical columns do not sem to be Vs at all, for the inverted apex of each soaring vertical faces you. And as you continue and pass, pass and glance back, the windows slowly vanish—as the Vs assert their function and the building magically turns windowless once more.

I have passed this marvelous work a hundred times; each time my sense of Saarinen's genius is renewed.

Jackie Vernon

A rotund, deadpan, perplexed, eye-blinking, stand-up comic who has developed a comedy style entirely and hilariously his own. He had a boyhood crush on a watermelon; and the trumpet he carries onstage, and plays in excruciating segments, is the result of "a trip

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by Leo Rosten

to Macy's, where I went to buy a pair of shorts."

Vernon recently told a TV audience how upset he was to discover, from reading *The New York Times,* that people die in alphabetical order. I pay that homage.

Efficiency Expert

An unknown wit, analyzing the operations of a symphony orchestra for technical efficiency, wrote this report:

All twelve violins were playing identical notes; this is unnecessary and wasteful duplication. The violin section could be cut drastically, saving considerable labor costs.

The oboe players had absolutely *nothing to do* for long periods of time. They just sat in their chairs. Their number should be reduced. Compositions involving the oboe can be rewritten so that the work is spread out more evenly, thus eliminating costly "peaks" and "valleys" of oboe productivity.

I noted a recurring repetition of certain musical passages. What useful purpose is served by repeating on the horns what has already been produced by the strings?!

Were all such redundant passages eliminated, the concert time (two hours) could easily be reduced to forty minutes. This would also eliminate the need for a time-wasting intermission.

Great lung power was expended by the workmen who were using wind instruments. One air compressor could supply adequate air for all these instruments.

Something should be done about the shocking obsolescence of equipment. The program notes informed me that the first violinist's instrument was *several hundred years old.* If normal depreciation schedules had been applied, the value of this instrument would have been reduced to zero, and a more modern and efficient violin could easily have been purchased.

To this I would add:

After certain numbers were completed, all of the musicians rose, and their foreman genuflected. If exercise by the players is needed (as this periodic standing up suggests), it should be obtained backstage—and certainly before the public performances begin. It offends the esthetic sensibilities of customers, who pay to hear music, not to observe calisthenics.

Furthermore, I doubt whether the musicians' physical fitness is significantly improved by such listless standing up and sitting down three or four times each performance. Isometric exercises, even in their chairs, would be far more healthful. □

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Saturday Review
World

A COUNTRY IN NEED OF PRAISE

Positive, heartening social change in the last decade has gone largely unnoticed amidst all the riots, arm flailing, and politics of polarization.

By Daniel P. Moynihan

In 1970, toward the end of his life, so unhappily cut short, Richard Hofstadter described the 1960s as "The Age of Rubbish." A man of the Democratic Left, he was depressed by the rise of a vulgar—but "irresistibly chic"— radicalism among the well educated and well to do. He found "almost the entire intellectual community . . . lost in dissent." There was almost no dialogue left "between those who are alienated from society and those who are prepared to make an intelligent defense of it."

A generation ago the great social critic Joseph Schumpeter described the mind-set of a type of intellectual, endemic to bourgeois democracy, who avoids having to acknowledge any evidence that the society has successfully undertaken and achieved certain objectives by dismissing the objectives as trivial: "A sneer will serve as well as a refutation. . . ." It sometimes seems we have gone beyond this to the point where evidence is not so much trivialized as politicized. Facts become a kind of code in which, seeming innocuous to the uninformed, they reveal sinister realities to the initiated. In 1970, still in government, I came upon the rumor, widespread and by every indication widely believed, on campuses (and in publishing houses!), that the administration was intent on canceling the 1972 presidential election and that even then the Rand Corporation was at work on a "game plan." It was no small matter at the time, involving the more prestigious "underground" press and seriously entertained at surprising levels of society. Now, the apocalyptic style of recent politics has been costly. It wears out its welcome. Already one can sense the nation turning away from important matters that it was patiently, and on the whole successfully, working at. If nothing is ever achieved, what, then, is the point of trying?

This is the danger of dwelling only, or mainly, on the nation's troubles. And how much the nation deserves praise, and how much it needs it! To recognize and acknowledge success, however modest, is fundamental to the practice of government. It is a first principle of leadership in a democracy, where loyalty must be directed more to institutions than to individuals. Robert C. Tucker notes that charismatic leadership derives in considerable measure from the ability to "accentuate the sense of being in a desperate predicament." This is rarely a climate in which liberties flourish. It perhaps accounts for the unease with which many view the relentless emphasis on social failure and corruption that characterizes the New Politics. It too readily follows that a system that could tolerate so much wrong must itself be wrong. In any event, it is no way to summon the social energies that are needed to set things right.

Consider how much more easily we might now be dealing with the issue of school busing to achieve racial balance if there had just been a *little* notice that in late August and early September 1970 the dual school system of the South, virtually intact fourteen years after the Supreme Court decision in *Brown*, all but disappeared in the space of three weeks.

This success has been so little noticed that it is probably necessary to expand on the point. In the fall of 1968 something like six out of seven students in the South entered schools that were not only racially "imbalanced" but also units of separate, *de jure*, dual school systems. There was by then a cumulation of court decisions and administrative rulings prohibiting such arrangements, but the ar-

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nathy—"As little as possible should be done to reward violence. . . ."

rangements persisted. In the next two years a number of forces were set in motion—deliberately—such that when school opened in the fall of 1970, the dual school system virtually disappeared. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare was able to report that for the school year 1970–71, the schools of the South were more integrated than those of the North. It could well be argued, and has been, that more change took place in the American public school system in those few weeks than in the preceding century. Yet relatively little notice was taken. A not uncommon political situation prevailed. The administration in office, which had worked to bring about the end of the dual school system, did not especially want to take "credit" for it, while its opposition did not in the least want to give it "credit." The result is that a true achievement, the resolution of almost two decades of strife —which at one point had involved that most ominous event, the use of the military to maintain civil order—passed all but unacknowledged. An immense stride toward a unified society, which had taken place without a single gun pointed at a single person, wholly without epithet and virtually without protest, was lost as a symbol of what the nation is capable of achieving. Almost immediately thereafter the issue of school busing arose in Northern cities. If *only* it had done so in the context of a widely acknowledged success in the South, might not public attitudes have been different? If Mississippi had risen to its responsibilities, surely Michigan could and would, and so would the national government—that order of argument. And yet no such argument was made. This was a loss.

It is something of a loss, also, that so few seem able to perceive that the "urban crisis" has considerably eased. As the 1960s came to a close, mass urban violence seemed to have become endemic. Something like mass hysteria on the subject was epidemic. And yet here we are with the memory of those years already fading. Mayor Kevin H. White of Boston appeared at the Democratic platform hearings to declare himself "startled, disappointed, and angry" that neither McGovern nor Humphrey even mentioned the needs of cities in their television debate at the outset of the California-primary contest. Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York deplored the fact that in the three speeches climaxing the Democratic National Convention that year, "there was no mention of the cities or of the central problem of the country domestically, which is urban America . . . ." One may sympathize with the mayors. Things aren't *that* much improved. On the other hand, things were never quite as *bad* as they were depicted when the mayors and their crises were the center of attention. This, too, bears on the subject of success. When situations of considerable but not impossible difficulty are described in apocalyptic terms, responses tend to be erratic, even convulsive, and even if, by fortune or design, the difficulties lessen, there is no vocabulary at hand by which to describe such incremental change. Any number of forces combine to encourage the apocalyptic view, starting with the fact that it sells newspapers and absorbs TV audiences. (Capitalism has never hesitated to make money by prophesying, or proclaiming, the city's demise.)

It happens I became Assistant to the President for Urban Affairs (the first—and, I should imagine, the last—person to hold such a position) at about the time the rhetoric of urban apocalypse peaked. It had all but traumatized the Johnson administration in its last years. The men in the White House, decent, competent, and well meaning, had nonetheless ended up dazed and indecisive. "Hoist with their own petard" is, for once, no bad image. In response to the rhetoric and appearance of crisis, they had, for example, established the Kerner commission (the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders) in the summer of 1967. Within a year the commission came back with such a stark assertion of imminent disaster that the President judged he could not even accept the report of his own commission. And this only seemed to confirm the thrust of the commission report! This was the condition the new administration

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inherited in the aftermath of the presidential election of 1968. Four years later the subject has all but disappeared from the pronouncements either of the White House or of political leaders aspiring to it. Allowing for the problem of attention span, there would seem little doubt that the main reason for this is that the urban riots of the 1960s ceased. These had been the symbol and the substance of the perceived crisis. When the riots went, the rhetoric of crisis at least diminished. Without asserting any final judgment on events that are still too close for comfort, a few points on the question of coping can be noted. The first is that neither the national government nor any state or urban government knew enough, or had the resources, political and other, to attempt any definitive response. It was from first to last a matter of dealing with near-term probabilities as best one could. A second point is that events occurred on their own; they were not in any significant sense the consequence of policy. On the other hand, the crucial role of policy was to facilitate, or at least not to interfere with, whatever easing of crisis was going to take place. In this the role of analysis was fundamental.

The analysis—it was my analysis, obviously, and is of interest primarily because it was a basis of government policy in a brief but intense period—began with the assertion that the situation was not as abnormal as was generally thought. The Kerner commission report depicted a situation of impacted crisis that would only worsen. Given the times, it was easy enough to accept this argument. Indeed, it seemed illiberal and mean-spirited *not* to. And yet the argument was wrong. To begin with, the situation was *not* without precedent. To know this it was helpful to have been around during the Harlem riot of 1943, from which no social holocaust followed. The Kerner commission report had depicted a society moving toward irreconcilable division along racial lines. The commission report was published in March. Four months later, in a volume entitled *Supplemental Studies,* the commission published its evidence, or at least the bulk of it, consisting of a study, "Racial Attitudes in Fifteen American Cities," carried out at the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan. And, lo and behold, the polarization was not there! The research simply did not detect what the commission had proclaimed. There was racial feeling aplenty in the cities studied, but clearly the strongest tides were running in the direction of a non-racially demarcated society. Nor did continued violence appear inevitable. This view was strengthened by a study of the 1967 outbreak in Detroit, carried out by Elliot Luby, which depicted such violence as essentially aversive behavior. Those involved would not wish to become reinvolved. In epidemiological terms—for the violence had an epidemic quality to it—the event was autoimmunizing. This was an impression easily enough gathered in Detroit in the summer of 1967, but Luby brought to the question a psychiatric perspective that was all the more persuasive.

> "It could well be argued that more change took place in the American public school system in 1970–71 than in the preceding century"

This was perhaps not much information on which to base a national policy, but it was good information; and the decision process was not obstructed by *mis*information. Given what was known, the policy implication was obvious. Strategy would be based on the assumption—a bet, no more—that mass violence would trend downward of its own accord. A simple-seeming statement, but almost the opposite of the standard wisdom of the time, which is say the winter of 1968–69. Tactics followed from strategy. As little as possible should be done to reward violence and as much as possible to discourage it. This may also seem a simple statement, but it involved rather complex judgments as to who had benefited from violence and how to minimize such benefits. It was clear, for example, that by the end of 1968 the federal government had got into the bad habit of letting itself be threatened with urban violence, in many instances actually inducing the threats and, generally speaking, rewarding them. The White House would receive half a dozen emergency

"Now what the hell is this Dow Jones 2381?"

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telephone calls a day from cities across the land reporting that if such-and-such a grant, concession, appointment, or whatever was not immediately forthcoming, the city in question would "blow." As a matter of policy the callers were now told that this was too bad but that given the emergency conditions of the time, resources could only be applied to situations where some hope remained, and that a situation as advanced as that of the city in question was obviously hopeless. Accordingly, the grant, the concession, the appointment, was to be considered out of the question. A kind of urban triage was developed. Cities that by their own report were mortally wounded were told they would be left on the field to die. By spring remarkable recoveries were being reported, which is not to be arch, but simply to record the plain fact that while the federal government cannot always, or even frequently, control events, it can control the terms on which it negotiates. A corollary of this principle is that government must abide by the outcome of negotiations, even those conducted under previous, unfavorable circumstances.

THE 1960S HAD given rise to a jumble of social programs, some of which were direct responses to violence, others of which came to be perceived as such. (The antipoverty program was the most important of the latter.) Some of the programs were evident successes; many were not. A new administration would have been within its right to clean house. Yet to have done so would have been unsupportable in the circumstances. The programs had created a *nouveau bourgeois*. To terminate the programs would have been to declass a whole cadre of persons, many of whom, for the first time in their lives, had something to lose. They had won their new status in the context of real or threatened violence. Faced with the prospect of losing it, they would inevitably seek the restoration of violence, which for the first time would be induced and not spontaneous, a wholly different situation. And so the Great Society programs were continued by the first Nixon administration. Funding levels were maintained or increased; in truth, a sharp increase in domestic spending followed. Happily, however, through most of 1969 the press was filled with reports of such programs being closed down, cut back, or sabotaged. Most of these reports were untrue, but almost certainly they were believed by some who hoped this would happen, and also by some who feared it would. This eased the political pressure on the administration from its own supporters and may well have imposed a certain sobriety on the new bureaucracies scattered across the nation.

For the rest it was a matter of coming forward with administration proposals new enough and impressive enough to reassure the "liberal audience," which, as James Q. Wilson notes, had rather approved of the violence and certainly saw it as a stimulus to desirable social change. For what it is worth, my judgment was that the rhetoric of violence—and the reality—had already overreached itself, losing the toleration it had once enjoyed among liberals, and that this had begun to move politics in a conservative direction that would take a decade or so to run *its* course. Inevitably the last groups to recognize such changes would be those who perceived themselves as having benefited from violence or who, in a general way, approved it. These groups had to be dealt with, with as much sensitivity as any other. It was important that no one see the decline of violence as a loss.

> "Relentless emphasis on social failure and corruption is no way to summon social energies that are needed to set things right."

This was at least one consideration that led to the proposal of the Family Assistance Plan in August 1969, a measure far more radical in its basic aim—a guaranteed income—than any of the "riot" programs. It was assumed that those who would benefit from a guaranteed income would only very slowly, if at all, learn that one had been proposed; but the political world would have to react, and promptly, to this extraordinary turn of events suggesting that, far from lapsing into stagnation, the country might be moving ahead faster than ever. And who could say but that in the process a guaranteed income might come about? For it was proposed in earnest and had a reasonable "mathematical" probability of enactment. It was further the case that by the end of the 1960s, the social science prognosis for most Great Society programs was anything but cheering. The near-term probability for the early 1970s was a succession of reports and studies that would cast doubts on the strategies of compensatory education and similar programs as a means of obtaining greater social equality. All the more, then, was the need to have in place, when that time came, a viable alternative in the form of a direct income-supplement program. It was necessary in 1969 not simply to deal with the immediate need to reassure the "liberal audience" that the nation had not entered a period of political reaction but also to anticipate the onset of mild-to-severe disillusionment concerning the efficacy of programs that had previously been seen as the vanguard of political progress. Family Assistance served both purposes and in concert with revenue sharing for state and local government—both proposed in the same presidential address on August 8, 1969—maintained both the appearance and the substance of intelligent political innovation during a delicate transition from a period of overexcitement and unreason to a more normal one of relative calm and mild optimism.

That there was nothing grand, certainly nothing heroic, in this policy will be evident; and yet it had one virtue. It worked. This is only to say that mass violence came to an end, and did so in almost precisely the manner hoped for. The government contribution to this outcome was marginal at best, but it did try not to make things worse and did try to reinforce trends that had evolved "on their own." The policy developed in 1969 toward the problem of urban violence was, in this respect, rather like economic policy. Only limited influence was possible, but this could be crucial if it was brought to bear in something like synchronization with larger movements. As with economic policy, it dealt with near-term events. The object was to bring to a close a particular period of disorder, nothing more. There was no expectation of changing the world. And yet it remains the case that the national government was able to cope, on this near-term basis, with a perceived crisis of serious proportions.

This is no small achievement. It would be an even larger one if it were seen as such. American society would do better to pay somewhat more attention to its successes, for it needs the reserves of morale that this kind of awareness brings. But this is not our present disposition, and those engaged in the practice of government should probably accept the cold comfort that it hardly ever has been. □

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The Curious Intrigues of Cuban Miami

Hatred of communism, fear of the Democrats, entoil America's dynamic new immigrants in a web of scandal reaching into dark corners and high places.

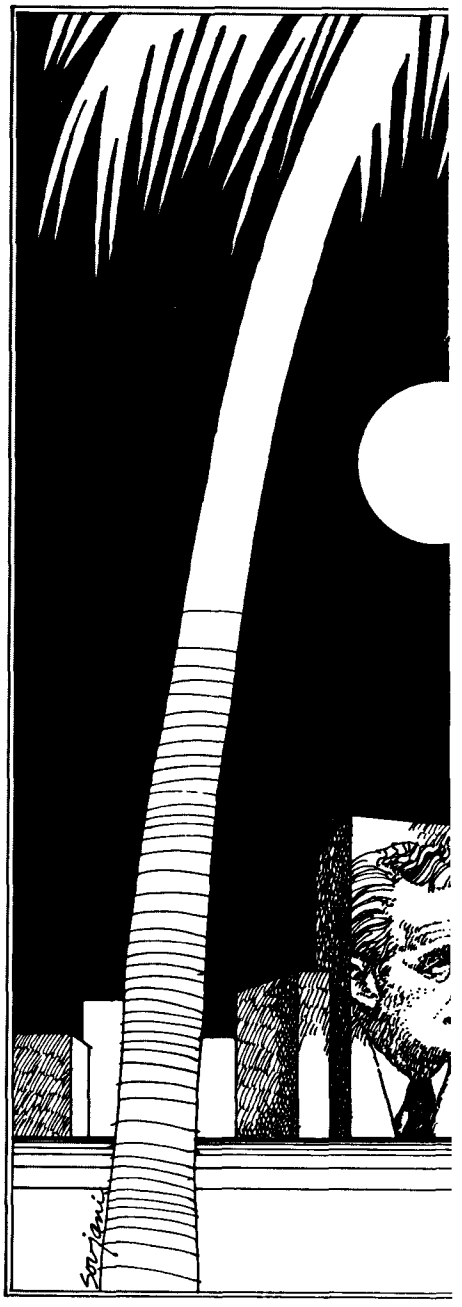
By Horace Sutton

There are sultry nights in Miami when the moon rises out of the sea yellow as heavy cream and big as all the world. It seems to hang there on the horizon, beaming on the citizens who inhabit the water-girt pleasurelands from the Gold Coast on the Beach across to Biscayne Bay and inland to the palmy reaches of Hialeah. On none does it shine more benignly than on Miami's newest residents, the Cuban exiles who now number more than 300,000.

In all the annals of U.S. immigration no ethnic group of émigrés has made a more vital or faster impact on the fortunes of a city. Within a dozen years the penniless, homeless arrivals have become bank presidents, wealthy merchants, newspaper publishers, owners of radio and television stations, professors in Miami colleges, and builders of some of Miami's most imposing new buildings. The small merchants have taken over a decaying section of the city and turned it into a prosperous Little Havana with hundreds of shops and service companies and some 300 restaurants that have added a new piquancy to south Florida cuisine. One in four Miamians is now a Cuban, bringing a new political force to power. In 1975, having gained citizenship, Cubans will represent a quarter of the electorate of Dade County, the greater Miami area.

It is altogether probable, given their vigorous drive and energy, that Cuban-Americans will one day represent a national political force. Uniquely trained, in the language and mores of two continents, some of them may well emerge as American diplomats who can effectively salvage the worsening U.S. position in Latin America.

And yet, for all its successes, the Cuban community today still seethes with intrigue and factionalism. Some of its members, linked to past anti-Castro adventures under CIA sponsorship, are in jail as Watergate burglars; others were lured into accepting assignments as political *agents provocateurs*. Still others, with mob connections that made Havana an open city during the Batista regime, have become the core of the Cuban Mafia, which provides the South American connection for the importation of hard drugs—heroin from the refining laboratories of Marseilles and cocaine from Latin America. In pre-Castro days cocaine paste smuggled up from Bolivia and Peru was refined into pure cocaine in Havana's clandestine laboratories and then shipped north. Some of the traffickers joined the exodus, continuing their trade in Miami and even branching out to marijuana and heroin. They have made Miami the main drug-smuggling city in America, passing New York.



Illustrations: John Sovjani

The contrails of these groups sometimes cross and intermingle with still other paths followed by the Key Biscayne elite who dwell behind the barriers in the compound of the Florida White House.

The very circumstances that drove the Miami Cubans to emigrate welded them into a fierce anti-Communist force, eager to perform any service, go to any length, undertake any mission that would strike a blow against international com-

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The CIA, the exiled Cubans, the radical Right, and The Mob had a mutual interest in getting Cuba back. Their efforts often interwove.

munism. A Cuban émigré, now an American citizen and vice-president of a local bank, calls Dade County "the number-one stronghold of radical anti-communism in the United States today."

The abortive invasion that ended in the disaster at the Bay of Pigs turned the new arrivals away from the Democratic party of President Kennedy, who had denied them air cover, and into the arms of the Republicans. Although the Bay of Pigs invasion was hatched during the Eisenhower regime, promoted strongly by Richard M. Nixon even after his defeat in 1960, it was Kennedy, the inheritor of the adventure, who drew the enmity of the Cuban exiles. However simplistic the equation, the hatred smolders to this day.

The specter of a Democratic White House inhabited by Humphrey, Muskie, Jackson, or, worst of all, McGovern, any of whom might have moved toward easing the tension between Havana and Washington, loomed ominously before the 1972 elections; and the Miami Cubans were eager to help in any way to keep the Democrats out of power.

After the Pentagon papers were published, President Nixon created a Special Investigations Unit "to stop security leaks and investigate other sensitive security matters." As John Ehrlichman was later to testify before the Ervin committee, the White House felt the FBI was not properly motivated to do its job. Charles Colson, then a White House special counsel, brought in Everette Howard Hunt, Jr., whom he had met at a Brown University party. A prolific author, Hunt had written forty-six books, many of them based on his two decades with CIA in Europe and Latin America.

In the years immediately following the Castro takeover in Cuba, and for some time to follow, the Cuban colony was heavily influenced by the CIA. A prime conduit between the Cubans and The Agency was E. Howard Hunt. A Cuban who in those days was responsible for recruiting some of the leaders of the expeditionary force recalls now that "Eduardo," as Hunt was called, "was well known and very popular. He was the link with the powerful force that represented possible victory over Castro. When Eduardo called somebody, it was important, and it was reliable."

Colson says he submitted Hunt's name to Ehrlichman, and Ehrlichman hired him. Ehrlichman places the blame for Hunt on Colson. No matter who was responsible for his employment, Hunt, once hired, asked Colson if he could re-establish some of his old connections at The Agency. Colson called Ehrlichman, who then allegedly called Gen. Robert E. Cushman, Jr., at the time deputy director of the CIA, to introduce Hunt. Cushman recalls the conversation, but Ehrlichman has no recollection of the call. Whichever, Hunt embarked on a year of cloak-and-dagger services shadowing Senator Kennedy, altering President Kennedy's classified cables concerning the Diem overthrow in Vietnam, placing taps on phones of those suspected of leaking information to the newspapers, and, finally, organizing the break-in at the office of Dr. Lewis J. Fielding, the Beverly Hills psychiatrist who was then treating Dr. Daniel Ellsberg.

Hunt was chosen for this task because it was important that no one with a clear White House connection be associated with the mission. To form a team, Hunt turned first to Bernard Barker, who had been first assistant in the Bay of Pigs. Barker functioned as the finan-

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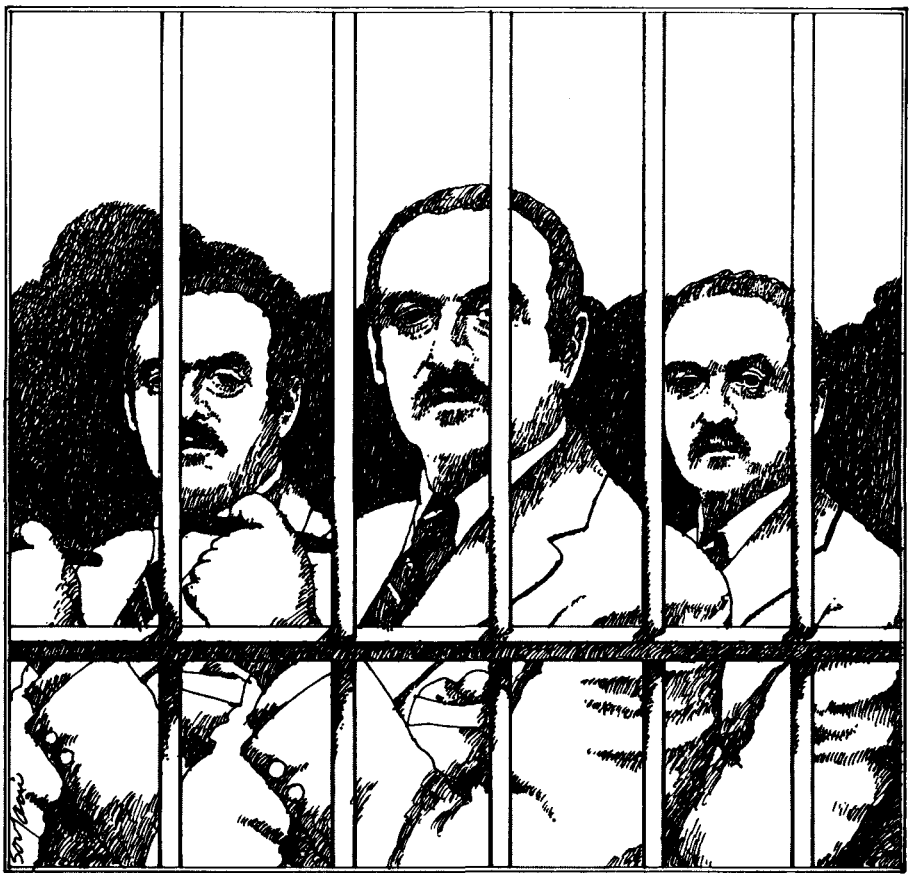

"Instead of mingling with the American community, we have formed an autonomous economy, created our ghetto."

cial funnel from the CIA to the Miami Cubans.

The Agency, or "The Company," as the CIA was called in the Cuban colony, supplied the funds, the training, and the psychological motivation to bind the Cuban exiles into a strike force. Although there was no open sponsorship following the Cuban missile crisis in 1962, the hard-line anticommunism of the Cubans was considered a useful tactical asset, and there was American support for it, however modified, until 1969. Even now there are some intellectual Cubans who aver that The Agency is keeping the lid on further activism. The result has been frustration in the Cuban community, and it mounted with the appearance of George McGovern and his statement that he might seek a negotiated settlement with Castro. Reinaldo Pico, a Cuban who demonstrated at J. Edgar Hoover's funeral, was to tell *The Miami Herald*'s Roberto Fabricio, "Barker was our contact for CIA work for Cuba—and every time I would see him on the street I would ask if something was working, and for a few years he would just say no. Suddenly, last year, he said that Eduardo was in touch, and that at last we could work for Cuba."

BARKER WAS BORN in Havana in 1917 of an American father and a Cuban mother. His grandfather, a Tennessee potato farmer, had gone to Cuba with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders and had stayed there after the war.

A U.S. veteran of World War II, Barker returned to Cuba and worked in Batista's secret police, with, he has said, "the consent and cooperation of the FBI." After Castro, he moved to Miami, worked in a store, managed a fighter, ultimately studied for a real estate license, and opened his own real estate office. Among his associates were Miguel A. Suarez, a prominent lawyer who headed Senator Gurney's election committee three years ago, and Guillermo Alonso Pujol y Bermudez, son of a former vice-president of Cuba in the regime of Carlos Prio. Guillermo's father, Alonso Pujol, a wealthy expatriate, lives now in Caracas. His other son, Jorge Alonso Pujol y Bermudez, a veteran of the Bay of Pigs who had been ransomed from Castro for $100,000 by his father, was caught in a narcotics sweep in Miami three years ago. Arrested with Alonso was Juan Restoy, a member of the Cuban legislature under Batista. Restoy escaped from jail with Mario Escandar, who had a long history of drug arrests. Escandar gave himself up, drew twelve years, a sentence that was later thrown out because authorization for the wire intercept that had to be signed personally by Attorney General John Mitchell was actually signed, in Mitchell's absence, by his designee. Juan Restoy, who had a reputation as a smuggler in Cuba, was killed in a shoot-out with federal narcotics agents, two of whom he wounded. Alonso was convicted and sentenced to seven years, but he was later released and placed on probation. He was represented by Miguel Suarez.

While in Miami, for a Bay of Pigs reunion in the spring of 1971, Hunt looked up Barker; and the two of them, with their wives, held their own reunion at a Cuban restaurant. That summer Hunt flew to Miami and looked up Barker again. This time he asked Barker to join him in a "national security organization," which, Hunt said, "was above both the CIA and the FBI." Barker was to say later that he was impressed by Hunt's White House position, which might one day prove important in the ultimate liberation of Cuba. He signed on with Hunt and brought in two Cuban members of his real estate firm, Eugenio Martinez and Felipe DeDiego, both confirmed Castro fighters. According to Barker, Martinez had participated in 300 "infiltrations" into Cuba, while DeDiego took part in a raid inside Cuba to capture some Castro documents. It was later to be revealed that Martinez had been on the CIA payroll at $100 a month to screen newly arrived Cuban émigrés for information that might prove useful to Washington. According to Ambassador Richard Helms, former director of The Agency, Barker, Hunt, McCord, and Sturgis all had CIA connections, and it might have been that Mrs. Hunt was so connected, too.

With these credentials in the murky arts, Barker, Martinez, and DeDiego flew from Miami to Los Angeles early in September 1971 and broke into Dr. Fielding's office. Barker says they found nothing on Ellsberg, but DeDiego testi-

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fied that he had held the Ellsberg file while Martinez made pictures. Hunt, meanwhile, kept a surveillance at Dr. Fielding's house to ensure that the psychiatrist would not make a midnight visit to his office and interrupt his agents.

The Cuban team returned to Miami, and Hunt went to Washington, where he kept in active touch with Barker, using a secret phone in the Special Investigations Unit located in Room 16 in the basement of the Executive Office Building adjacent to the White House. This was the office of the so-called Plumbers. Bills for the calls were sent to the home of a twenty-three-year-old secretary named Kathy Chenow, who took them to an Ehrlichman aide for approval.

The Miami-Cuban connection developed by Hunt proved useful. Money raised in Texas (some of it already laundered in Mexico) and in Minnesota came in to former Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans, who gave it to Gordon Liddy for further laundering. Five checks, totaling $114,000, were sent to Bernard Barker, who, over a three-week period, converted them to cash in Miami's Republic National Bank in Little Havana. The Nixon campaign fund got $111,500, $2500 having been extracted for expenses.

By now Hunt had moved over to work for the Committee to Re-Elect the President, and, soon, so did his Miami-Cuban connections. Shortly after the famed Key Biscayne strategy meeting in March 1972, at which, according to Jeb Stuart Magruder's testimony to the Watergate committee, John Mitchell, then attorney general, approved plans to maintain a surveillance on the Democrats, reservations for a suite of rooms were made in the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach, which was to be headquarters for the Democrats during their convention.

Peculiarly enough, the reservations, booked to coincide with the Democratic convention, were made by an executive at the Miami Beach First National Bank who said he needed them for a friend named Edward Hamilton. The head of Miami First National is Frank Smathers, Jr., the brother of former Sen. George Smathers, who first introduced Richard Nixon to Key Biscayne, sold him his house there, and is now his neighbor.

Edward Hamilton is an alias that was used by Frank Sturgis (as well as by Hunt). Sturgis, an American soldier of fortune who also goes under the name of Frank Fiorini, has been active on both sides of the Cuban controversy. He

The Bay of Pigs was hatched under Eisenhower, promoted by Nixon, but it was Kennedy, the inheritor, who drew the exiles' enmity.

joined Castro in the Sierra Maestra, flew missions for him, was captured and beaten by Batista's police and released. Two weeks later he was flying to Mexico with Castro's air force chief, Maj. Pedro Diaz Lanz, to buy arms that were to be smuggled to Castro forces still in the mountains. Later, he and Major Diaz defected, and Fiorini claimed he had really been working undercover against the Castro government the whole time. Nonetheless, he was stripped of his American citizenship. It was through Senator Smathers's efforts that Fiorini got his citizenship back. At that point he assumed the name of Frank Sturgis. In May 1961, one month after the disaster at the Bay of Pigs, Fiorini showed up on the cover of *Parade,* the Sunday magazine insert, heralding a story on him by Jack Anderson, of all people. Entitled "We Will Finish the Job," the account told of Fiorini's daring exploits harassing Castro by boat and plane.

Fiorini-Sturgis was to surface again in 1968 when he led a group called the Secret Army Organization on an aborted thrust at Cuba. This time he left with an American task force from a Yucatán port to rendezvous with Cuban exiles sailing aboard another boat. The raid would have put forty men ashore in Cuba; but their craft came a cropper on coral reefs, and they ended up in jail in British Honduras. At the time Fiorini-Sturgis said that the Secret Army Organization was an anti-Communist movement that had bases in Mexico.

IT WAS NOT the first time armed secret groups of Americans and Cubans, banded together for anti-Communist or anti-Castro adventures, had been captured. In August 1963 a heavy cache of arms, all ostensibly for use in an attack against Castro, was found hidden in a cottage on Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana, that belonged to Mrs. William Julius McLaney. The accounts of the discovery in the New Orleans newspapers listed no arrests by the FBI. Mrs. McLaney, whose husband was described as the operator of a race-horse feed business, said that at the request of friends in Cuba she had lent the house to a newly arrived Cuban refugee. William McLaney's brother, Michael J. McLaney, described as having been in the tourist business in Cuba, actually had operated Havana casinos under the umbrella of Meyer Lansky during the Batista years. Even after Castro came out of the hills (and the casinos were under the aegis, for a short time, of Frank Fiorini), McLaney took over the tables in Havana's Nacional Hotel from the Cleveland Syndicate. (Later, McLaney was invited to leave the Bahamas, where he was endeavoring to work out an arrangement with Lynden Pindling's PLP. He is now operating the casino in Haiti.) Lansky is said to have had a $1 million price on Castro's head, and McLaney, remembering those cushy days in Cuba, is reported to have once said, "If it weren't for Castro, Caesar's Palace [one of the largest hotels and casino operations in Las Vegas] would have been built in Havana."

The Lake Pontchartrain cache included more than a ton of dynamite, bomb casings, striker assemblies, primer cord, and blasting caps—enough to start a small war. The FBI announced no arrests to the newspapers, but in fact, eleven arrests were made, including a number of Cuban exiles and several Americans, among them Richard Lauchli, Jr., known as one of the founding fathers of the Minutemen.

SOME, POSSIBLY FAR-OUT, THEORIES, advanced by those at variance with the findings of the Warren report, have suggested that one or more of the allegedly anti-Castro build-ups in Central America after the Bay of Pigs were really a camouflage for the assassination attempt on President Kennedy. Kennedy's failure to provide air cover for the Bay of Pigs, his enforcement of the neutrality act, his alleged curtailment of the CIA, the liberal swing of his administration, all produced dissidents on the hard Right, many of them with means, many with the desire to encourage a force that would destroy him.

The CIA, the exiled Cubans, the radical Right, and the Mob had a mutual interest in getting Cuba back. Frequently their efforts were interwoven. As the clock ticked toward the 1972 political campaigns, the Miami Cubans were put on alert for new adventures. Hunt flew often to consult with Barker in Miami, telling him on one visit to commence training his men so they would be in top physical condition. In the interests of anticommu-

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nism and of a Republican victory, they were to be used as *agents provocateurs*, street ruffians, and burglars.

Eugenio Martinez, a veteran of the Ellsberg break-in, asked a onetime CIA operative named Pablo Fernandez to enlist the aid of ten young persons who could assume the role of hippies. They were to march on McGovern's headquarters during the Democratic convention, rioting and relieving themselves in public. Fernandez had to turn it down even though it paid a reputed $700 a week. The Cuban, who made $800 a month as a clerk, had already signed on with a special investigator of the Miami police department to foment an overt action at the convention by offering machine guns to the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, who were encamped nearby. "We were hoping for the overt act necessary to produce a charge of conspiracy," Maj. Adam Klimkowski of the City of Miami Police Department was later to say.

The Martinez idea, intended to embarrass McGovern, fell through, but other plans were to be carried out. As Barker and his force prepared to leave for Washington to begin a series of covert operations that was to end with Watergate, J. Edgar Hoover died in the capital.

To handle the demonstrations and counterdemonstrations that were to be staged by the political intelligence group, Barker drew on the services of Reinaldo Pico, Frank Sturgis (Fiorini), Eugenio Martinez, Felipe DeDiego, and an expert locksmith named Virgilio Gonzalez. Pablo Fernandez did accompany the band to help start fights at the Hoover funeral. At the Capitol the next night, in a protest meeting unrelated to the Hoover death, antiwar protesters, including Daniel Ellsberg, were intoning the names of the Vietnam dead. The demonstrators were set upon by the Cuban group; Pico and Sturgis pummeled the pacifists. Both men were arrested. After a quiet aside to the police by an unidentified onlooker, Pico and Sturgis were released.

It was to be a busy spring. Jack Anderson wrote a piece suggesting that Sturgis and Martinez may have been implicated in the May 13 break-in at the Chilean embassy. Late in May the Cuban team was to launch the first of three assaults on Democratic headquarters at the Watergate. The first was unsuccessful. During the second one they placed taps on some of the phones and took photographs of documents that later were to be developed in Rich's photo shop in

The demonstrators were set upon by the Cubans. Pico and Sturgis pummeled the pacifists. Both were arrested, then quietly released.

Miami. Barker insisted he had been told by Hunt to search for documents that would indicate contributions to the Democrats from Castro Cuba or from leftist organizations.

On June 16 the assault team, pared down to Barker, Martinez, Sturgis, and Gonzalez, once more left Miami for Washington, this time to meet their Armageddon. The capture of the Watergate burglars in the capital that night, Sturgis-Fiorini included, created a flurry at the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach. The man from the Smathers bank arrived at the hotel and asked that the reservations that had been made in the name of Edward Hamilton, the Sturgis-Fiorini alias, be changed to the name of Edward Failor. When Mr. Failor arrived, he filed nightly intelligence reports to Clark McGregor, the Nixon campaign manager, and when he left, his bill was sent to the Committee to Re-Elect the President.

The capture of the Watergate burglars set off a chain of firecrackers in Miami. *The Miami Herald* ran a full-page story under an eight-column streamer headline that read, "Spy Thriller Spins Web to Miami." Among the tidbits gleaned was the news that the FBI had traced a portion of the $6300 seized from the Watergate burglars to the Republic National Bank of Miami. The arrested men had registered as employees of Ameritas, a Florida real estate company established a few years earlier by Miguel Suarez, an avid Nixon supporter, a onetime Gurney campaign manager in the Latin community, and a friend of Barker's since they both worked at a Cuban clinic some years ago.

The Republic National Bank had been operated, until his arrest and incarceration in Central American jails for allegedly stealing an airplane and falsifying bank records, by Dr. Arnaldo Masvidal, a Cuban alien who had given sums variously estimated at $5000 to $25,000 to Senator Gurney's campaign. Dr. Masvidal, who plans to start a Cuban newspaper in Miami, is also represented by Miguel Suarez.

Actually, requests for reservations at the Watergate for the break-in team had been made on the Ameritas letterhead. Suarez holds that the stationery was used either by Barker or Barker's wife, but that one of the burglars "had interests in Ameritas."

Barker's daughter recalls knowing Sturgis since she was a child. When captured in Washington, Sturgis was found to be carrying a full set of fake identification papers, including a Mexican visa made out to Edward Hamilton, the name in which the Committee to Re-Elect the President originally had engaged rooms at the Fontainebleau. Jack Anderson arrived at the bail hearing and asked that Sturgis be released in his custody.

On June 18, one day after the break-in, Leo Zani, then press aide to Sen. Edward Gurney (later to be singled out by John Dean as "Nixon's only sure friend" on the Watergate committee), phoned *The Miami News* with a good story. The *News* was invited to have its reporter inspect the voting rolls in Dade County, where they would discover that the Watergate burglars had registered as Democrats. Zani suggested that in truth the burglars were double agents whose mission had really been to embarrass the Republicans. Martinez had registered as a Democrat in 1971 and Frank Sturgis in 1962. In any case Zani was to call up later in the day. He had been to the Committee to Re-Elect the President and had returned with the theory that the burglars were in the employ of Jack Anderson, who had been a constant gadfly to the administration. "We know that Sturgis is Anderson's tie with the Cuban committee. . . . Somebody finked. Everything is ready-made. Talk about double agents," the Gurney press aide said, "Martinez and Fiorini [Sturgis] were double agents. The others did not know they were being used. That is why they are not getting out of jail."

Ronald Ziegler, the President's own press aide, offered no theories, only disdain. He called it "a third-rate burglary." But if the principals were already cutting away from those who had been caught—as governments traditionally disown spies who have been captured—the Cubans among them were hailed as heroes by Miami's exiled community. Appearing on a William Buckley television show with E. Howard Hunt, Attorney Mario Lazo declared, "These men are heroes who believed they were fighting communism. We should give them a medal instead of throwing them in jail."

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A fourteen-man "Committee of Help" was formed by Miami Cubans, and five accounts were opened at the Bank of Miami. One was under the name of "The Miami Watergate Defendants' Fund," while the others were opened separately for Barker, Martinez, Gonzalez, and Sturgis. The fund totaled nearly $6000.

Besides Mario Lazo, the committee included Manuel F. Artime, who had been the leader of the Bay of Pigs. Artime has said that he owed his life to Barker, who had smuggled him out of Cuba with the help of the anti-Castro underground. Throughout 1960, during the CIA build-up for the Bay of Pigs, Artime and Hunt had an apartment together in Miami, and Artime is the godfather of one of Hunt's children. While denying prior knowledge of the Watergate break-in, Artime admitted he met Hunt in 1971, when Hunt told him he was working for the White House. At that time Hunt tried to enlist him, along with other Cubans, in an investigation of illicit drug movements in Panama. During one of Hunt's Miami visits, Artime also met G. Gordon Liddy. Frank Sturgis said, after his capture at the Watergate, that in 1971 he had joined Hunt in an investigation of the drug traffic that was entering the United States from Mexico, Paraguay, and Panama. (Some reports suggested that the Plumbers unit even had been involved in an assassination attempt on Brig. Gen. Omar Torrijos Herrera, the military ruler of Panama who has been hostile to the United States.)

The tie-in between this group and drug investigation, as farfetched as it may appear on first look, becomes apparent when one looks back to the Plumbers, whose formation the President authorized a week after the Pentagon papers were published. John Ehrlichman was assigned to supervise the unit, which, in the President's words, was "to stop security leaks and *to investigate other sensitive matters*," working on what was called "the heavy stuff." Ehrlichman gave the job to Egil Krogh, Jr., who set up shop in the basement of the Executive Office Building, to which, by the middle of August 1971, Hunt was reporting. The unit was augmented by G. Gordon Liddy, newly fired from the Treasury Department for fighting the gun-control position adopted by the administration. At Treasury, where he worked with Eugene Rossides, an assistant secretary, Liddy held a specific narcotics responsibility. He was charged with creating ideas and programs during the national narcotics crisis in 1970. Krogh, too, had been similarly occupied. As Ehrlichman's assistant in domestic affairs, Krogh had the responsibility of narcotics control, overseeing the work of such agencies as the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, Customs, and other special-action groups. He was also active in the Cabinet committee for international narcotics control. Krogh knew Liddy at Treasury, and it is not inconceivable to consider that once in command of a freewheeling unit formed at presidential command, with Cubans enlisted for action work in the field, Krogh, with Liddy, might have entertained clandestine antidrug forays no matter whose territory they invaded.

"These men are heroes who believed they were fighting communism. They deserve a medal, not jail."

While Artime was never recruited for any of this work, he was visited by Hunt's wife, Dorothy, later killed in a plane crash in Chicago, who assured him that the captured Cubans would not endure legal difficulties in Washington and that money would be delivered to the aid fund. After Mrs. Hunt's death, Artime visited Hunt in Washington and, according to some sources, was given $12,000 in cash. Later, Artime said, he found $9000 stuffed in envelopes and placed in his mailbox. He said the money was distributed to the families of the Cubans.

After the Bay of Pigs, Artime was the mastermind of a second operation for which arms and ammunition were bought in Europe. A few hundred men were recruited, and the expedition was mounted in Costa Rica and Nicaragua. Artime, who is in the export and import trade and deals in meat, is said to be involved with President Anastasio Somoza Debayle of Nicaragua. He was also one of the lessees in Centro Comercial Cubano, the shopping center that Charles "Bebe" Rebozo had built and for which he was able to obtain financing through the Small Businesses Administration.

An American born of Cuban parents, Rebozo had gotten a start as the operator of gas stations in Florida. When controls were placed on tires during World War II, Rebozo made his first real money by ex-

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As Cubans began to flow into Miami after Castro, Rebozo made contacts with the community, joining a Cuban group known as El Centro.

panding into the tire-recapping business. By coincidence, one of the government officials working in the legal section of the tire-rationing part of OPA was Richard Nixon, then a young lawyer fresh from Duke University. It was a period of Nixon's career he never advertises in his official biographies.

Although some have tried to put Nixon in Florida in the Forties, the accepted meeting between Nixon and Rebozo is said to have occurred in 1951 when George Smathers, then Florida senator, suggested that Nixon, tired from a hard campaign, recuperate in the Florida sun. He put him in touch with Rebozo, who took him deep-sea fishing.

As the Cubans began to flow into Miami after Castro, Rebozo made connections with the community, joining a Cuban group known as El Centro, for which the shopping center was named, and agreeing to take a position as co-chairman of the city's inter-American committee. One of Rebozo's links to the Cuban community was Dr. Edgardo Buttari, former mayor of Havana, who, in 1968, headed the Cubans for Nixon. Rebozo brought Buttari into the Centro shopping center to organize the merchants, each of whom was eligible for a loan of up to $25,000 from the Office of Economic Opportunity.

To build the Centro, Rebozo and his partner, C. V. W. Trice, Jr., employed the Polizzi Construction Company, operated by "Big Al," Alfonso Polizzi, a Cleveland underworld figure once known in Ohio, where he served time, as head of the Mayfield Road Mob. Polizzi told the Kefauver committee investigating crime in America in 1950 that he had retired from less savory ventures and was pursuing a straight career; but as late as 1964, according to an investigation by *Newsday*, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics continued to consider him one of the underworld.

Rebozo and Trice sold El Centro to a Canadian group a year later, making a $200,000 profit. Buttari was able to get his citizenship with dispatch and obtained a job with HEW in Miami that pays him $26,898 a year. However, even after the sale, Rebozo maintained an interest in a coin laundry for which space had been set aside in the center and which had not opened. One José Alonso had secured a lease from Buttari to operate this laundry and had obtained a $25,000 loan from OEO to run it. But in 1969 Congressman Wright Patman, the Democrat from Texas who was chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, objected strenuously to the Rebozo loan from SBA for the Centro project, and at that time Alonso decided not to accept his OEO loan. It turned out that Alonso, a refugee from Castro's Cuba, was the manager of Wash Well, Inc., a chain of coin laundries owned by Rebozo. Indeed, Alonso was paying Rebozo rent for an apartment behind one of the Wash Well stores. Once Centro was sold, Alonso's title to the laundry disappeared, along with his request for the loan, and the place opened for customers with Rebozo as owner. "Mr. Rebozo decided he was going to own it," Alonso was later to say.

It was Rebozo, along with Smathers, who was instrumental in helping to form the presidential compound at Key Biscayne. Smathers had bought a ranch house there in 1967, leased it to Nixon during and following the 1968 campaign, and sold it to the President-elect in December of that year. The house next door has been Rebozo's residence for many years. However, Smathers's other neighbor had been Manuel Arca, Jr., a Cuban exile. Arca had lived in the house for ten years, his first permanent home since Castro took away his Cuban house and installed his brother, Raul, in it.

Stating that he was acting as Nixon's agent, Rebozo asked Arca to sell his Biscayne house in order to ensure presidential privacy. The house was sold at a loss to Arca, with Rebozo handling all the details. "The President of the United States wanted it. What else could I do?" Arca said. "Besides, it was an honor. I was very glad and happy to sell it to him," he added.

Through the years such Cuban accommodation had been a great aid to Nixon, who was friendly with the late Fulgencio Batista and with a number of other wealthy Cubans. Carlos Prio, the president of Cuba who was ousted by Batista, is a multimillionaire with interests in sugar and real estate in Puerto Rico. His home is in Miami, and he was an active pro-Nixon placard carrier during the Miami conventions. Another staunch supporter is Nicholas Arroyo, who became Batista's ambassador to Washington. When Castro assumed power, Arroyo, who had once maintained a successful architectural office with his wife, remained in Washington. His investments include sugar in Ecuador and Central America and real estate in Washington and Virginia. Some Cuban sources in Miami put his wealth at $10 million.

MUCH OF THE LAND on Key Biscayne, the island a few minutes from Miami where Rebozo first began to seed his own fortune and where Nixon has accrued profits from his own real estate investments, was developed early by the late José Manuel Aleman, who had been minister of education and, in the words of one informed Miami Cuban, "owned three or four other ministries," one of which was the national treasury.

A senator under Carlos Prio, Aleman spent most of his time in Miami. Before his death he built Miami Stadium, which he willed to his son, José Aleman, who is also represented by Miguel Suarez. The senior Aleman owned Cape Florida, which was to become the state park on the south end of Key Biscayne. Ironically, Cape Florida is such a popular retreat for hundreds of Cuban exiles and their families that park officials often close the gates by 11:00 A.M. Sunday morning. The traffic jam on Key Biscayne at departure time on Sunday afternoons often lasts until evening.

Some perceptive members of the Miami Cuban community see this clannishness as acute introversion. "Instead of mingling with the American community, it has formed an autonomous economy," says one Cuban former editor. "It is creating its own ghetto, feeding on social events that recall the old days in Havana when social position was based on membership in one of the big clubs."

That opinion is shared by Dr. Bernardo Benes, now vice-president of the Washington Federal Savings and Loan, who arrived here at the age of twenty-five and is now successful and thirty-eight. "Unfortunately, many people in the Cuban-exile community," he says, "have not learned the American way of life. We are too many in a relatively small city. We represent twenty-five percent of the population of Dade County, and therefore we have created our own environment. We are self-sufficient, so to speak. You can live in Dade County today, being a Cuban, having a little money, making a living, and you really don't have to speak English to live

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"Some Cubans are being buried vertically. The dead will not rest until Cuba returns to the free world."

an almost full life. This has prevented many Cubans from understanding the American free society in which we live. We tend to ignore all that and adapt ourselves to our new realities. I believe the next generation, the children of the exiles, are going to understand American life much better."

Economist Antonio Jorge, once in Castro's finance ministry and now a professor at Merrimack College in North Andover, Massachusetts, likens Cuban success in south Florida to Operation Bootstrap in Puerto Rico and the celebrated *Wirtschaftswunder* of postwar Germany. The exiles had the stamina and vigor to supply themselves, and supply and demand grew simultaneously. Cubans arrived in America to find economic values more important than they had been at home. That gave them all a prod with an *aguijón*, a steel-tip shaft used to move oxen. "Their alertness and vigor was translated into economic terms once they had learned the ways of the host country," says Professor Jorge.

But the native drive of the Cubans, spurred as it may have been by the influences of the American work ethic, is not a phenomenon but a natural evolution. That is the theory of Prof. Juan Clark, who teaches sociology at the vast south campus of Miami Dade Junior College. "Cubans are a mix of Spanish people descended from the northern provinces—Basques, Galicians, and others, conditioned over centuries to industrious labor." If, however, Professor Jorge warns, the Cuban colony maintains its pace of economic development and there is not more integration between the Cubans and the rest of the nation, then the Cuban society may ghettoize itself, and its self-feeding economy may stall.

Still, the rate of Cuban naturalization is now 1500 a month. Sixty-two thousand Cubans voted in the last election, and the estimate for this November is between 95,000 and 100,000. Within five years Cubans will have the capability to elect their own mayor, but it is unlikely their political concepts will change. They believe American rapprochement with the two major Communist capitals represents tactical games but that the larger strategy must be anti-Communist. Americans may interpret detente with the Communist capitals as a lessening of tension, but Cubans are not interested in lessening tension. They are belligerently anti-Communist. They passionately believe that any softening toward communism means that communism will press for further gains because its basic premise is expansionist and activist. They tend to dismiss Watergate as *El Gato Mojado*, a play on words that comes out to mean "The Wet Cat." Watergate appears to them to be like Latin politics, an art form that Americans have suddenly begun to learn. Cubans are not interested in domestic politics; they are concerned about Communists versus non-Communists in the international arena. They worry less about Watergate and its erosion of the foundations of the republic than they worry that Puerto Rico could swing to the Left.

They are willing to undertake any means to contain communism, but they have been warned by the State Department against further overt action. Juan Clark, a paratroop veteran of the Bay of Pigs, feels that the CIA is keeping the lid on the Miami Cubans to avoid further incursions against Castro. Now an American citizen and about to earn a doctorate, Clark still would be willing to return to a free Cuba if he thought he could make a contribution to the mother country.

"To be a Cuban and live in exile in Miami is a frustrating experience," says Dr. Bernardo Benes. "We were never prepared to lose Cuba, much less to a foreign ideology." One evening recently, he says, he had dinner at a Cuban restaurant whose owner is making a remarkable success in Miami. Yet the man whispered to him imploringly, "When do you think we are going to go back?"

Despite the successes here the sentiment for the soil of the homeland remains undiminished. In Woodlawn Park Cemetery on SW Eighth Street, in Miami, some Cubans are being buried vertically. The dead will not rest until Cuba is restored to the free world.

The air in Cuban Miami is filled with as much unfaltering hope as in the Jewish cry "Next Year in Jerusalem." That idea strikes fancy with Dr. Benes. "Don't ask me how, don't ask me where, but it is a very strong feeling. Tomorrow in Havana. I like to believe that it's going to happen."

"Volveremos," the Cuban bumper stickers in Miami declare. "We shall return." □

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The Literary Lives of John Dos Passos

The letters and diaries of this now neglected master remind us of a rich moment in American literature.

By Herbert Gold

Generations of bright high school kids learned their attitudes toward manliness, love, and style from Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Steinbeck; and toward America from James T. Farrell and John Dos Passos. As the America they defined has frayed, Farrell and Dos Passos have joined the general neglect. Some may recall that Dos Passos followed an orbit of youthful estheticism toward a burning socialism to a final distaste for the ugliness of the time that was more than a reversion to preciosity. Ultimately, he became something of a right-winger and wrote novels that have been dismissed as the maundering complaints and naggings of an aging mandarin. As he wrote of his own father, he knew "the loneliness of one who has outlived his generation."

Recently I heard several writers discussing whether or not Dos Passos was still alive and writing. Surely, one argued, if he had died, we'd have heard of it.

Now comes this book—*The Fourteenth Chronicle: Letters and Diaries of John Dos Passos,** edited by Townsend Ludington, with a sober and useful biographical narrative plus personal photographs and original drawings—to initiate the Revival that any author's friends hope for—and for which the writer dreams after even a brief—say, ten-minute—period of historical neglect. The result is an unexpected one. Probably not many will return to the massive effort, *USA*, or the earlier *Three Soldiers* or *Manhattan Transfer*, or the later strained trilogy, *District of Columbia*; fewer still will search out the travel sketches or fictions in dispraise of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. But many readers should discover here a curious, ambitious, whimsical, tenderhearted, enraged, devoted letter writer, a person much richer than the dry and programmatic stance of *USA* indicates. From boyhood at Choate, to youth at Harvard and in the ambulance service in World War I, and on through the aching ambitiousness of a fresh literary career and the slide into the usual correspondence with Edmund Wilson, e.e. cummings, Van Wyck Brooks, Hem —oh, you know, that group—he rehearses the concerns of a familiar literary generation with great warmth and freshness. Only the French can glorify their writers with the self-consciousness of Gertrude Stein's Lost—many, many times found—Generation. But oddly enough, Dos Passos's letters and diaries offer a new experience, an autobiographical treasure more intimate and touching than his novels.

A book entitled *USA* could not be a success except in fragments, because its subject is a collection of fragments, just as books entitled *The Great American Novel*—such as the ones by Clyde Brion Davis and Philip Roth, both popular writers of their time—can be nothing other than lumberingly and self-consciously ironic. The literary sins of American ambition are worse than those of James Fenimore Cooper. Mark Twain had great good fun with the Silent Indian, not breaking a twig under his moccasins. Surely the desire to control and tell everything also breaks twigs with a din that confuses the forest.

Letters and diaries are a kind of miniature, and a collection of miniatures can make a mosaic; this one by Dos Passos is most informative, touching, tender, and resonant. Ultimately the mosaic of his life achieves a shapeliness that seems to have evaded him in his extended and intentional constructions.

The boyish Dos Passos writes dreamy verse in the manner of World War I poesy. He longs for his buddies in a style of summer-camp crushes. He confesses his burning ambition to publish a piece in *The New Republic*. He dotes on wine, on old churches, on architecture, on late evenings of talk. He confesses his doubts. He proclaims his allegiances. These are a young man's letters like other young men's—and are also strangely close, flaming, desperately personal, even in their occasional bombast. That he had a mission to be a writer was clear from the beginning. He borrows from Saint Paul in these letters: "It's better to publish than burn."

THE EARLY ENTRIES and letters are "literary diaries," travel notes filled with play and shifts of language—the work of a gentleman, in short. But at Choate and at Harvard, he was also an outsider—nearsighted, an artist, illegitimate, probably not in that order of importance. (His parents eventually married.) The early letters remind a reader oddly of Thomas Wolfe—ragged, heavy humor, mawkish longings, sentimental boyish friendships —not so much because Dos Passos is like Wolfe as because every young American writer is like him: overflowing with unrealized nature.

My only amusement has been going to anarchist and pacifist meetings and riots—Emma Goldman, etc. Lots of fun I assure you. I am thinking of becoming a revolutionist!

His snobbish socialism and sympathy

*Published by Gambit, 672 pp., $12.50

Herbert Gold, a major figure in American letters, has just finished writing the novel Swiftie the Magician.

(From left counterclockwise) John Dos Passos; Dos (seated) and Rumsey Marvin (ca. 1920); John R. Dos Passos, Dos, and his half-brother James Madison (ca. 1914); Hemingway, Fräulein Maria Glaser, Dos, Gerald Murphy (ca. 1926).

(Photographs: The Bettmann Archive; Elizabeth H. Dos Passos; Lois Hazell; Elizabeth H. Dos Passos)

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with the Communists wouldn't last, of course; it's all part of the groping. His "hotel childhood," an anti-American rearing, was complemented by the first published piece of writing for which he received pay, an article in *The New Republic*, entitled "Against American Literature."

Then, with war, and Dos Passos's real experience with both blood and bureaucracy, a reality and horror come into his innocent, gentlemanly life, and a real compassion and feeling succeeds the boyish ironies, Latin and Greek jokes, longueurs and sighs. For days the nostalgia remains of boating and hiking, incarceration in monkish rooms with notebook and pen, writing "a historical pastoral comical realistical fantastic lyrical tragical farcical morality"; but the vileness of war—battle, misery, blood, the death of strangers—begins to give depth to his constant play with conventional ideas, feminism, socialism, the literary float and whimsy. A persistent theme is *fin-de-siècle* romanticism—"My lady Ennui had her arm around my neck, O bored bored bored"—which is surprising in the light of the solemnity of the public performance.

In Paris after the war—like his friends Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, e.e. cummings, and so many others—he seeks to digest his experience and write that Great American Novel. To his pals back home he confides news of the stunning "welter of experience . . . no time for triviality . . . the fury of my desires . . . the straitjacket of my inhibitions . . ." He is twenty-five years old. He alternates between these operatic complaints and comic high spirits. He is battening on coffee-and-wine nerves. He is *writing*. He meditates about his father, a brilliant, overbusy man—"never had time"—in a much more generous way than conventionally rebellious young men; and then he knows the shame of paying for vanity publication of his first book, *One Man's Initiation*, after it was turned down everywhere. (It eventually sold something like sixty-three copies.)

There is more travel writing in the familiar smiling, tough-guy American tradition. "No town so humble that it hasn't its particular kind of malaria," he tells "Dear Rummy" and reports that Persia also offers "carpets, sherbets, beards dyed crimson with henna, camels, brigands, plots, revolts, pomegranates, volcanoes, processions, bazaars . . . bunions . . . whiskeys and sodas at the club . . ." At the Gerald Murphys', in Antibes, "the landscape is obstructed by countesses under the influence of opium or spirits or spaniels."

"Dos Passos's letters and diaries offer a new experience, an autobiographical treasure more intimate and touching than his novels."

From all over Europe and Asia, as he travels, he sends a stream of advice about "good writing" to his friends:

> . . . got to be stripped naked. Like in good architecture, every inch must have something functional to do, must be an integral part of holding the building up. That doesn't cut out decoration at all; it just means that every bit of decoration must mean something.

At the same time, with all the purity, youthful socialism, and rage at injustice, he remains another carrier of the conventional prejudices of the time, and these letters are punctuated with painful phrases like "a slobbery article by the fulsome negroid . . . 'Emperor Jones' played to perfection by a wonderful coon . . . Louisville is a gray sprawling red-brick dingy kind of place, full of darkies and Jews." He likes Chicago because it is "much younger and less Jewish than New York." None of this is happy reading, though it seems curiously innocuous at this distance. It's of a time with walking tours of America and graceful camel jaunts in "Araby."

Perhaps it is not simply silly and innocuous either. The ardently appetitive traveler and novelist is overtaken in later life by a radical disgust with America. He appreciates Joe McCarthy's efforts to find those corrupting Reds. The letters and notes, after the tragic death of his wife—in an automobile accident, Dos Passos driving, in which he loses an eye—become strangely dry and doctrinaire, a parody of the juicelessness of aging. His life remains busy; he marries again; he has a first child at age fifty-four. But he finishes his career writing articles for *Life, Reader's Digest, National Review*, and the United States Information Service, for which he uttered pap about the Apollo 10 moon shot of 1969: "Mankind was on the threshold of a new beginning."

USA and the other books of Dos Passos's prime are not read very much any more, but those familiar Modern Library editions helped to form the generation of writers now garnering the fame and esteem for which Dos Passos longed and which, briefly, like them, he tasted. Despite his political drift and a curious self-indulgent privacy of style, a personal isolation unpenetrated by this book, his concern with individual liberty was constant; the muddied career is consistent at least in that, and the man's dignity during personal suffering is touching. He is loyal even to Hemingway, though the bullying "Papa" quarreled with almost all the early friends.

The Lost Generation—named, according to Gertrude Stein, not by her and not by Hemingway, either, but by a French hotelkeeper—was a generation that lost its normal chance of becoming civilized. Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, she said, the influence of parents and women and education—preparation for civilized life—are crucial. Those who go to killing instead of to school, to violence and heroism instead of to work, remain boys in a heartbreaking way. While they are still nearly boys by age, their plight seems romantic, lyrical, touching. When they grow older, and their aging comes without ripening, this lostness no longer has a romantic aura. The cut flower left in the vase too long becomes putrescent.

Gertrude Stein now seems prescient about the lost boys and their friends. Alcoholism took a famous toll, as did fascism, suicide, insanity. Ezra Pound's madness is reflected in T. S. Eliot's absurdities. F. Scott Fitzgerald, one of the most tender and talented, felt ashamed of not being strong and resolute like his friend Hemingway, who lived his lies for a generation and faced his own decay with little grace, bullying others and eventually destroying himself. Dos Passos took a different path. From his early career as a literary rebel—employing the devices of the movies, montage, imagism, the tricks of the new poetry; borrowing the diction of Joyce and Stein; and testing the radical policies of the time—he evolved bumblingly toward a simplistic period, when he came to write in a style suitable for *Life* and *Reader's Digest* in support of a politics suitable for *National Review*. It was a more gentlemanly solution to the problem of lostness. It was also more conventional. Where some of the boys chose to act as boys to the end of their days, he chose

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to act as a "responsible citizen." The operative word here is probably "act." The high degree of histrionic behavior, which helped to create beyond their talents the stars of the literary lost generation, also characterizes this *triste*, self-regarding soul.

DECLINE IS PROBABLY a merely conventional way to characterize the shift in Dos Passos's approach to interpreting American life. He was more consistent than we realized. His first radical work is animated by boyish bitterness and anger—combined with the youthful ambition to make a literary mark. The later conservative or right-wing work is animated by aging bitterness and anger—combined with the older man's desire to take a few revenges on a time that has passed him by. What remains constant, and of constant value in a writer who never quite achieved his ambitions, is a passion that might be derived from both the paltriest and the deepest of sources: the sense of his unique self. His libertarian views, his lyrical privacy, his belief in the primacy of will—never fully dramatized in his novels—are most touching. They come clear in these letters and notes as they never did in his more ponderous constructions. Mauriac said that the poet can be defined as the soul of a boy carried in the body of a man. Dos Passos hid his poet's soul in the practice of stylish politics, make-work journalism, and one striking effort at an all-encompassing vision of America. He left behind him neither a perfectly exemplary work nor an exemplary life, but how many writers leave either?

In his generation Dos Passos had a unique role, and his sharing of a generational lostness suggests lessons for those who follow. The opportunity to prepare for civilized behavior—which Gertrude Stein thought had been taken from a particularly tragic time—has also been taken from the generations of another world war, of Korea, of Vietnam, and of the internal dismay that has replaced American optimism. Out of the literary Weathermen—give them some years—we may also eventually find some heirs to that late Dos Passos, who believed that Joe McCarthy was needed to help cleanse America.

The last letter in this book, dated July 17, 1970, is one nominating William Buckley for membership in the Century Association.

Dos Passos died of congestive heart failure in September 1970. □

Ugly Customers

The Bedside Book of Bastards
By Dorothy M. Johnson
and R. T. Turner
McGraw-Hill, 350 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Hallowell Bowser

This "bed-book" is an unabashed romp through the fields of human villainy—the "bastards" being ugly customers, not people born out of wedlock. Nero, Caligula, Torquemada, de Sade—in all, thirty-six of history's nastiest bastards gouge, rape, and flagellate their way through these breezy, irreverent sketches.

Sawney Beane, for instance. Sawney (short for Alexander) led a pack of male and female cannibals—all of them his children and incestuous grandchildren—who operated out of a seacoast cave in seventeenth-century Scotland. Johnson and Turner quote an old-time chronicle that tells, complete with quaint spellings, how Sawney and his horrid brood would bushwhack unwary travelers, then "carry off their carcafes to the den, where cutting them in quarters they would pickle the mangled limbs, and afterwards eat them, thefe being their only fubfiftance."

After a quarter-century of such Grand Guignol, the king of Scotland himself led a posse of 400 trained men into the area. Cornering the Beanes deep in their wet cave, the king's men came on a "difmal sight, and were ready to fink into the earth to fee such a number of arms, legs, thighs, hands, and feet of men, women and children, hung up in rows like dried beef, and a great many lying in pickle."

THE BEANES ARE by no means the only cannibals who turn up in the book. We also meet "Liver-Eating" Johnson, a Wild Westerner of the 1800s, who for fifteen years hunted down Crow Indians, cutting out their livers and eating them raw. Johnson's favorite weapon, when doing in Crow braves, was a cracking fast, karatelike kick to the vitals. Since he was also a big knife and pistol man, even frontiersmen thought twice about chiding him for "eating Crow." Among the plainsmen it was commonly known that the Crows had killed Johnson's Flathead Indian wife and mutilated their unborn child. To the frontier mind, this outrage lifted Johnson's obsession from the level of murder and cannibalism to the dignity of crusade and vendetta. In the end, Johnson gave up human fillet (or Long Pig, as American sailors called

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it in the windjammer days). He was then "unanimously elected marshal of Red Lodge, a mining town in Montana. Small boys adored him. . . ."

ALL THIS IS eye-opening stuff, granted, but is the bed-book crowd really ready for Sawney Beane and Liver-Eating Johnson? Possibly so: They aren't that big a jump from all those corpse-in-the-potting-shed paperbacks that are stacked three deep on the nation's night tables. Besides, by stopping the book's mayhem short at the year 1900, Johnson and Turner manage to put comforting esthetic distance between the bedside reader and their gallery of monsters. Given enough remoteness in time, the most revolting bastardry seems somehow antique, defanged, and unreal.

Which is just as well, when you turn a page and come face to face with a Grade A bastard like the Byzantine Emperor Basil II, who flourished about 1000 A.D. Basil was "short, pudgy, red in the face, and the greatest military genius of the time." When his legions took 14,000 Bulgarians prisoner, the emperor "divided [the Bulgarians] into groups of 100. He completely blinded ninety-nine men in each group and put out one eye of the [hundredth man]. He did this with all 14,000. He then set them free. Yes, he said, go on home if you can make it; one eye for each one hundred men should suffice. [Thus] began the long trek. . . ."

AND SO THE BOOK'S monster parade winds along: Nero rapes a vestal virgin, Caligula outdoes Narcissus by erecting an enormous statue in his own image, then prostrating himself before it. The Viscontis of Milan invent the dread *quaresima,* a way of torturing a man so that it takes him forty days to die. And when Shih Huang Ti "unifies" China, "often in captured towns every man, woman and child was slaughtered . . . and the bodies were tossed into a boiling cauldron. The victors would then drink this 'human soup.' "

But where is the redeeming social value in all this piling on of horrors? What *point* is there to reading about people's crossgrain passions and kinky eating habits? The plain truth is that many of us don't *need* a point: If extraordinary things have happened in humanity's past, we'd just as soon read about them now and sort out the goods and bads of it later.

Still, the "redeeming value" angle is there in the book if you want to go looking: Authors Johnson and Turner believe in keeping things fast moving and lively, but they can't help touching on deep-running questions. How, for instance, should the Scots have dealt with Sawney Beane's "eight fons, fix daughters, eighteen grandsons, and fourteen granddaughters begotten in inceft"? Growing up in dank caves, knowing from birth nothing but sibling sex, the cutthroat's code, and anthropophagous table fare, could they really be held guilty in any usual sense of the word?

Not surprisingly, the king's hearties did not stop to ponder this question. They simply herded the Beanes together and then:

> this unwholesome crew was executed without any trial. The men's hands and legs were cut off, so they bled to death. The women and children, after being forced to watch this edifying spectacle, were burned in three big fires. "They all died without the leaft sign of repentance," says the gory chronicle, "and continued venting the moft horrid imprecations to the laft gafp of life."

Another "redeeming value" question: What to make of Lord Jeffrey Amherst, governor-general of British North America? Amherst corresponded animatedly with his toady, Col. Henry Bouquet, on how best to get smallpox epidemics going among the "perfidious" Indians, so as to "extirpate that Vermine. . . ." Were Amherst and Bouquet honest-to-God, straight-out bastards, or merely "doomsday pragmatists," pioneer think-tank strategists following out the awful logic of total warfare?

For the reader who knows of bastards even worse than those who turn up in the book, Johnson and Turner have thoughtfully supplied an almost blank note page, headed "Nominations for Infamy," with a short paragraph covering eligibility rules. Here, as elsewhere in the book, the authors' approach is a bit heavy on whimsy-poo and ghastly-jaunty good cheer. But this minor flaw gets swallowed up in the narrative's headlong pace—each bastard gets only a few pages, so things move along spankingly, with almost no drowsy intervals.

Is this primer of evil a book you should nip out and buy? Certainly, if you are a true horror buff. If you aren't, *The Bedside Book of Bastards* is still worth reading, if only as a reminder that insensate violence was not invented by our "permissive" twentieth century. □

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Antiwar Protesters—"Clenched fists, single-minded chants, anguished cries."

The Politics of Protest

The War at Home
by Thomas Powers
Grossman, 372 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Steven Kelman

Was the student protest movement of the Sixties a result of the war in Vietnam, or would it have sprung up in any case? This question became embroiled—as did everything in the Sixties—in the passions stirred up by the war itself. Opponents of the war blamed campus extremism and domestic violence on the mess in Southeast Asia. This theme was quite prominent, for example, in the 1968 campaign of Eugene McCarthy. Others saw student unrest as part of an independent, general trend among youth and intellectuals in advanced industrial society; they pointed out that Western European countries not involved in Vietnam were equally wracked by student unrest.

A point the latter argument ignored was that Vietnam became a linchpin for radicalization in those countries as well. To be sure, the rapid development of the protest movement was helped by three factors unrelated to Vietnam: the adversary nature of the student-intellectual subculture, the growth of the college-educated stratum of the population, and the importance of the mass media in shaping the world view of young people. But Vietnam was an ideal issue for such a movement, and it is self-deluding to argue, as some have, that if Vietnam hadn't been around, "they" would have "picked on" some other problem.

Throughout the Sixties a small group of people—small in number but influential in the academic community and the trade-union leadership—seemed anxious to downgrade the role of Vietnam in causing student extremism. They felt this way, I suspect, because they were having great difficulty understanding why Vietnam was producing such shrillness, such moral fervor, in the public debate. Many of these people were hesitant or openly critical about American policy in Southeast Asia. But their reaction to the clenched fists, the single-minded chants, and the anguished cries of the young activists was often, quite simply, one of incomprehension.

SINCE THIS WAS a small group, and difficult to classify, its reactions to the antiwar movement have received little attention. But because the group includes many who were prolific commentators on student unrest, like the Harvard sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset, these reactions should have been looked at more closely. (I should state at

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the outset, to make my own biases clear, that I shared these people's anguish as well as their ambiguity of feelings toward the protesters.)

BASICALLY, I THINK the disdain for one issue Vietnam activists came from a belief that the "moral issue" the protesters saw in Vietnam was by no means as clear-cut as it was presented to be. First of all, there was an undercurrent of resentment on the part of those of us who had long been involved in the steady work of civil rights or trade-union activity against those who had been suddenly "radicalized" by the war in Vietnam. If the young people were so "idealistic" and "concerned," we felt, why didn't this concern extend to the problems of the Pittsburgh steelworker or the Akron rubber worker? It seemed to us that Vietnam was too chic and, by extension, not serious—and this made the moralistic lectures by Johnny-come-latelys to politics even more galling.

Second, and more important, there was a conviction that the political issues underlying the conflict between the Communists and Saigon were not simple. To be sure, the Thieu regime was scarcely admirable, but neither, we felt, was that of the Communists. In its desire to paint a black-and-white picture, the antiwar movement tended to ignore evidence about the nature of the North Vietnamese regime, such as the bloody collectivization of agriculture in the Fifties and Ho Chi Minh's ruthless execution of leaders of the native Vietnamese Trotskyist movement in the Forties. Furthermore, the antiwar movement was consistently guilty of underestimating the international ramification of the Vietnam conflict; if it was not true that the fall of Vietnam would immediately be followed by the fall of the other "dominoes," it nevertheless was true that a Communist victory in Vietnam would encourage Communist movements in other underdeveloped countries and change the balance of power in Southeast Asia so that several countries would feel obligated to move closer to the Chinese sphere of influence.

These facts added a moral dilemma to the calculations of a proper American policy toward Vietnam—but only if one were convinced, as we were, that the spread of communism was indeed a bad thing. The antiwar movement, however, came to be based on a sort of anti-anti-communism. As Thomas Powers writes in his new history of the Vietnam protest movement in the Sixties, *The War At Home*, regarding the problem of whether Communists should be excluded from the first great antiwar demonstration (April 1965) in Washington:

> It was important that peace groups welcome everyone, Communists included, despite the risk of dissension, partly because democratic principle demanded it, more importantly because the question of communism was at the heart of American foreign policy. When all the official rhetoric had been pared to its core, the United States was fighting in Vietnam to stop communism, or it was fighting for nothing at all. . . . The movement's first task was to exorcise the fear of communism and thus to deny its validity as a basis for policy.

Those of us who couldn't follow the logic of this syllogism also had a great deal of trouble being swept along in the emotional fervor and self-righteousness of the antiwar protests. For us the spread of communism, with attendant repression and dictatorship, was very much a moral issue, and the political morality of the Vietnam conflict was an ambiguity. Hence we tended to downgrade Vietnam as a source of violent protest. For many of us the moral issues involved in the average trade-union strike were clearer than those involved in Vietnam, and we had trouble understanding why others thought differently.

WHAT I THINK we missed was the fact that it was not the political morality, strictly speaking, that determined the attitudes of either the students or the general population about Vietnam. On the part of students, it was primarily a simpler, prepolitical sense of fair play that determined the degree of outrage over American intervention in Vietnam. The use not only of tremendous and devastating firepower but also of all the paraphernalia of technological gadgetry struck people as introducing a grotesque and sickening imbalance into the conflict—an imbalance that took its grim toll in the disproportion of suffering wrought. (It was easy to infer a disproportion of *intention* to wreak suffering, which is not the same thing. The Vietcong lacked the means, not the will, to cause as much suffering among civilians as did the Americans. But this is another matter.)

Powers captures the feelings of war protesters well when he writes of the revulsion over the military's toying with the idea of orbiting an enormous reflector over Vietnam (which would cause perpetual sunlight to shine on the country, thus removing the Vietcong's night cover) and when he discusses an actual program to determine subjects for air fire by taking infrared photos that would detect cooking fires and, thus, groups of people. He writes:

> One did not have to be a pacifist to wonder how the photos determined that cooking fires were Vietcong cooking fires or if the whole process was really fair. . . . It was easy to wonder if any nation, for any reason, could have the right to intrude with such technology into a civil conflict in a backward country halfway around the world.

Among leaders of the antiwar movement, political factors were by and large predominant in their reasoning, and their position would have been the same had there been no napalm-charred babies or defoliated forests. But for the rank and file, it was the disproportion between little Vietnam and great-power America that ran contrary to the cultural values on which young middle-class Americans were raised.

Just as the political morality of the war was of secondary importance to most antiwar students, so it was to the "silent majority" Americans as their thinking on the war developed. It was not the virtues of the Saigon govern-

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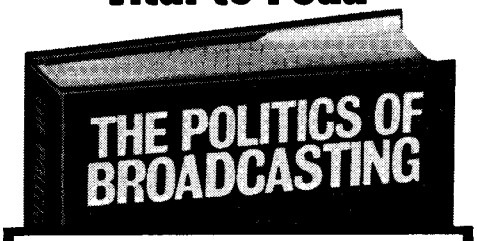

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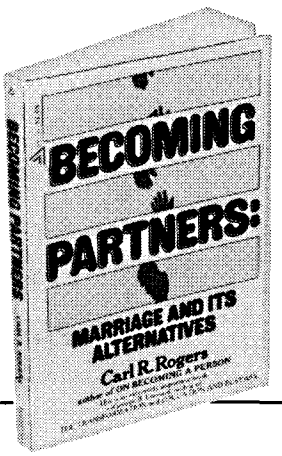

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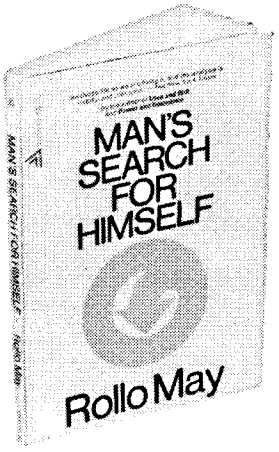

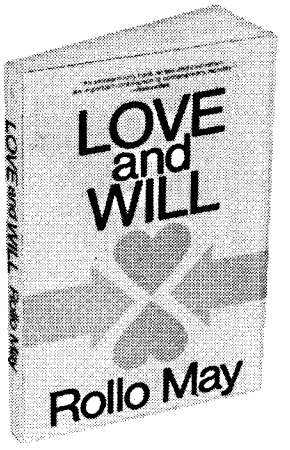

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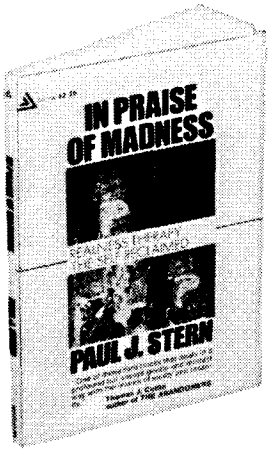

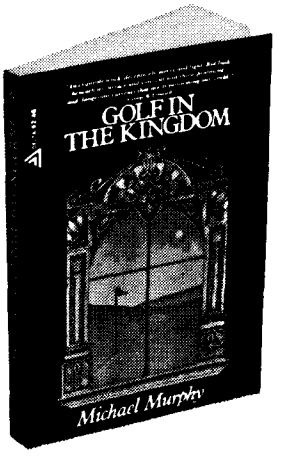

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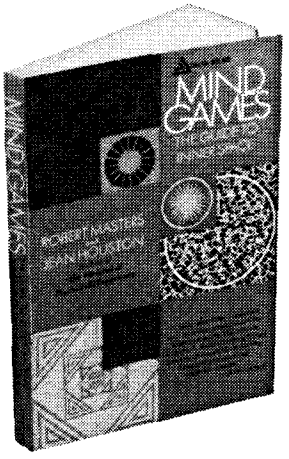

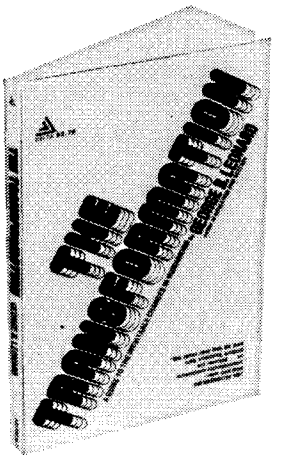

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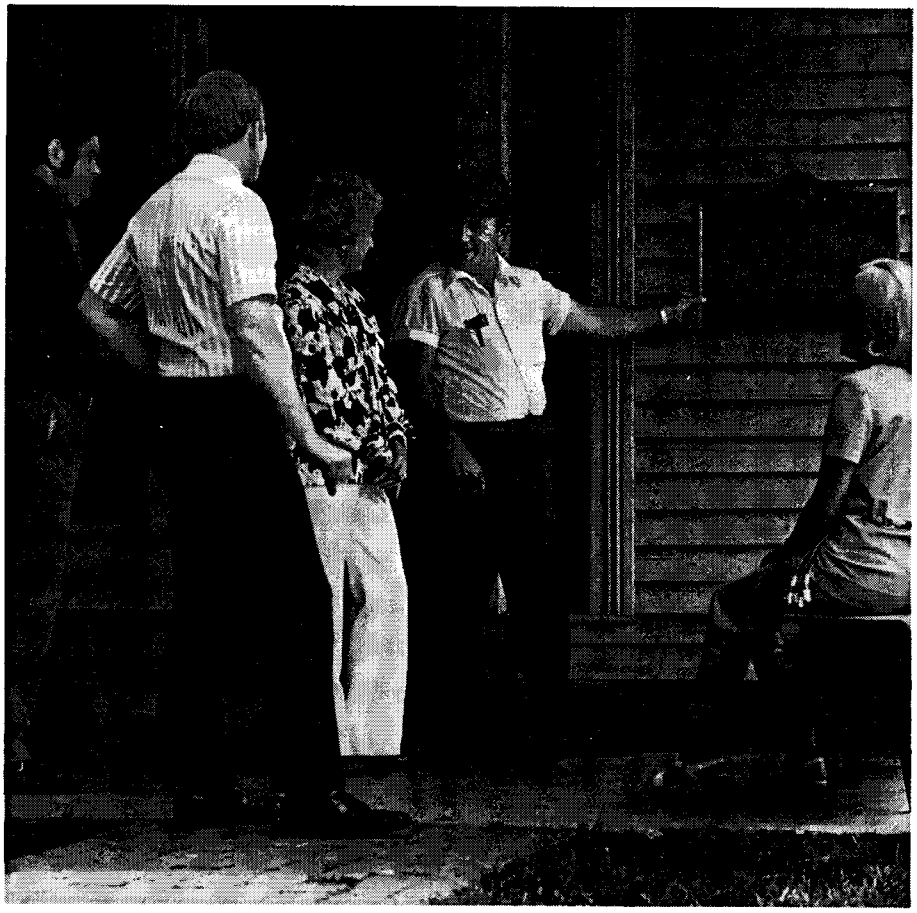


ment but the imperatives of an alternative, tough-minded set of cultural values ("Red, white, and blue—those colors don't run") that led people to support the war. This was Lyndon Johnson's dilemma in attempting to build support for his policies: He tried to develop support in terms of abstract moral appeals about helping a faraway people gain self-determination, rather than to stimulate a patriotic war fervor, which would have been, in terms of gaining support, his best hope.

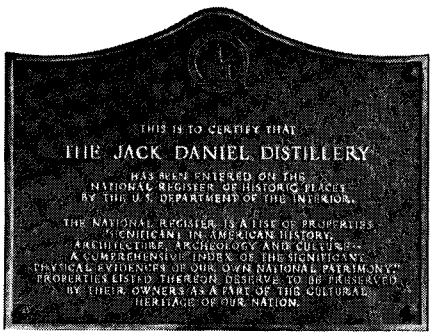
When the American people began turning against the war, it was mostly because of its interminableness and hopelessness, not, in all probability, because they had in any way been "reached" by the antiwar movement. Studies by the Michigan Survey Research Center in 1968 showed that most Americans who favored immediate withdrawal from Vietnam had a negative reaction toward peace demonstrators.

There remains a valuable study to be made of the effect of the antiwar movement on the average American. Particularly interesting would be a look at how Vietnam affected several different kinds of towns and how different people, ordinary people, came to the conclusion that they had "had enough." Unfortunately, Powers's book is not such a study. It is a disappointingly pedestrian account, the main sources for which appear to be *The New York Times* and books on the subject. Conventional in both writing and interpretation, he appears to accept without examination the view that the antiwar movement brought Americans to oppose the war.

The political rights and wrongs of the conflict in Vietnam were, perhaps inevitably, too complex to be the basis for informing the views and actions of large numbers of people. Thus one side saw the issue in terms of immense suffering and a patent lack of "fair play"; the other side saw it in terms of standing up to a fight and showing one's manliness. Some of us wondered, given the ambiguities of the political situation in Southeast Asia, Why did the whole drama create such sound and fury? This was our profound error. It is just such deep emotions that are most capable of moving men and women to passionate action. And it is because such deep emotions were involved that Vietnam became divisive, rather than symbolic, in a cultural clash of values that has continued after Vietnam and is still capable of polarizing our society. □

WHEN the Federal Government named Jack Daniel's Distillery a National Historic Place, we knew right where to put the plaque.

Mr. Jack Daniel would have been awfully proud to hear his Distillery called a "significant place in American history and culture." (You see, he died long before his whiskey achieved much national recognition.) So we put this official plaque on the old office he built in 1866 and worked in till his death. Now, we know the government intended the citation for Jack Daniel's *distillery*. But as far as we're concerned, the credit still goes to Mr. Jack.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Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee
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Joan McCann, school principal, has made up her mind about beef.

As principal of the Siwanoy Elementary School in Pelham, a New York suburb, Joan McCann uses creative skills every day. Supervising a staff of 28 and a student body of 370 is a sizable job.

Joan is also a busy mother of two. And in her role as homemaker, she applies some of the same kinds of skills to buying and preparing food for her family.

She's found, for example, that the more economical cuts of beef are both easier on the budget and more creative to work with.

So Joan McCann has made up her mind about beef. She's decided that her family will keep eating beef because they like it. It's good for them and they're used to it.

Families want beef

Most families are like Joan's; they want to keep beef in their diet and they want to survive the budget crunch. The meat industry is doing several things to help them.

First, we're giving meat shoppers information on the great variety of cuts and prices that are available everywhere, and we're suggesting ways to make gourmet dishes out of them.

Second, we're embarking on a program that will make it quicker and easier for everybody to identify the cuts they want. Wherever meat is sold, new, uniform meat labels will soon appear. Their purpose is to simplify and standardize the names of meat cuts. You'll be able to go into just about any food store from Abilene to Zanesville and find that the same cut has the same name.

Cattle herds expanding

And third, cattlemen will continue to make special efforts to increase the size of their herds to help meet rapidly growing demand—provided their costs permit them to operate economically. In fact, they've produced more beef each year from 1962 through 1972. For instance, 2 million cattle were added in 1970, nearly 3.5 million in 1971 and more than 4.5 million in 1972.

It takes at least 20 to 24 months to produce a steer and get the beef to your food store, and the assembly line can't be speeded up. Beef from the expanded herds of 1972 will not begin to reach the consumer until 1974 at the earliest.

Consumption is up

Americans are now eating about 116 pounds of beef per person each year, and the figure is expected to reach 130 pounds by 1980. But beef is a complex industry, more dependent than most on nature's processes for the profits that are necessary to keep this or any other business going.

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National Beef Industry Council

Alabama Cattlemen's Assn. / Arizona Beef Council / California Beef Council / Colorado Beef Board / Florida Beef Council / Idaho Beef Council / Illinois Beef Industry Council / Indiana Beef Industry / Iowa Beef Industry Council / Louisiana Cattlemen's Assn. / Mississippi Beef Council / Missouri Beef Promotion Found. / Montana Beef Council / Nebraska Beef Industry Found. / North Dakota Beef Council / Ohio Beef Marketing Program / Oregon Beef Council / South Dakota Beef Council / Texas Cattle Feeders Assn. / Utah Beef Council / Washington Beef Commission / Wyoming Beef Council

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Books

Kafka in Love

Letters to Felice
By Franz Kafka
Edited by Erich Heller and Jürgen Born
Translated by James Stern and
Elisabeth Duckworth
Schocken Books, 620 pp., $17.50

Reviewed by Edward Grossman

My dear Fräulein Bauer, In the likelihood that you no longer have even the remotest recollection of me, I am introducing myself once more: my name is Franz Kafka. . . ." So, under the letterhead "Workers' Accident Insurance Institute," began a traffic of letters between Prague and Berlin, between Felice, apparently a fairly ordinary young woman, and Franz, one of the world's sickliest, most distinguished pen pals. Though the word "love" and expressions of associated feeling recur in the correspondence, it is stretching the meaning of words to the breaking point to call these "love letters." They are, from Franz's end (only his letters and telegrams have survived, to be published here), an outpouring of apology, anxiety, self-hate, indecision, gushing sentimentality, accusation, and complaint, with occasional interludes of hardheaded clarity, unmediated by art, spread out over about five years of daily scribbling. Between the evening in 1912 when Kafka briefly met Felice and the night in 1917 when he started coughing up blood—which gave him a final, most welcome reason never to get married—he spent a week, all told, in the presence of his "beloved," was twice engaged to her and twice had the engagement broken off, possibly slept with her one time, and succeeded in transferring some of his aches and nervous fears to her, as he well knew. "Oh, what a dismal outrage I am condemned to commit upon your nature!" he wrote in a fatalistic vein. If nothing else, this thick, repetitious book proves that to be Kafka's fiancée was not an enviable fate.

If that were all, it would not be sufficient excuse for publishing the book, even though it has become the practice to publish the most insignificant droppings of

Culver Pictures
Franz Kafka—"One of the world's sickliest, most distinguished pen pals."

dead and famous writers. In the case of Kafka, there seems to be a sacred duty attached to bringing his every word to the light of day in print. Erich Heller is aware of this pitfall and seeks to dispel any objections in an essay introducing the letters, and to justify the publication of these private, very personal writings of the man who said he wanted even his fiction burned. Heller's excuse is that the letters to Felice throw light on the workings of Kafka's shadowy mind and on the origin and meaning of his stories and novels. If so, they are provocative and useful.

. . . as their writer is Franz Kafka—whose works have presented to a whole epoch the mystery for which, apparently, it has long waited and in which, without being able to solve it, it has recognized its own—it is possible that the discussion may contribute a little to our self-understanding. Thus slightly to diminish the opaque confusion of our age is an undertaking that perhaps needs no justification.

Over the long run Heller argues subtly and out of a deep knowledge of his subject, and his essay, entitled "Kafka's True Will," is one of the best and most helpful in the mass of Kafka criticism. To the implied question, What did Kafka really want? Heller suggests an answer that takes into account the author's considerable fund of slyness, paradox, irony, and strong sense of self-preservation. The question of whether or not to marry, which Kafka agonized over and wrote to death, in this correspondence as well as in his previously published *Diaries* and *Letters to His Father*, was not the central point on which he interrogated himself. Rather, it was how he could best devote all the pitiful energy he was endowed with to creating literature that would be

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as close to perfect as he could make it and that would not perish.

Now and again these letters give indication that Kafka knew what he was about. In warnings to Felice he says, "My life consists, and basically always has consisted, of attempts at writing, mostly unsuccessful. . . . I shall never have a child. . . . My health is only just good enough for myself alone, not good enough for marriage, let alone fatherhood." Unlike much of his other nonfiction (the later *Letters to Milena*, for example), this verbiage is rarely transformed by the style—gnomic, formal, dialectical, precise, cumulatively comic and horrifying—that Kafka invented and perfected in his fiction. True, he was still young and feeling his way, though he said he felt "a thousand years old." Here it is mostly the housebound, artless Kafka who comes through, his all-too-human side exposed, wretchedly unattractive, indistinguishable from any other central European neurasthenic of his time. Felice was treated to pained reports of her pseudosuitor's headaches, his palpitations and stomach upsets, his father's braying laughter from the next room, and his mother's suffocating, stupid love.

A few of the letters, both by virtue of their content and by their timing, do illuminate the work. On the night of November 23–24, 1912, for instance, Kafka tells Felice that he has been writing an "exceptionally repulsive story" about a man turned into an insect. The act of writing this disgusting tale, he says to her, "is highly voluptuous." Months later, when Felice wisely but cruelly breaks their first engagement, Kafka begins his novel of a man justly condemned for an unspecified crime.

Felice married a businessman in 1919, had children, and moved to the United States on Hitler's arrival; she died in 1960. Kafka's chosen fate is well known. His books will doubtless be read for a long time to come. If his morbid connection with Felice had any positive influence on bringing these books out of his brain onto paper, then it was finally to the good that these two people met and tortured each other. "Your letters," Kafka tells her, "are a definite help in my life; someone, and not just someone but the loved one, cares for me, and after reading your letters I jump up and go to work [his writing] in a better frame of mind. And yet, and yet . . ." That the collected letters will contribute to our self-understanding is doubtful. However, this extremely minor addition to the Kafka canon will be invaluable to specialists. □

Roberto Estores Age 5. Father has TB. Not improving.

Mother vendor. Father fisherman. Chronically ill as a result of overwork. Earns about $10.00 a month—when well enough to work. Mother earns $7.00 a month. Debilitated with strain. Income insufficient for four children, two adults. Children friendly, well-liked — and undernourished.

Long lines of children and families as needy as this one anxiously wait outside our offices overseas, seeking the help that Foster Parents Plan can give them, with your support. PLAN gives medical and dental care in our office clinics. Compassionate guidance by staff social workers (nationals of the country) gives help with individual problems, and referrals to other PLAN services; literacy classes, vocational training, instruction in hygiene, budgeting, nutrition. Material and financial aid helps with physical needs. Through a regular exchange of letters, *you* provide the encouragement, enthusiasm and affection that enriches economic development with warm, human personal concern.

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Books in Brief

HEARTLAND
By Saul Maloff
Scribners, 350 pp., $7.95

It ought to be said at once that anyone who succeeds, at this late date, in making a Jewish academic protagonist (that anxiety-ridden, inward sort beloved by a generation of novelists) seem something more than a knot of predictable infirmities has done well on a hard course. To be sure, Mr. Maloff's protagonist is squarely in the middle of the tradition, a marginal-living type who shies from the braying of the great world, a creature full of boundless ironies enjoyed alone, for there is never any company equal to the refinement of his soul. But Mr. Maloff's hero is also part of a different comic tradition. Not the ordinary professorial type, this is the visiting Jewish lecturer, a man on whom mishaps fall, by reason of his calling, that make ordinary academic life seem sweetly reasonable by comparison. This lecturing is the purest form of mind merchandising. The fruits of the mind in question may not be worth very much; still, it is all one has. One is forty; one has failed at art, at being a writer; one lectures to the devouring gentiles at Donner Pass Girls College. The descendants of the pioneers of the Donner Pass have roots in the land, to say the least; it is for their not altogether benign appetite that "Eastern" lecturers are invited to come and talk about intellectual matters.

Mr. Maloff has his measure of vulgarity here and some of that coarseness that seems to be the inevitable accompaniment of Jewish jokes in literature. But it is not mean, nor is there much of it. There is, on the other hand, an easy elegance about the work, a sense of comedy and of sheer dramatic enterprise that makes a better than fair, and at times a very good, novel out of stuff that might easily have gone otherwise.

•

A MEMORY AND OTHER STORIES
By Mary Lavin
Houghton Mifflin, 223 pp., $5.95

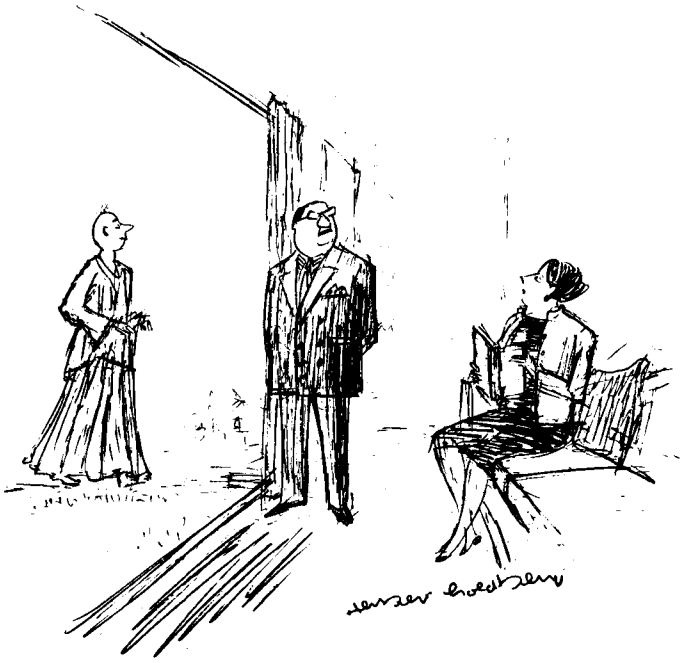
There is an unrelenting, nearly fevered side to Miss Lavin's short stories, for they are about nothing so much as the probing of one mind by another. That sort of thing does become oppressive in her work from time to time, but never enough to diminish seriously the art of her stories. Her characters are always nagging but interesting. There is a sadness in the view they have of their lives, which seems not out of place, given those lives. They are full of that hopelessness that is the underside of wild ambition; their relationships are tainted by a general disappointment with things but are moved forward by spurts of hope just as surely. Miss Lavin is an expert reconnoiterer in this sort of territory. "Villa Violetta," one of the best stories in the collection, sets a young Irishwoman wandering off on her own with a fellowship to Florence. There is pathos in it, along with considerable suspense; indeed, suspense is what keeps Miss Lavin's stories afloat when they are in danger of being weighted down by sensibility. There is a simpler version of that pathos in "Asigh" and a crueler one in "A Memory." There is a kind of scholarly ascetic type among the Irish that Miss Lavin knows well and punishes roundly. It is her capacity to create characters whose fate seems both just and terrible that puts her among the better practitioners of her craft.

•

AS WE ARE NOW
By May Sarton
W. W. Norton, 136 pp., $5.95

Nursing homes are the dumping grounds for aged castoffs from every level of society, and neither class, education, nor former status can protect an old person from the tyranny of the institution once he gets inside. Miss Sarton's heroine is one of the castoffs, a former mathematics teacher in her mid-seventies whose relatives have made her give up her house and brought her to live out her years here, among the mad and the near-dead. The caretakers at the home have a casual brutishness about them, as though in accordance with an unwritten law; no amenities are deemed necessary for men and women who have had the bad grace to grow old. The caretakers reason that the world has already passed its proper judgment on these people by yielding them to the institution, for if they were worthy men and women like everyone else, would they be here in the first place?

It is a bitter book, more a tract than a novel, and an utterly desolating experience, as it is meant to be. There are complexities that unwind themselves now and then, which preserve the concerns of the novel; but on the whole, the work is a piece of rhetoric, and very good rhetoric, too. Miss Sarton has undertaken to get inside a highly cultivated sensibility and its recognition that it is in the hands of its destroyers. It is hard to avoid excessive nobility under the circumstances, and Miss Sarton has not avoided it; her heroine is sympathetic in



"Personally, I liked him better when he was a long-haired hippie freak."

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The Dodge Colt GT

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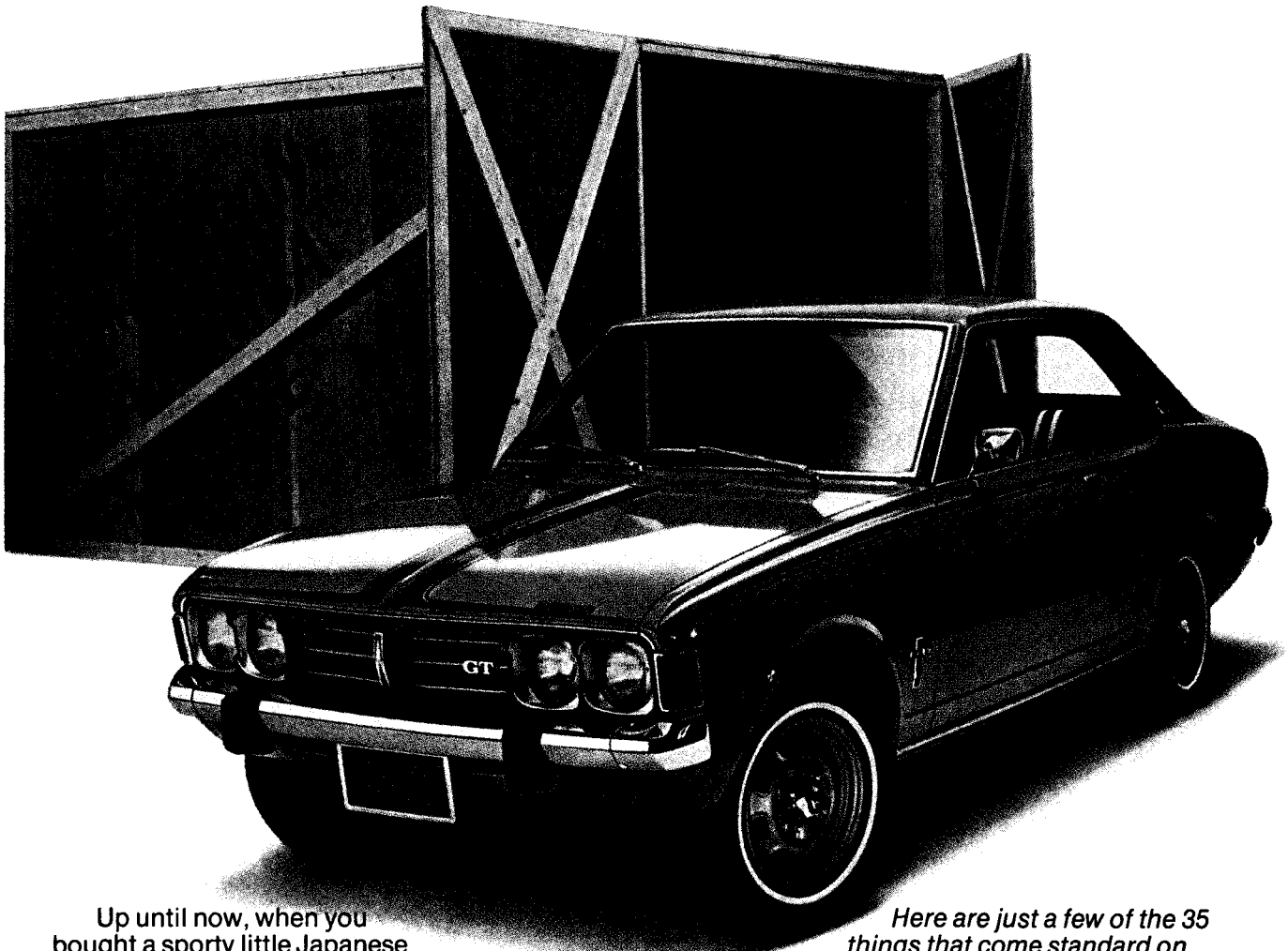

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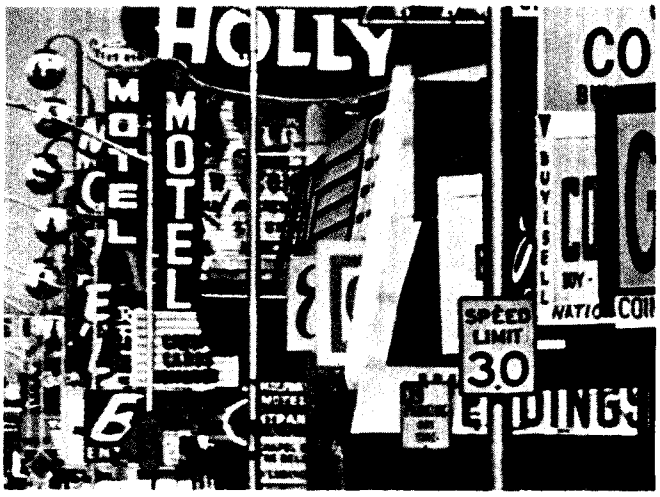

The real

A new American art form is emerging:
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Some of our cities have become neon nightmares.
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Graceless buildings flank artless avenues.
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The ideal

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ways that seem to be the special province of brave old schoolteachers. The work manages very well, nevertheless, on wrath alone, and that is not a minor achievement. For the book satisfies in the way that cold anger can when it is pure, despairing, and written with no aim but the impulse to record the way things are.

•

PIECES OF NIGHT
By David W. Elliott
Holt, Rinehart & Winston
228 pp., $6.95

A work of reverie in the contemporary vein, Mr. Elliott's novel is both claustrophobic and delicate. Part of that delicacy is an obsessive, minute rendering of detail within a severely confined scope. The result is a sustained psychological landscape, which is, in its way, interestingly wrought. The trouble with all of this is that there is nothing besides the landscape in Mr. Elliott's story of a nightmarish childhood: It is a work of pure depression, a burden under which novels do not bear up well. There are, from time to time, admirable lapses from the interior style—a touch of humor, a brush with the external world of observation—almost as though to acknowledge, now and again, the life the novel does not wish to face up to. For this is the sort of style that prevails when evasion is afoot, when the instinct is to avoid the business of recording and observing the world without, the business of keeping track of the flow between the inner and the outer world, which is the work of the novelist. The result is invariably a fragment of a work. Mr. Elliott's is fair enough, but like most fragments—which must now be called a genre, considering the number that pours from the publishing houses—*Pieces of Night* is at a very far remove from those products of the world perceived and realized that flow from the art of fiction.

•

THE ONION FIELD
By Joseph Wambaugh
Delacorte Press, 427 pp., $8.95

Mr. Wambaugh's new novel is set in Los Angeles in 1963. With one policeman murdered, his partner psychologically destroyed, and the perpetrators a racially mixed duo with ambivalent sexual interests, it is not surprising that the work begins in high gear and stays there. This is no small trick, considering the length of the book and Mr. Wambaugh's tireless pursuit of all angles: the sociological, the prurient, the literary, and the plain chilling. There is no character so marginal here that he is not accorded a miniature biography: some social background, a smattering of childhood reverie, a briefing on style and spiritual condition up to date. Commendable as is the literary impulse behind this sort of treatment, it can be wearing when conferred on the innumerable desk sergeants, lawyers' assistants, and aunts and other relatives who appear for a moment, drop their biographies, and go away for good.

The novel, which is based on real events, is in touch with all the folklore of our time with regard to criminals and policemen, and Mr. Wambaugh has applied himself earnestly to getting it all down straight. Small-time, as opposed to big-time, losers, stern father figures, ambitious mothers, paternalistic detectives, seducing priests—they are all straight from the mainstream of our contemporary orthodoxies. This much can be said about Mr. Wambaugh: He is thorough and he is a believer—two strains that are not altogether unhelpful when one is putting together a compendium of our social wisdom and getting it into the form of a novel. He is good on the police and less good on sociology and jurisprudence. He has written a murder story and freighted it with trimmings, but that is the way things are nowadays. The reader who wants his crime and who is willing to endure social edification for it will get no worse than he deserves in Mr. Wambaugh.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

Answer to *Wit Twister*, see page 89.
sprites, priests, stripes, persist.

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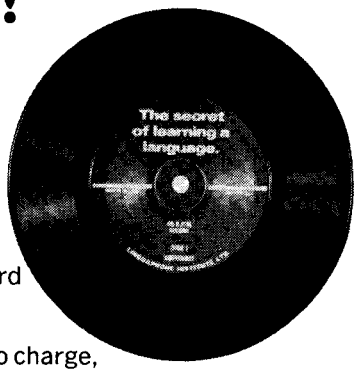

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that are French and English and Dutch and Creole and Indian and African. And people who are warm and welcoming and want to share it all with you. We can take you there [illegible] Because we'll be going there almost every day of ours. Ask your travel agent to let us be your wings.

EASTERN
The Wings of Man.

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Trade Winds

Think Mink

Jill Hoffman, who teaches English at Columbia University, seems to have had poems published in every decent magazine where poems appear. Now, on September 27, Holt, Rinehart & Winston will bring out her first book, *Mink Coat.* I like the increasingly rapid pace of this poem, "The Uncertainty of the World":

I don't go to fortune tellers
so I'd go, presumably, to a statistics
expert, someone good on probabilities—
a girl has to know what's going on.
And I'd say to this logic-evidence-inference
man, I'd say, I don't like this idea
of the chances are good, because
when the chances are good it turns out to be
a big fat disguise for the fact
that it's no sure thing
and then I lose so how good
could my chances be?

Pith

I've always disliked the sound of the word *apothegm* but loved the thing itself: "a short, pithy saying." Paul Horgan's *Approaches to Writing* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), out this month, is full of apothegms, most of which I agree with. With some, however, I don't: "A given piece of flattery is good for once only." " 'Black humor' is a sophomoric attempt to disguise self-hatred." But I like: "There is no writer, from the early student to the great public figure, who can with entire equanimity receive the smallest adverse criticism of his work." And what do you think of "The most important sentence in a good book is the first one: It will contain the organic seed from which all that follows will grow"? What to do but look at Mr. Horgan's first sentence? "The act of writing is both common and special, depending on what we mean to communicate by it."

Lark

It's easy to see that William Goldman, known heretofore for *Boys and Girls Together* and the screenplay for *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid,* had a real lark writing *The Princess Bride* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, September 12). He makes up a great adventure-story writer, Simon Morgenstern, and the supposition that his (Goldman's) father read Morgenstern's greatest novel to him (again Goldman) when Goldman was a kid. So he gives us the basic Morgenstern thriller "with the dull parts left out." Where the dull parts would have been, we get pure Goldman, in red type yet—ramblings about life, love, and the pursuit of letters. I'm happy to say that I appear briefly and anonymously in *The Princess Bride.* When Goldman's first novel, *The Temple of Gold,* came out some twenty years ago, I was Knopf's publicity director. Goldman records how the aghast publicity director says to him, regarding sending out early galleys for comment: "What? You don't know *anybody* important or influential?"

For a Change

Say, how about a book on the Mafia, just for a change? Young Shane Stevens, who's seen a great deal of rough stuff in his time, is coming up with *Dead City* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, September 20), a novel about "hit men" in the middle reaches of Mafia activity in Newark, Jersey City, Hoboken, and other such delightful towns. If you think waking up to discover that you're sharing your bed with the head of your favorite horse is on the outrageous side, wait until you read about the kind of fillets a good "knife man" makes!

Hollywood and Fine

As befits a movie man who is also a novelist, Hollis Alpert has now written a novel about the movies—*Smash* (Dial Press, September 28). Not that there haven't been novels about the movies before, but I, for one, never tire of reading about the producers with their big cigars, the $3000-a-week jobs, the nepotism, and the easily bedded starlets. You get all these as well as the story of a college English professor who writes a screenplay of a simple love tale, and the aftermath of his writing.

Paper Pleasures

How could anybody not love Ira Gershwin's *Lyrics on Several Occasions*? Knopf published it in the Fifties, and now you can get it in a Viking Compass paperback. It's a kind of commonplace book, in which Mr. Gershwin prints the lyrics of his songs—most of them done with his brother George—and then comments on how the songs were written, who was around at the time, how he coped with a tricky rhyme, etc. A gorgeous gallimaufry, with an introduction by Betty Comden and Adolph Green... The eighteenth issue of Theodore Solotaroff's *American Review* (Bantam Books) has just come out, and the editor calls it "a sort of dark issue," meaning that the contents, by such writers as Günter Grass, Susan Sontag, and Leonard Michaels, might elevate your sensitivity but won't raise your spirits. There's also a Philip Roth story—or is it a disguised memoir?—about a dedicated young writer getting involved in marriage with a scatty, if not nutty, older woman. "I would have laughed had anyone suggested to me that struggling with a woman over a marriage would come to occupy me in a way that exploring the South Pole had occupied Admiral Byrd, or finding the Northwest Passage had absorbed Lewis and Clark." Light is provided by a charming piece, "Album of a Volunteer Orderly," by Stanley Kauffmann. WILLIAM COLE

"For Heaven's sake, Harry, if you're going to kill flies, must you use our first issue of SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD*?"*

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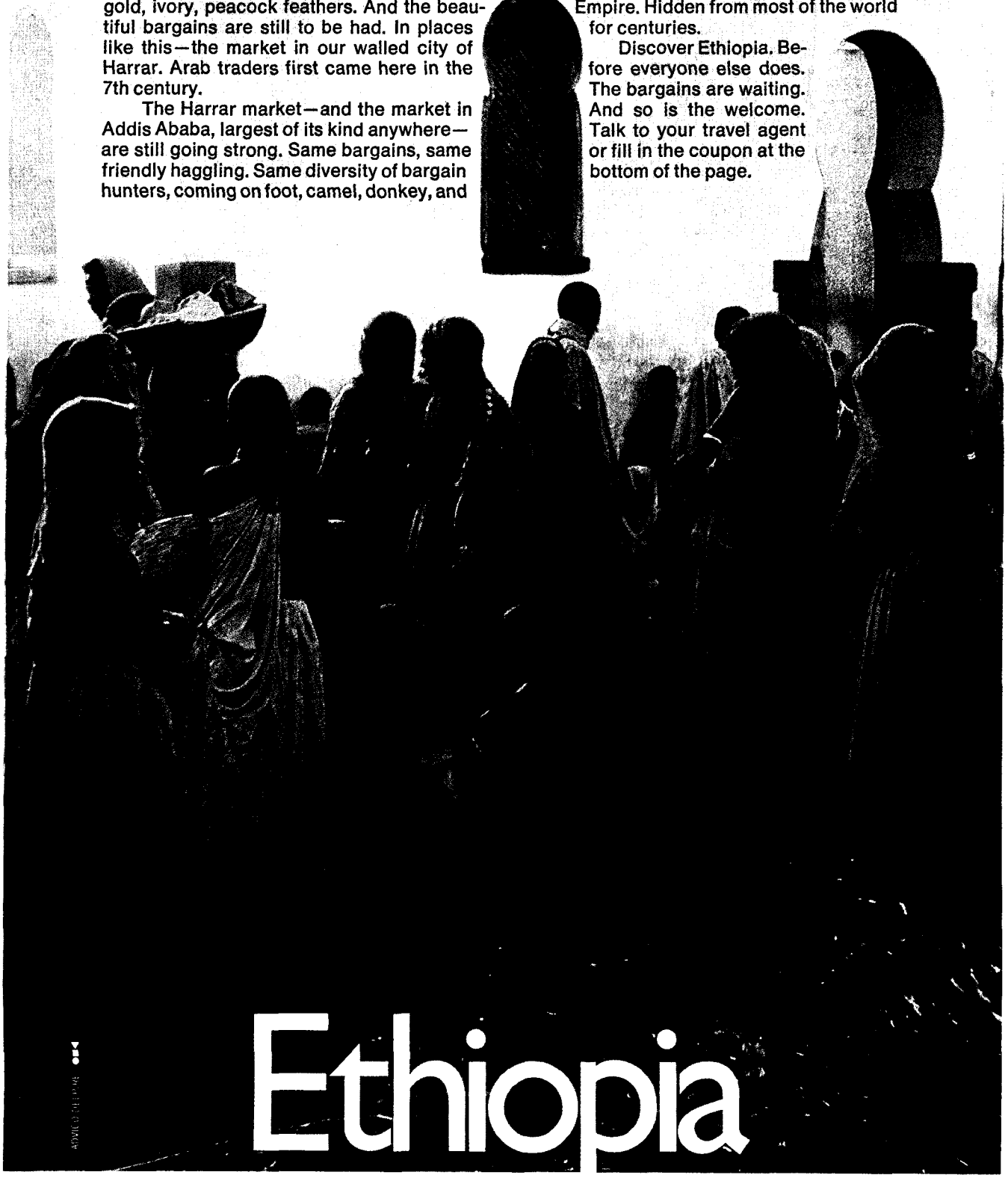

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by R. Buckminster Fuller

Thinking Out Loud:

Physical Temporality and Eternal Principles

The $3 billion national capital-worth estimate of 1810 occurred before we knew anything about our present technology. Electromagnetics, about which there was only theoretical knowledge, had not been put into usable operation. We didn't have a telegraph. There were no steel mills. There was nothing like present-day industry. Public works consisted exclusively of tollways, canals, and wooden ships.

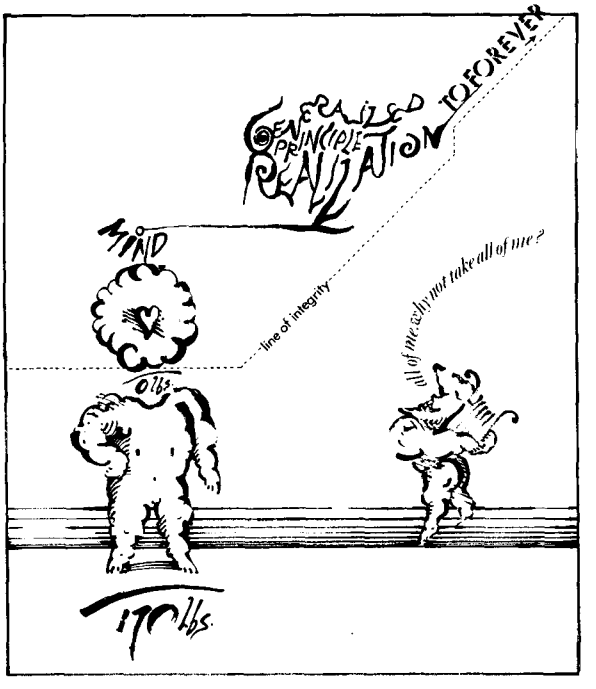
Let us suppose that after the people of the United States of 1810 had learned of the total capital-wealth potential, they said to one another, "All right, let's get together a committee of the most responsible leaders in our society, whose economic judgment we trust, and ask them to determine the most logical and safe way in which to invest our $3 billion national wealth so that our total capital wealth is multiplied and ever more people are taken care of at ever higher living standards."

If anyone on the committee had said, "All right, I'm going to invent a machine to replace those human slaves," the others would have said, "All right, but how do you do that?" No answer. "Throw him off the committee. He obviously doesn't know what he is talking about." If some other committeeman defended the would-be slave-eliminating-machine inventor and said, "I think he has a pretty good idea, and I'm going to dream that we can develop invisible power and send it over solid wire," again, the committee would have said, "Throw them both off the committee. Obviously, we can't send energy from here to there through a solid wire."

Soon after that time, all these inventions, and thousands of others considered equally preposterous in 1810, came to be. All the really fundamental technological changes of our world have happened since that 1810 pre-dawn of world industrialization. I have lived through the major portion of this historical development and can state incontrovertibly that not one stage of it was ever popularly anticipated until the invention had occurred and was demonstrated.

MANY HUMANS alive today are old enough to realize what has happened and can recall how many things that have happened contradicted popular thought.

In the game of twenty questions, as played in my childhood, the first question to be asked was, Is it animate or inanimate? The words *animate* and *inanimate* had been invented by man long before chemistry and biology started.



Ken Rinciari

Weighing in . . . "a flesh-and-blood inventory."

Early humans apparently assumed there was obviously a fundamental difference between *warm, soft flesh* and *cold, hard stone;* ergo, the quickest way to narrow the field of potential answers was first to ask, Is it animate or inanimate?

As humans learned more and more about self and environment, they identified various species by names. At this late twentieth century—with Darwin's work only 100 years old—humanity has acquired a great deal of knowledge about biological phenomena. A contemporary of Darwin, Dalton, was the leading physicist of the time. Dalton wrongly assumed that the hydrogen atom was the "building block" of all the sixty other then-known chemical elements. Looking for the building block, or "the key," to any subject seemed popularly logical.

Darwin's theory of evolution was based on the concept of the visible single-cell amoeba as the building block. In their early days physics, chemistry, and biology were three different worlds.

Suddenly, scientific instrumentation increased the macro-micro range of eyepiece-visible exploration. It was only as recently as World War II that the interrelatedness of physics, chemistry, and biology dawned. In 1940 appeared the hyphens—bio-chemists, bio-physicists, et al. The instrumentation produced overlapping of these previously separate worlds. Post–World War I biology developed knowledge of the genes controlling the design of biological species. Further biological exploration focused on the even more fundamental virus. For example, teams consisting of physicists, chemists, geneticists, biologists—really across-the-board teams of different specializations—zero in on virology.

The virology exploration brought discovery of the protein shell of the virus and, within it, the DNA and RNA tetrahedral design codifications of all biological phenomena. All this time there was thought to be a fundamental cosmic threshold lying between animate and inanimate phenomena. The individuals co-working in virology have been too busy and too specialized to philosophize on the significance of the incidentally discovered fact that no threshold exists separating animate from inanimate. The inanimate crystalline behavior of inanimate atoms crosses right over the threshold. We know that humans, too, physically consist entirely of atoms and that atoms are completely inanimate.

(Continued on next page.)

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What is inanimate about all biological organisms has become clearer and clearer, and what is physically animate has become not only less clear but is apparently zero or physically non-existent. There is no experimentally demonstrable physical animism. Cinema cartoons can be "animated" to simulate superficially the presence of animism in exclusively atom-structured organic mechanisms. Apparently the original hypothesis erred in assuming that both animate and inanimate were physical. There have been quite a number of weighings of people as they died. Many cancer-doomed paupers have been willing to have their beds placed on scales. The only difference manifest between weight before and after death is that caused by air exhaled from the lungs or urine that has been passed. Whatever life is, it doesn't weigh anything. I am not credulous when I hear "pure science" research chemists talking about finding the key chemical constituents of life in earth-intercepted star dust, or the means by which to synthesize the key enzymes of life and thereby to institute and control the design of life. This chemistry is not life; it is physical. That is, it comprises 100 percent of the physical inventory. Life is metaphysical, weightless, limitless. Each life is an eternally individual, unique pattern of integrity.

I AM SEVENTY-EIGHT—and at my age I find that I have now taken in more than 1000 tons of water, food, and air, the chemistry of which is temporarily employed for different lengths of time as hair, skin, flesh, bone, blood, etc., then progressively discarded. I weighed in at 7 pounds, and I went on to 70, then 170, and even 207 pounds. Then I lost seventy pounds, and I said, "Who was that seventy pounds?—because here I am." The seventy pounds I got rid of was ten times the flesh-and-bone inventory at which I had weighed in, in 1895.

I am certain that I am not the avoirdupois of the most recent meals I have eaten, some of which will become my hair, only to be cut off twice a month. This lost seventy pounds of organic chemistry obviously wasn't "me," nor are any of the remaining presently associated atoms "me." We have been making a great error in identifying "me" and "you" as these truly transient and, ergo, sensorially detectable chemistries.

Throughout the last twenty years I have been meeting with and speaking to 1500 or 2000 people three or four times a week. As a consequence, I am absolutely confident that what is going on between me and an audience, as I think out loud, is absolutely metaphysical and weightless. It is *understanding* and *meaning* and has nothing to do with the length or the size of the words I am using, or the sound-wave disturbance I am making in the air, or the language I am employing. If we had no air to make sounds with, we would have to communicate with other tools. We could use electronic flash instruments and talk by dot-and-dash Morse code, or we could write and read one another. Each of us could use many telephone instruments. We could make color-movie talkies and videocassetted 3-D documentaries of ourselves "thinking out loud," our seemingly live images appearing on our respective TV screens, but we would not be the TV sets. We would be, as we are now, only what each of us is communicating to one another in spoken words, gestures, postures, and flashes of the eye. We can't see one another; we can see only our respective communications devices. I am quite confident that life is inherently immortal.

> "We are communicating in terms of eternity.... Humanity has an essential function in the universe—in the macro-micro ranges of the great scenario...."

WE KNOW VERY LITTLE, but we are gradually learning a little. We know that the function of our physical brain is to cope with and remember each of our special-case experiences. The mind alone is able to survey those special, particular experiences and, from time to time, discover a generalized principle—for instance, that of the lever, by means of which humans can lift many times the weight their bare muscles can lift. Thus, the human mind has discovered a vast amplification of its integral faculties. To qualify as scientific generalizations, principles must be without any exceptions. Thus a principle is inherently eternal. Now the human mind is the only phenomenon we know in the universe that is able either to discover or to apply eternal principles. The human mind has gradually discovered a whole complex of eternal principles, such as the great mathematically generalized principles of refraction of radiation, or mass attraction, or leverage, or precession, and so forth. None of them have been found to interfere with any or all other generalized principles. All of the principles are interaccommodative.

A COMPLEX of absolutely weightless, eternal, only intellectually discoverable principles, all of which are interaccommodative and some of which are interaccommodative at exponential rates of interaugmentation, is in itself generalizable as the description of a design. Deliberate intellectual interaccommodation is design. Human beings of cosmically negligible "size" are the only phenomena we know that have access to any of the great eternal design laws. But despite the magnificence of what we have already discovered of that design, it is inherent to the history of those separate discoveries that humans as yet know very little of its eternal ramifications.

If you and I are developing any understanding, it is only by virtue of our being able to employ the generalized principles so far discovered. We are communicating in terms of eternity. Considering the most prominent historical data, we can say that we humans were obviously given conditioned reflexes so that we would be certain to regenerate and prosper on planet earth. And in due course we could discover that our minds are everything and our muscles apparently naught, and we could discover further that humanity has an essential function in the universe—in the macro-micro ranges of the great design scenario and its realization in time. An intuition is dawning in us of the integrity and immortality of the individual. Awareness is terminable, but knowledge is eternal. The brain is temporal; the mind, eternal. Being aware and apprehending are temporal and terminable. Comprehending and knowing are eternal. Little children know this fact intuitively. The child can play "shoot grandmother," because he knows that her love is eternal. You can't kill grandma. Grandma, grandpa, and everyone else are eternal. *A true story:* Father, mother, and little boy are driving along the freeway en route to grandmother's house. Little boy keeps talking about grandpa and how he is going to play with grandpa. Finally his mother says, "Darling, you have forgotten that grandpa is dead." Little boy: "What! Again?" Only residual ignorance of temporality dulls the growing comprehension and allows fear to corrupt the child's innately absolute trust in love. □

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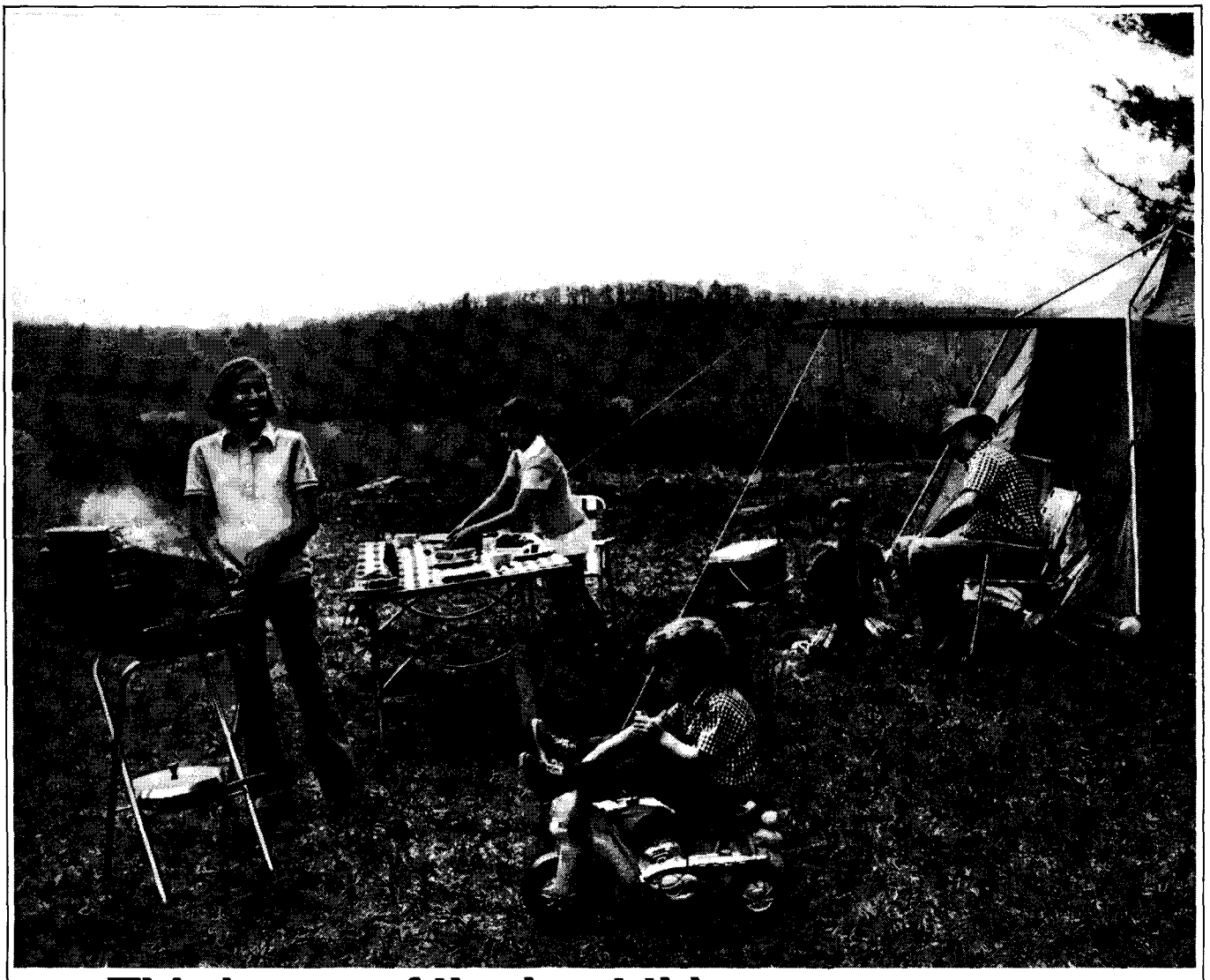

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS
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On Lawmakers Exempting the Law

It was a foregone conclusion that oil would be brought out of the North Slope of Alaska. The questions were where, when, how, and by what court action or enabling legislation. The where and when now appear settled: The oil will be transported by pipeline across Alaska and by tanker down the West Coast, at considerable risk—especially to the Canadian shore line; and it will happen relatively soon because Congress is alarmed by an energy shortage, which is real. The answer to the "how" is: with precautions far better than those planned before environmentalists went to work on the oil companies and the federal government. Whether the Canadian route to the Great Lakes would have been environmentally preferable and politically practicable we shall probably never know, though the arguments in its favor are compelling.

What is far more disturbing to us than the decision in favor of proceeding with the Alaskan route is the legislation itself. The Gravel amendment to circumvent the provision of the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, requiring environmental impact statements challengeable in the courts, sets an unacceptable precedent. It represents a victory not merely for those who have wanted the Alaska pipeline but also for those who want to destroy the most effective weapon available in the struggle to preserve and improve our environment. The tie vote, broken by the vice-president, shows that the Senate itself was concerned with the implications of the Gravel amendment; twenty-eight senators who voted for the Alaska pipeline opposed this dangerous attack on an already threatened law. Subsequently, the House followed suit, upholding the exemption provision by a vote of 221 to 198. But environmentalists will go to court anyway, to challenge the constitutionality of preventing the courts from reviewing a law.

Minus Growth in Germany

The Federal Statistics Office in Wiesbaden has revealed an astonishing figure: The number of deaths in West Germany last year exceeded the number of live births by 30,000. The greatest loss of population was in Berlin, which had an excess of 20,800 deaths over live births, followed by Hamburg, with a loss of 10,500. As recently as 1970, West Germany had a 1 percent growth rate, meaning an expected natural increase of about 600,000.

Global Report

London—In the United States the armed forces control more than 20 million acres of public land for training and other purposes. In the British Isles U.K. forces hold 757,000 acres, which many Britons think is too much. An officially appointed Defence Land Committee has recommended that the armed forces give up 31,000 acres—a figure that, of course, the military thinks is too high and the conservationists believe is too low. If the latter cannot get more, they at least want civilian access to land held by the military, some of which is exceptionally beautiful.

The dilemma is sad for a nation on whose troops-in-training the sun once never set. The total land under the Ministry of Defence amounts to about two acres for every serviceman, whereas—as the committee points out—all the land in Britain amounts to only about one acre per person to provide food, shelter, schools, recreation—everything.

United Nations, N.Y.—The United Nations' annual *World Economic Survey* for 1972 shows that in the developing nations agricultural production declined but that growth in trade and industry was substantial. One-third of the developing nations exceeded the 6 percent overall

Industry Girds for an International Role in Environment

Among the speakers at the plenary of the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment in June 1972, the only representative of business and industry was Walter Hill, secretary-general of the International Chamber of Commerce (ICC). "In listening to the speeches at the plenary session," he told the delegates, "I was surprised by the virtual absence of references to business and industry. . . . After all, it is industry that will have to implement many of the policy decisions you will take."

He might have added that the constituency he represented was thoroughly unhappy with its sense of isolation from the preparations and proceedings of the Stockholm conference. Business and industry felt they had not been sufficiently consulted. What they then failed to realize was that the contribution of most non-governmental organizations was not solicited but volunteered. Scientific, environmental, and other groups participated in the preparations because they were interested and wanted to affect the outcome of the conference. For the most part, businessmen were ignorant and suspicious of what was in train. The Environmental Committee of the ICC, which had been created in April 1971, did not meet until February 1972, after preparations for the conference were virtually completed. Belated efforts by others to get industry more involved met with very limited success.

All too many people involved in Stockholm could not have cared less. For them, business and industry were the enemy, whose influence could only be negative. But the secretary-general of the conference, Maurice Strong, now executive director of the United Nations Environment Program (UNEP), thought—and thinks—otherwise. As a highly successful businessman himself before he became a public servant, he believes that the cooperation of industry is essential. Not only must it implement decision; it has the money, the skilled manpower, and the technological knowledge also to make a contribution that no other constituency can provide.

Representatives of business and industry who were observers at Stockholm came away convinced that—in the words of one of them—"it was urgent that industry and business . . . begin to organize itself to play a more effective role in the international consideration of environmental problems and solutions and, specifically, that industry must find a way of relating to the new continuing U.N. organization which would follow Stockholm."

With the encouragement of Mr. Strong, an International Center for In-

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Global Report (cont.)

growth target of the Second Development Decade, but one-fifth, including India, failed to keep up with population growth.

For most developing countries the trade sector provided the largest element of growth. Their exports increased 16 percent by value, with demand firm and prices higher for both their manufactured and primary products. But industrial production was also strong, gaining between 6 and 7 percent, which was also the world average.

In what was otherwise one of the best years for the developing world, the bleak spot was again agriculture, which declined 1.6 percent. Under the impact of an 8 percent drop in the Soviet Union and a lesser crop failure in China, agricultural production worldwide declined 0.8 percent.

Eastern Europe had an excellent year, with an overall growth of 7.3 percent. Among those countries that the United Nations classifies as "developed market economies," Spain, Turkey, Iceland, Portugal, Cyprus, Greece, Malta, and Japan grew 7 percent or more in GNP, while some of the older industrialized nations, such as Britain, West Germany, and Sweden, fell below 3 percent. U.S. growth was 6.4 percent.

For those countries that achieved zero growth, there was no kudos.

Portland, Ore.—Reports have differed as to the success of Oregon's "bottle bill," which has been law for eleven months. Environmental organizations claimed it was a success; bottlers and canners issued statistics to show it was a failure.

Now the Environmental Protection Agency has made its own study of the first six months of operation of the first state law of its kind and finds the results a resounding success. Roadside bottle litter in the winter months decreased by as much as 81 percent over the previous year. Cans have been virtually eliminated, and 99 percent of beer and soft drinks are sold in refillable bottles, many of which are used by more than one manufacturer. On the average, beer and soft drinks cost less than before the law was passed, a fact attributable to the lower cost of refillable bottles. All this was accomplished by requiring a small deposit on beer and carbonated soft-drink containers.

If roadside litter remains low over the summer months (reports are not yet in), every argument of manufacturers and distributors will have been demolished, and the way will be open for other states to follow suit.

Industry Girds (cont.)

dustry and the Environment is now being established to serve this purpose. Its membership will be composed of national and international business organizations (not individual corporations), each paying a modest $4000 a year. With offices in Paris and Nairobi, the center will be primarily a source of information on where to go for specialized knowledge and assistance within the business/industrial community. To what extent the center may also be a lobby the founders do not say, but past experience indicates that it is a rare issue on which business and industry —even in one country, much less the world—can speak with a single voice. No doubt it will preach the doctrine of "realistic goals" and "economically manageable achievements"; but if the center receives the full backing of business and industry, it should prove of great utility to UNEP, to governments, and to international organizations.

Another major international organization with which the business community has institutionalized its relationship is OECD (Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development), which is deeply involved in environmental issues. An official part of the structure of OECD is BIAC (the Business and Industry Advisory Committee), which has been in existence for eleven years but which is increasingly turning its attention to environmental matters, particularly as they affect international trade. Each member country also has a national BIAC with an environmental committee. The U.S. BIAC is probably the most active, playing a role in domestic as well as in international affairs. It consists of representatives of the three U.S. business organizations concerned with international affairs: the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and the National Association of Manufacturers.

In quite a different sector, a founding meeting will be held in New York this month to establish a World Environment and Resources Council. It, too, will have institutional memberships—by no means confined to business and industry. The reason for mentioning it in the present context is that the inspiration and organizational drive for WERC came primarily from scientists and engineers in American industry, though operating through their professional societies. WERC's stated purpose is to "provide an open, interdisciplinary, non-governmental, international forum for interaction, exchange of information, and review of environmental quality and progress in management of resources among professional, industrial, scientific, social, and other national groups concerned with or influenced by environmental and resource problems." More than two years of planning, including organizational meetings in The Hague and Brussels last year, have gone into the formulation of WERC's policies and programs. (A further report on WERC will appear in a later issue.) The founding meeting of WERC is being held in conjunction with a two-day conference in New York of the World Federation of Engineering Organizations, which will devote its discussions this year entirely to environmental engineering.

Moscow—According to the Principles of Water Legislation of the USSR and the Union Republics, underground water should be reserved for drinking and household needs; it may be used by industry only if surface water is not available. An official writing in *Pravda* finds this admonition widely and increasingly flouted, with the result that householders in many cities are experiencing water shortages.

"The whole point," he writes, "is that enterprises and institutions have little economic interest in the rational use of water resources. The charges for the use of water mains and sewerage lines are so minimal as to be essentially symbolic in nature and are no inducement whatsoever to economic managers to conserve water and improve its purification."

Washington—Acid mine drainage is one of the worst environmental consequences of coal extraction. It pollutes soils and waterways (11,000 miles in the United States), destroying fish and making the water unusable for most purposes. Now the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has commissioned a four-year, $2 million project to demonstrate the feasibility of a coal-mining technique that would prevent the acids from escaping.

Already used successfully in Europe, the method permits removal of seams of coal lying 100 feet or less below the surface without tearing open the ground above it. Heavy, semi-automated equipment protected by movable jacks enters the seam from the side; and as the coal is removed, the entire layer of earth above settles into the cavity without shearing. When the seam has been cut out, the entering edge of the seam is

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Tax Incentive

Two months ago it was reported in this space that in the House a bill had been introduced imposing a graduated sales tax on new automobiles according to their gasoline consumption. The commendable intention of the bill was offset by the inadequacy of the proposed tax rate, which would not have induced any one to buy a lighter, less-gas-consuming car.

Subsequently, Frank E. Moss of Utah introduced in the Senate a bill (S. 2036) with some teeth in it. Like Congressman Charles Vanik's House bill, it stipulates that purchasers of automobiles getting twenty miles to the gallon or more (as determined by EPA) should pay no tax. But in Senator Moss's proposed schedule the tax would then rise to $300 at thirteen miles per gallon and $900 at under seven miles per gallon—a rate that might really deter the heedless purchase of heavy gas drinkers. Tax revenues in Senator Moss's bill would be used to develop more efficient engines.

quickly sealed, leaving the land almost undisturbed. Anyway, that's the idea.

Tokyo—A new method of removing cadmium and other toxic heavy metals from industrial waste water has been developed by Nippon Electric Company. At competitive costs very heavy concentrations of such metals can be reduced to below 0.1 part per million.

The process involves adding ferrous sulfate to the polluted water, neutralizing the water with alkali, and forcing oxygen into it to encourage oxidation. By combining with the iron in the ferrous sulfate (a waste product in steel making), the metallic elements in the water turn into ferrite and sink to the bottom. The deposits are then removed with magnets.

Caracas—The Venezuelan Society of Natural Sciences has prepared an environmental questionnaire to submit to presidential candidates in the national election in December. A score of remarkably searching questions were drafted under six headings: population and economic growth; economic development and conservation; pollution; protection of natural areas; administration of resources; and natural areas, tourists, and recreation. The questionnaire could serve as a model for almost any developing country and is more sophisticated than most comparable efforts in industrialized countries. This means of getting officials to take positions on environmental issues is encouraged by the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources (IUCN, 1110 Morges, Switzerland), from which a copy of the questionnaire can be obtained.

Canberra—For a "frontier" nation, Australia has a population that is remarkably concentrated at a few points on the coast. Almost half of Australia's 13 million people live in or near Melbourne and Sydney. To relieve the pressure, the federal government has drawn up a decentralization plan, which includes the construction of inland cities throughout Australia. For its pilot project the government intends to build a city for a projected population of 300,000 by developing the present cities of Albury, Wodonga, and some six surrounding towns lying 180 miles northeast of Melbourne and on a direct line with Canberra and Sydney. This represents a fairly conservative start, considering that Canberra itself was one of the earliest "new towns," carved out of raw countryside and planned to the last detail.

New York—According to the American Iron and Steel Institute, about 4 billion cans in the United States will be reclaimed from solid waste in the next twelve months—an increase of better than 30 percent over the previous year. The number of cities using magnetic separation to recover steel and aluminum cans is expected to rise from twenty to at least thirty.

A few days after this information was released, the respected Council on Economic Priorities in New York issued a second report on the steel industry. It charged that efforts to increase the amount of scrap obtained from consumers are only "token" and "ineffective." "The industry's public relations campaigns touting its environmental record are misleading."

Algiers—Afforestation on a large scale has been in progress in Algeria for a number of years. Now plans have been developed to plant a "Great Green Wall" extending along the edge of the Sahara for nearly 1000 miles from the Moroccan to the Tunisian border. It is hoped that the green belt will improve agriculture in the north, influence climate in the desert, and contribute to a forestry industry.

Vancouver—Canadian environmentalists are exerting every ounce of muscle to prevent further exports of gas and oil to the United States. The ecologists are particularly strong here in British Columbia, which alone has been providing the United States with 809 million cubic

Parks with Elbowroom

In the adjoining box are listed the world's largest national parks—those of 10,000 square kilometers (3860 square miles) or more. Of the seventeen listed, twelve are in Africa. Zambia has just created its eighteenth national park, bringing the total area so protected to 8 percent of the country.

But all preserves and protected areas are not classified as national parks. The largest protected area in the world is the Central Kalahari Game Preserve in Botswana. Its 52,800 square kilometers (more than 20,000 square miles) are inhabited by Bushmen and are closed to the public. Chad, too, has a reserve larger than any national park.

Of the remaining natural reserves larger than 10,000 square kilometers, two are in the United States: the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in Alaska (which in size falls midway between Canada's Wood Buffalo National Park, the world's largest, and Botswana's Gemsbok) and Katmai National Monument, also in Alaska. By way of comparison, the largest national park in the continental United States is Yellowstone (also the world's oldest), which is just under 3500 square miles, or about 9000 square kilometers.

The Largest National Parks

(10,000 sq. kil. = 3860 sq. mi.)

Park	*Country*	*sq. km.*
Wood Buffalo	Canada	44,807
Gemsbok	Botswana	24,800
Salonga	Zaïre	22,400
Kafue	Zambia	22,400
Etosha	Namibia	22,270
Tsavo	Kenya	20,800
Kruger	South Africa	19,485
Wankie	Rhodesia	14,432
Manu	Peru	14,000
Serengeti	Tanzania	12,950
Fiordland	New Zealand	12,236
Komoe	Ivory Coast	11,500
Ruaha	Tanzania	11,500
Jasper	Canada	10,870
Chobe	Botswana	10,360
Canaima	Venezuela	10,000
Bamingui-Bangoran	Central African Republic	10,000

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feet of gas per day. According to an agreement signed last spring between Westcoast Transmission Company, which transports the gas from the fields to the U.S. border, and El Paso Natural Gas Company, the American importer, an additional 450 million cubic feet will be delivered if sufficient reserves can be developed.

Now public-interest groups in Vancouver are insisting not only that no increase be permitted but also that existing contracts not be renewed when they expire. They may succeed in their goal, for the provincial government is highly responsive to environmental issues.

Kuala Lumpur—An Asian Center for Development Administration will soon open here "to help Asian governments speed their development from the planning stage to actual execution by offering a combination of key-level management training, problem-solving research, and consultant services." It is expected to have a staff of twenty professionals, and among its programs will be a "policy series for key decision makers," to bring high-level officials together for short periods to concentrate on selected problems common to a number of developing countries. Non-Asian donors to the center are France, Netherlands, the Soviet Union, Britain, and the United States.

Rome—The new Italian government of Prime Minister Mariano Rumor for the first time has a minister in charge of environment—though he is not so designated. He is one of seven "ministers without portfolio." Thus far he is also without a budget, a program, or a clear mandate, but one can hope.

Mühldorf, West Germany—One of the problems in coping with the plague of pigeons that torments many cities is that almost any action taken is protested by nature lovers and humane societies. Now this city has introduced what its mayor describes as "an effective and humane way" of controlling the pigeon population, but it probably will not silence critics.

The city has retained a steeple jack who does nothing but collect pigeon eggs. He takes them home, *boils* them, and returns them to their nests. The pigeons go on trying to hatch their eggs and do not do what is necessary to lay new ones.

"BIASPHERE"

Nonsense in the Name of Environment

Hail to the Chief

"Disposable products for serving foods and beverages are enjoying ever greater acceptance by the American public for several reasons: They assure good sanitation; they are convenient to use; and they are low in initial cost, while also eliminating the cost of washing. The widespread acceptance of disposables was evident at the recent Inauguration for President Nixon and Vice President Agnew. Orders for 150,000 crystal-clear plastic goblets were placed by the Inaugural Committee, which selected them for use at a number of events, including the Vice President's Reception, Salute-to-America's Heritage Reception, several Inaugural Concerts and five Inaugural Balls."

From *Environment News Digest*, published by the Environmental Health Committee of the Single Service Institute (an association of manufacturers of throwaways).

Greed Causes Earthquakes

"Because of man's irrational dependence upon and uncontrolled exploitation of natural resources under the crust of the earth, his maniacal utilization of underground facilities for the test-detonation of nuclear explosives and hardware, and his incomprehensible insistence upon employing atomic explosives to increase the flow of or accessibility to natural underground resources of already limited energy-producing substances, he has caused the shifting of the earth off its rotational axis, thereby bringing on an apocalyptic wobbling, and is responsible for over 50,000 earthquakes that occur all over the world every year. Consequently, not only has man's insatiable lust for modern conveniences, corporate profits, and unlimited eco-political power endangered the life of the fragile planet he inhabits and contaminates but also, while recklessly inviting his own extinction, man is perpetrating the death or maiming of millions of people, property damage estimated to run into the billions, and inestimable, irreparable damage to planetary ecology and the human environment. The worst perpetrators of this frightful carnage are those whose business it is to supply the world with oil, petroleum products, and natural gas."

From an unsigned article in *Environmental News-Digest*, an official publication of the American Society for Ecological Education.

Urban Aquaculture

"A city which is a growing and viable entity is worthy of being nurtured through water development. The public should be permitted to take full advantage of all the benefits public water supply can provide so long as it is willing to pay the price. . . . Water supply potential should not be dissipated to augment stream flow or create a constant stream flow for recreation or other low-priority use."

Victor A. Appleyard, president-elect, American Water Works Association, at a hearing of the National Water Commission.

Hard Rock

"The world has a social disease—man. But there's one thing man can't pollute—the soul of a singer."

From an RCA radio commercial for a rock record.

On WHO's Agenda

At its annual assembly the World Health Organization discussed principally the following:

Smallpox. After coming close to eradication, smallpox is on the rise again, with epidemics in Bangladesh and the northern states of India. Of the cases reported this year, all but about 1 percent occurred in Bangladesh, Ethiopia, India, and Pakistan.

Cholera. WHO decided that cholera vaccination should not be required of any traveler as a condition for admission to a country. The reason is simply that the vaccine was deemed ineffective. While offering partial protection, it "does not prevent people from becoming carriers with practically no symptoms."

Health Services. WHO noted that health services are deteriorating almost everywhere, in rich nations as well as poor, and that dissatisfaction is wellnigh universal. A WHO study observed, among other things, "a feeling of helplessness on the part of the consumer, who feels (rightly or wrongly) that the health services and the personnel within them are progressing along an uncontrollable path of their own, which may be satisfying to the health professions but which is not what is most wanted by the consumer."

Environment. WHO openly bid for financial support from UNEP for expanded programs of environmental health and passed a resolution urging member states to put more emphasis on training environmental manpower.

Drugs. WHO commissioned a two-year feasibility study of an international information system on drugs, which would greatly expand the limited information services now available.

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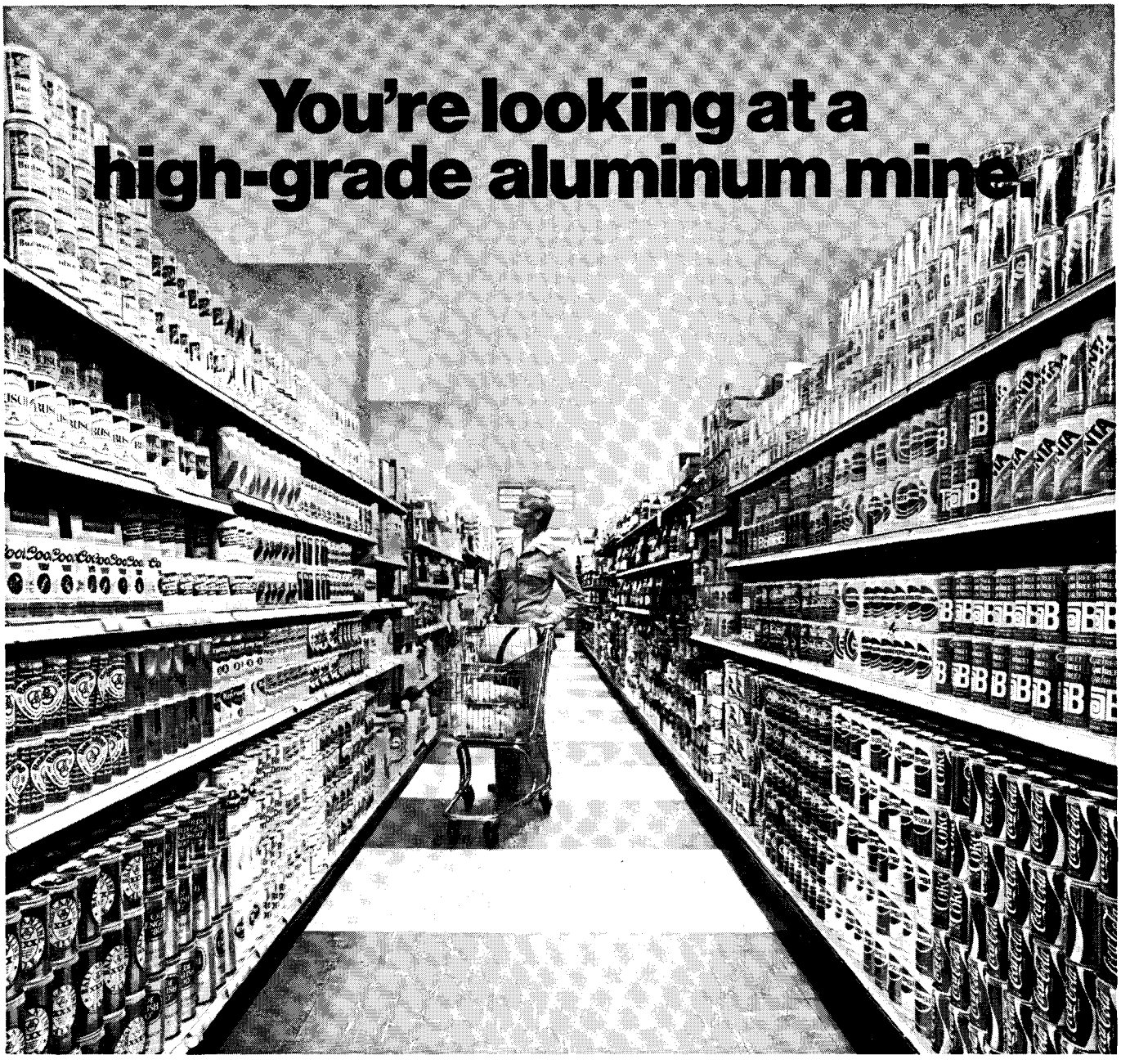

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And when you recycle aluminum, you save energy. It takes only 5 percent of the energy it takes to make it the first time.

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Alcoa is doing something to help conserve our natural resources. We would like to tell you more about it. Write for our free brochure on energy and aluminum.

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Aluminum: Pass it on

ALCOA

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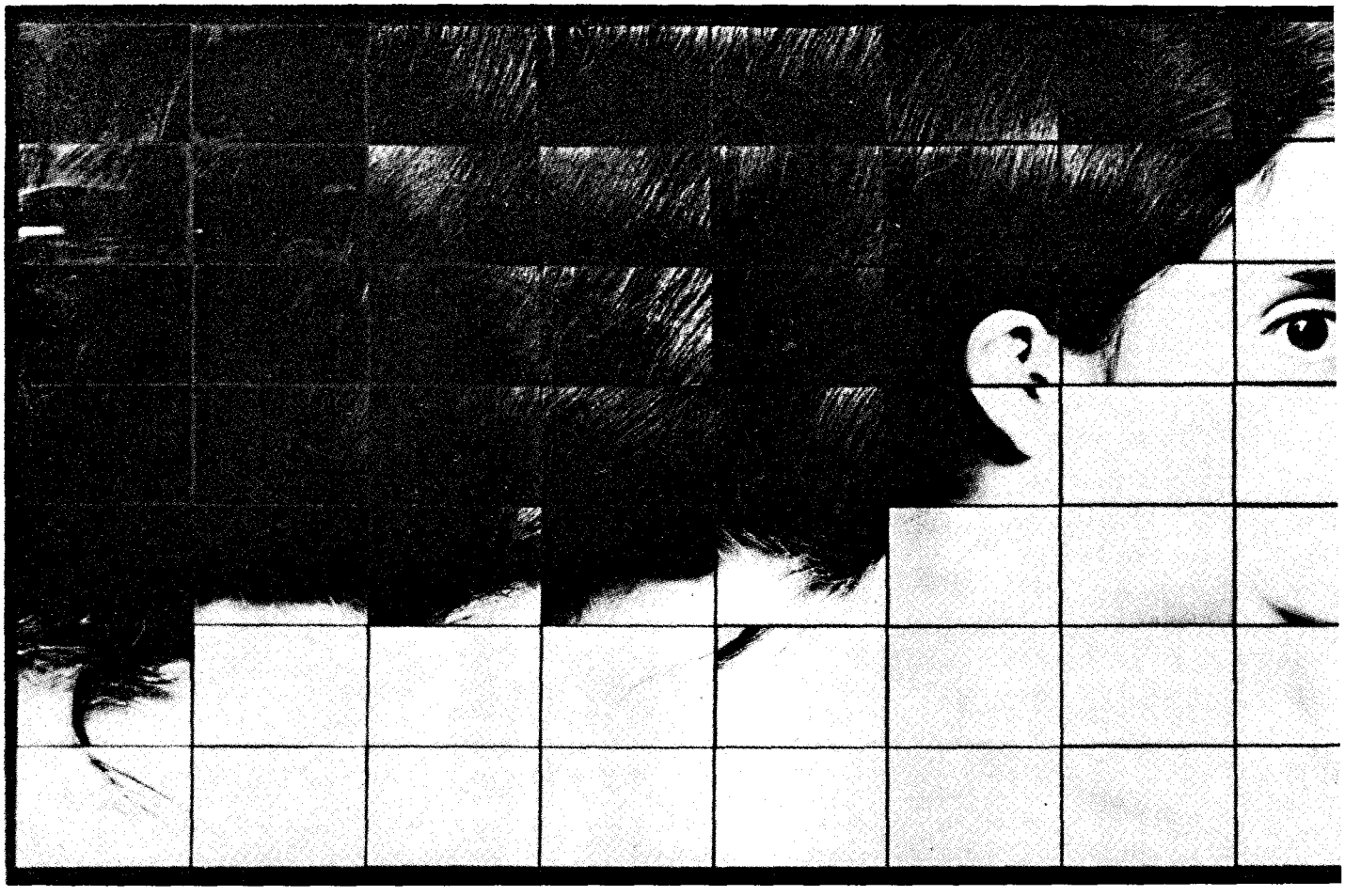

The Art of the Craft:

"Vive l'expérience!"

By Margaret R. Weiss

With its gadget bag of mechanical accessories and its battery of chemical and technical controls, photography has been the experimental do-it-yourselfer's pleasure dome since that day in 1826 when Niépce captured his first heliograph on a polished pewter plate. Few photographers would deny the importance of the "how to" aspect of their craft for achieving the "what's what" of their art: a finished print that is an esthetically pleasing approximation of the original image composed in the viewfinder. That is why so many camera veterans—Paul Strand, André Kertész, Barbara Morgan, Aaron Siskind, Harry Callahan, among others—prefer making their own prints or at least carefully supervising and approving those made for them by other hands.

If we can judge from some of the season's exhibition offerings here and abroad, the newer or younger hands that hold the camera have been working overtime in the darkroom, too. Much of their activity, however, seems motivated less by a desire to create quality prints than by an urge to "rediscover" processing methods of the past or have a fling with new materials and applications. (The catalogue published by Morgan & Morgan for the Hudson River Museum's "Light and Lens" show, for instance, thoughtfully includes a glossary of seventy definitions to aid the uninitiated in the mysteries of the print processes represented.)

Tetsu Okuhara—Expanded photograph: assembled in 112 separate prints.

(Right) Jerry Uelsmann—Multiple-image print.

Photographs from "Light and Lens" exhibit, Hudson River Museum, Yonkers

When darkroom alchemy succeeds, there is no visible separation of powers between subject and technique; the union is indivisible and seamless—photographically and graphically. Where technical process serves artistic purpose, the results please the eye. Jerry Uelsmann's multiple images, fusing human and plant forms or uniting hands and lips in heavenly passage above the surf, take the viewer into imagined landscapes that only the artful use of craft and a good sense of design could render on film. An early example of Barbara Morgan's photomontages catches the *élan vital* of a balmy spring afternoon in Manhattan. In her darkroom "construction" a photogram and a pair of prints are combined to turn a city vignette into a cameo study of elemental

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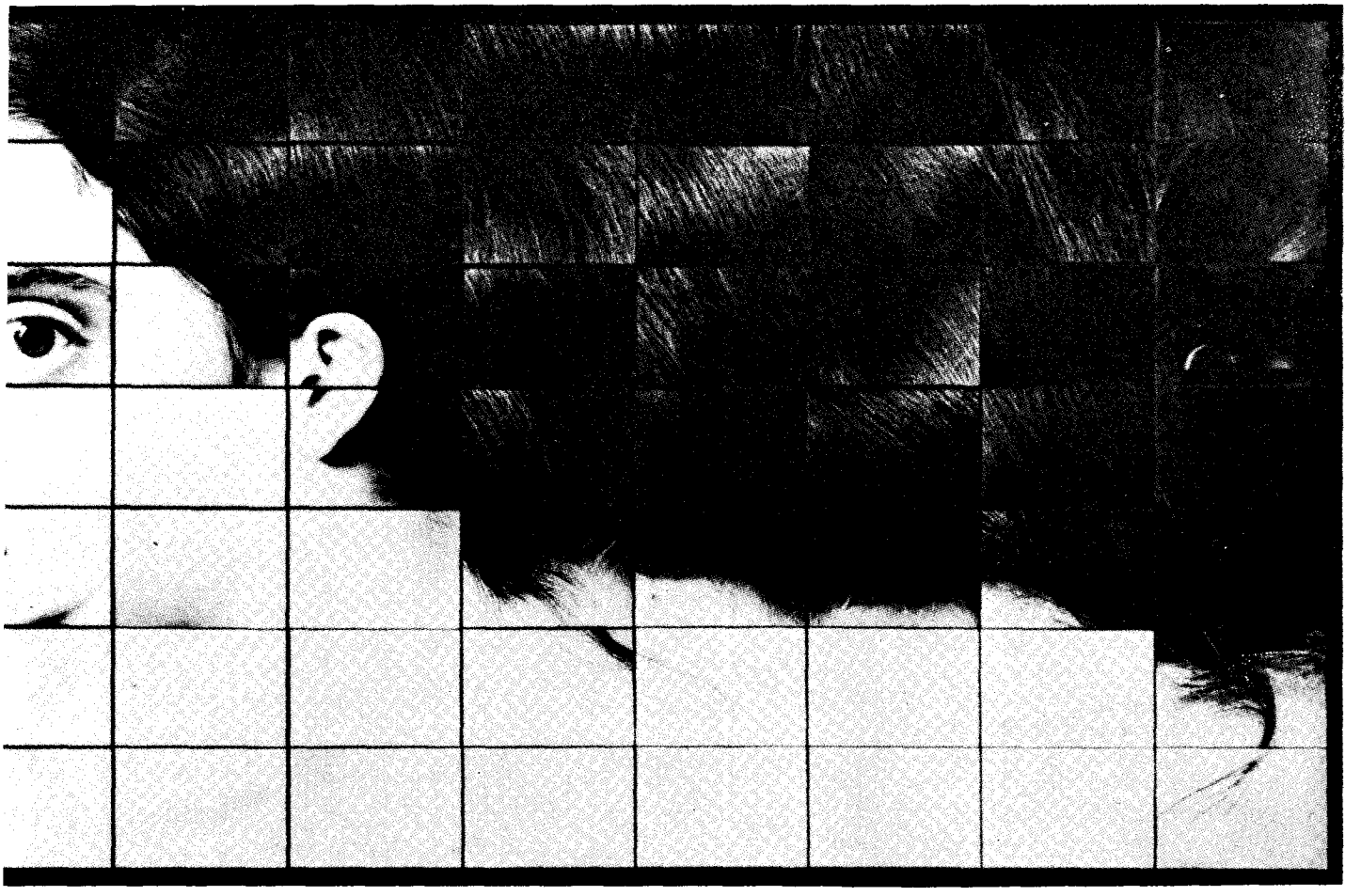

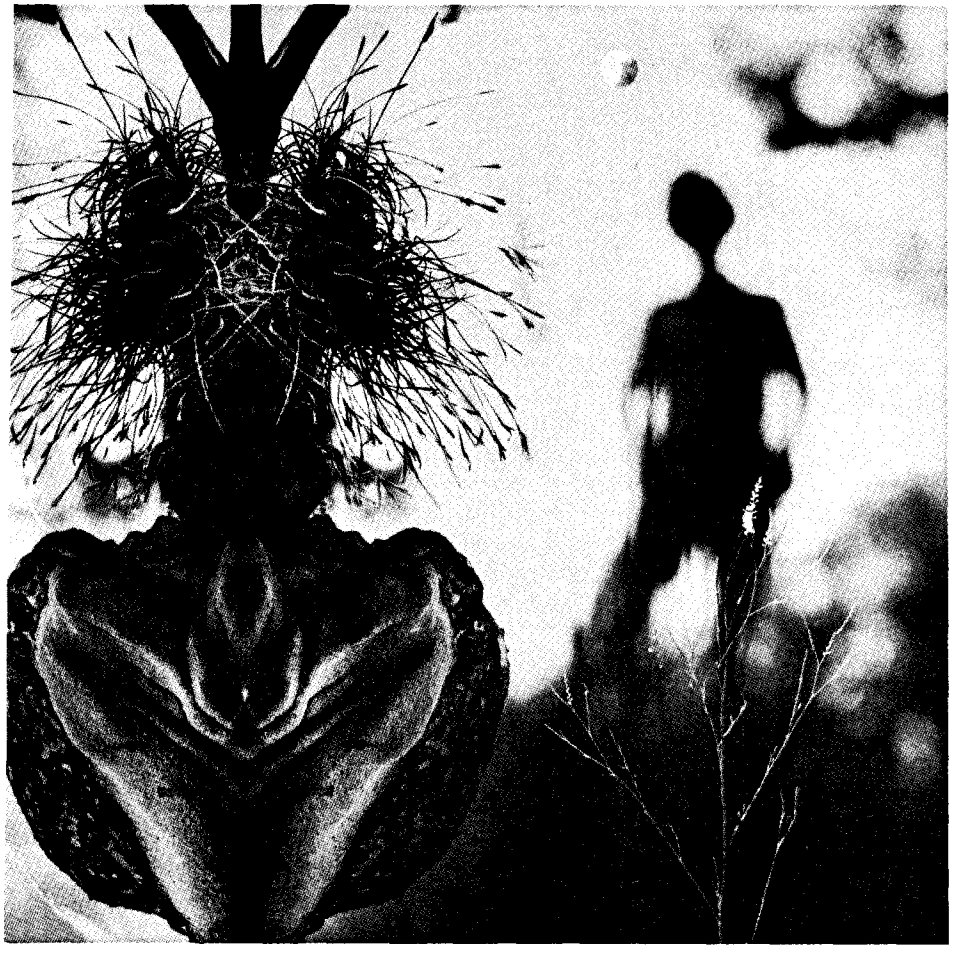

rhythms. Synthesis is complete, purposeful, and effective. Tetsu Okuhara's "expanded" photographs are a tribute to patience and dexterity, for each subject has to be assembled from 100 to 350 separate prints. A head portrait fashioned from 112 of them defies the maxim "Small head, great wit; large head, not a bit," scoring less as a photograph than as a playful exercise in graphic illustration.

Besides montage, collage, and the popular multiple image in all its forms—composite, superimposition, negative-positive sandwich—there is renewed interest in the old gum-bichromate and bromoil processes, which allow considerable control and manipulation of the print; in tinting and toning; in solarization, which alters tonality and produces a positive with a metallic or posterlike look; in the Sabattier effect, which transforms light areas into gray tones outlined in black; in substituting for photographic papers all kinds of light-sensitive materials—wood, fabric, plastic—even terry cloth toweling, shells, and strips of noodle dough.

All this is interpreted as a grim turn of events by those who follow the precepts of Stieglitz and Strand. For exponents of "straight" photography, Strand's

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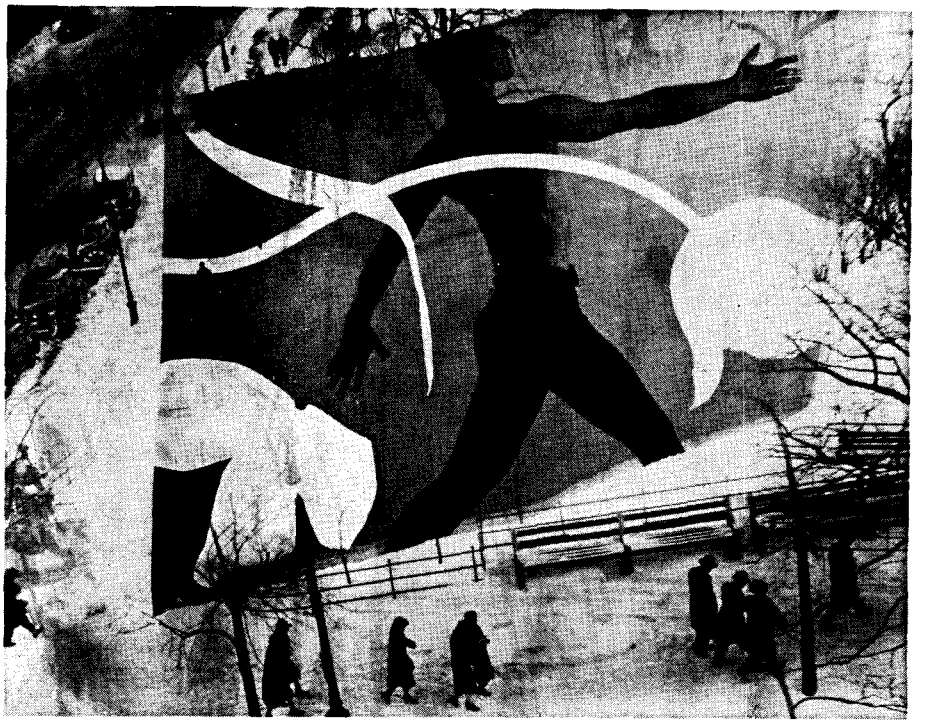
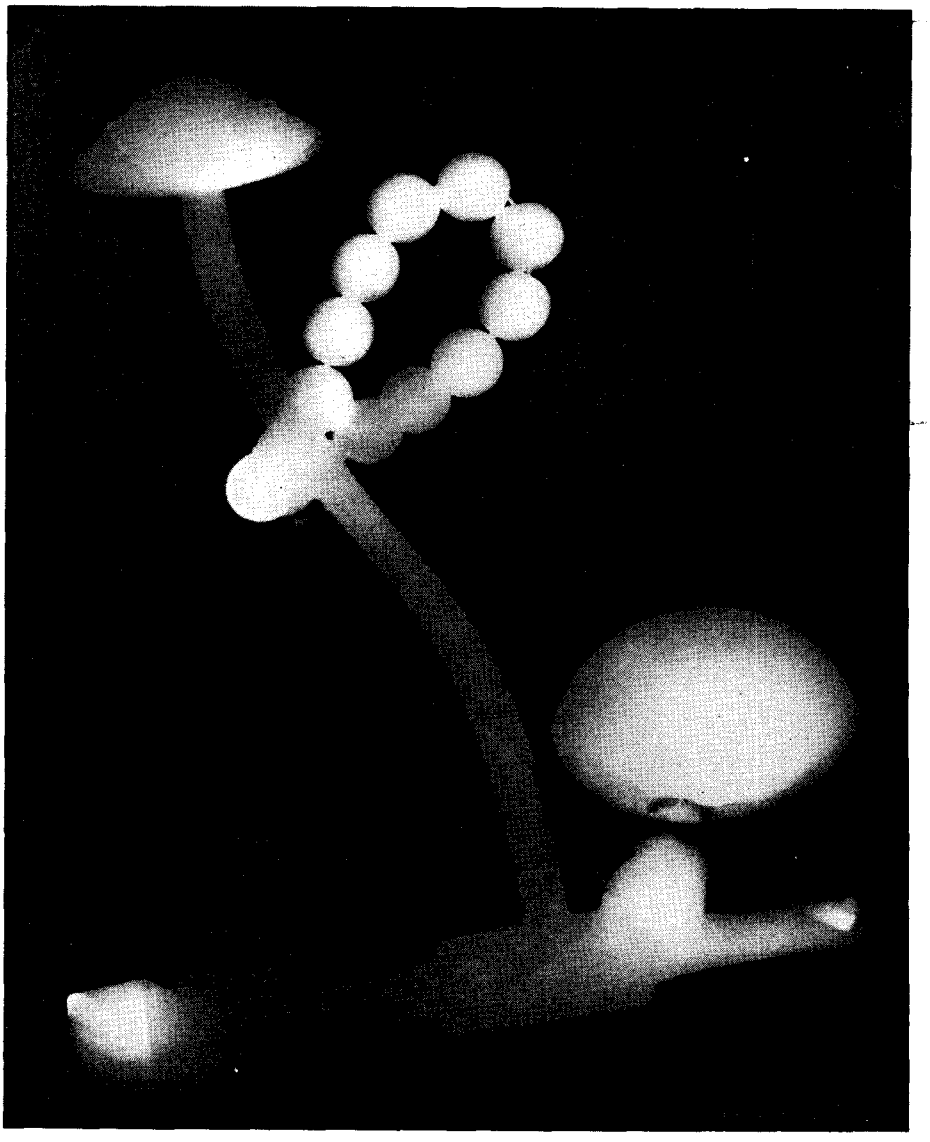
dictum remains inviolate: "The full potential power of every medium is dependent upon the purity of its use. . . . The introduction of hand work (gum print, oil print, etc.) and manipulation is merely the expression of an impotent desire to paint." On the opposite pole is Man Ray's contention that even if "working directly with light and chemistry so deforms the subject as almost to hide the original and creates a new form, the ensuing violation of the medium employed is the most perfect assurance of the author's convictions."

Certainly technique as an end-in-itself can be vacuous, and too many of today's experimenters are of the "Look, Ma, All Hands" school. Although occupational therapy may be served by their efforts, photography is not. There is little room on gallery wall or printed page for any more of the "arty" and the "crafty." Camera kitsch is no better than any other kind; most of us prefer keeping our noodle dough in its proper place.

Somewhere out of the past, Renoir's warning echoes: "The most facile hand cannot be more than servant to the mind." Shallowness of purpose and idea can produce only superficial, sterile works, unworthy of attention no matter how modish or quaint their technical trappings may be. But viewers are instinctively responsive to the imaginative interplay of art and craft wherever it surfaces—whether it is in the current Man Ray retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in the "Collage and the Photo-Image" installation at the Museum of Modern Art, or in some of the camerawork of the youngest darkroom experimenters of all—the nation's teen-age amateurs—featured in the annual Kodak/Scholastic Photography Awards traveling exhibit.

There may be more than meets the ear in the fact that the same word in French denotes experiment and experience. It was *les expériences* of Niépce, Daguerre, and Fox Talbot that gave photography to the world, and in the ensuing years experience born of the willingness to experiment has contributed to the medium's vitality and versatility. Time and the viewer have a comforting way of separating the trivial from the trenchant. So, *vive l'expérience!* □





(Top) Barbara Morgan–Triple exposure: composite photograph and photogram. (Right) Man Ray–Rayograph.

Photographs from "Collage and the Photo-Image" exhibit, The Museum of Modern Art

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Theater

by Henry Hewes

The Forecast Is Diversity

For drama critics September is the most cheerful month. The season has not yet started, and a tempered optimism is still possible. In this spirit one can run down the list of some of the scheduled pre-December openings (right) and applaud a greater than usual variety on the production menu. One new attraction, the London hit *Crown Matrimonial,* is stocked with royal characters and stiff-upper-lip sentiments that should please the most conventional theatergoer. Neil Simon, who seems—no matter how hard he tries—incapable of writing a play that is not widely popular, will attempt yet another departure from his hit-comedy norm by adapting Chekhov. David Storey, whose *Home* and *The Changing Room* have won him the New York Drama Critics Circle Award in two of the past three seasons, will be represented by *The Contractor,* a play I prefer to both the others, and which offers among other things the unusual spectacle of men actually rigging and erecting a wedding tent as they speak the dialogue. Producer David Merrick will bring to Broadway the special quality of Bruce Jay Friedman, whose *Steambath* and *Scuba Duba* previously delighted Off-Broadwayites.

Although opening dates and theaters have not yet been announced, three plays by prominent American playwrights are strong possibilities for the fall. They are: Edward Albee's *Seascape,* a comedy about evolution and the discovery of emotion by an upper-middle-class couple; John Guare's *Marco Polo Sings a Solo,* a zany comedy of the space age; and Arthur Laurent's *The Enclave,* a drama about the conflict between sexual independence and friendships.

Of course there is keen excitement about what will happen at Lincoln Center. Jules Irving, who resigned as director of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center because his board of directors was unable to raise the $40,000 necessary for a full season of activity at the Forum, finished his eight-year tenure with an immensely popular revival of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and turned over

(Continued on next page.)

TITLE, AUTHOR, TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
NEW PLAYS	
Oracles: an exploration of the Oedipus legend by Franz Marijnen's Camera Obscura Company.	Wed., Sept. 12 La Mama I
Nellie Toole and Co.: Fantasy by Peter Keveson about a self-made woman who relives her past.	Mon., Sept. 24 Theater Four
Crown Matrimonial: Royce Ryton's drama about the abdication of King Edward VIII. With George Grizzard, Eileen Herlie.	Tues., Oct. 2 Helen Hayes
Lotta, or the Best Thing Evolution Ever Came up With: Robert Montgomery's fantasy about a girl with super powers.	Thurs., Oct. 4 Anspacher
The Contractor: David Storey's play about a self-made wealthy renter of tents for weddings and his social alienation.	Tues., Oct. 9 Chelsea Center
House Party: Ed Bullins's soulful happening on a Harlem street, with music by Pat Patrick. With Mary Alice, Sunny Jim.	Wed., Oct. 10 American Place
By Sun and Candlelight: Benjamin Zavin's play about the courtship of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.	Thurs., Oct. 11 Astor Place
Turtlenecks: comedy by Bruce Jay Friedman and Jacques Levy about a frustrated producer of half-time shows. With Tony Curtis.	Thurs., Oct. 18 Plymouth
Children of the Wind: Jerry Devine's play about an actor and his family in New York City during the Thirties.	Wed., Oct. 24 Belasco
Veronica's Room: mystery thriller by Ira Levin that takes place in a suburban mansion. With Eileen Heckart.	Thurs., Oct. 25 Music Box
Full Circle: Peter Stone's adaptation of Erich Remarque's play about a concentration-camp escapee caught between German and Soviet forces in Berlin. With Bibi Andersson.	Wed., Nov. 7 ANTA
In the Boom Boom Room: David Rabe's play about a misfit go-go dancer.	Thurs., Nov. 8 Beaumont
The Good Doctor: Neil Simon's play based on three short stories by Chekhov. With Carole Shelley, Paul Sorvino.	Thurs., Nov. 29 Eugene O'Neill
NEW MUSICALS AND REVUES	
Molly: based on The Goldbergs, by Louis Garfinkel, Leonard Adelson, Jerry Livingston, Mack David. With Kay Ballard.	Mon., Oct. 8 Alvin
Rachel Lily Rosenbloom (and Don't You Forget It): by Paul Jabara. A fantasy about a girl who takes over the job and emotional hang-ups of a Hollywood gossip columnist.	Tues., Oct. 9 Shubert
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, with the One and Only Billy Shears: by Tom O'Horgan, Robin Wagner, based on two Beatles' record albums.	Wed., Oct. 10 Broadway
Raisin: based on the play *A Raisin in the Sun,* by Robert Nemiroff, Charlotte Zaltzberg, Judd Woldin, Robert Britten.	Thurs., Oct. 18 46th Street
More Than You Deserve: a kind of South Pacific of the Vietnam war, by Michael Weller and Jim Steinman.	Thurs., Oct. 25 Newman
Joseph and His Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat: based on record album by the authors of *Jesus Christ Superstar.*	Sat., Oct. 27 Winter Garden
The Seventh Son: about a Hassidic group who encounter an integrated rock band, by Stanley Kahan, Philip Rose, Pacy Markham, Garry Sherman.	Tues., Oct. 30 Ambassador
The Silver Queen Saloon: a spoof of Westerns by Paul Foster and John Braden.	Wed., Oct. 31 Mercer O'Casey
Good Evening: revue by Peter Cook and Dudley Moore performed by the authors.	Sat., Nov. 10 Golden
Gigi: based on the film, by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe. With Karin Wolfe, Daniel Massey, Alfred Drake.	Sun., Nov. 11 Uris
The Great McDaddy: by Paul Carter Harrison, performed by the Negro Ensemble Company.	Tues., Nov. 27 St. Marks

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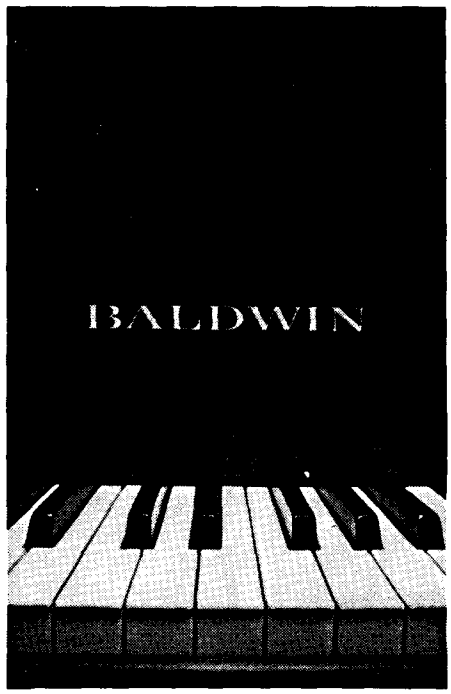

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a $200,000 surplus to Lincoln Center. Happily, Irving will now be able to take the Williams play to Broadway (St. James Theater, October 3) for a fraction of what it would have otherwise cost.

Meanwhile the New York Shakespeare Festival, which has assumed the responsibility for producing theater at Lincoln Center, is renovating the Beaumont to make it into a more unequivocal thrust-stage house. NYSF Director Joseph Papp will open the Beaumont's season with a new play by David Rabe, whose *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* and *Sticks and Bones* have established him as a major playwright. His *In the Boom Boom Room* will be directed by the very talented Julie Bovasso.

The other four plays at the Beaumont will be: Hugh Leonard's comedy of role reversal, *The Au Pair Man*, with Julie Harris and Charles Durning; a new work by a prominent black playwright (probably *Les Femmes Noires*, by Edgar White, or *Daddy*, by Ed Bullins); Strindberg's *The Dance of Death*, with Max von Sydow; and a musical redolent of the flavor of the East Village.

For the first year at least, Papp plans to present Shakespeare in the 299-seat Forum, which has been renamed the Mitzi E. Newhouse in honor of the donor, whose million-dollar contribution was crucial to Papp's acceptance of the Lincoln Center responsibility. The Newhouse will open on or around October 16 with *As You Like It*, featuring Raul Julia and Kathleen Widdoes. Then will come *Coriolanus* and *The Tempest*, plus an as yet unnamed fourth play.

In addition to operating Lincoln Center and the summer season in Central Park, Papp will continue to present plays at the Public Theater complex. The first two, *More Than You Deserve* and *Lotta*, are by playwrights who have already won Drama Desk Awards. Papp also has on hand Jay Broad's *In Honored Memory of a Quince Tree*, Anthony Scully's *All Through the House*, and Andrew Glaze's *Kleinhof Demonstrates Tonight*—all of which will introduce new writers to New York audiences.

There are other non-profit subscriber-merchandised theater institutions. Ted Mann and Paul Libin hope to sustain the excitement they generated at the Circle-in-the-Square–Joseph E. Levine Theater with *Uncle Vanya* last season. They will open on September 13 with Jean Anouilh's *Waltz of the Toreadors*, starring Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson, and for the rest of the season are considering a musical version of *Look Homeward, Angel*, by the creators of *Purlie*; a revival of *The Iceman Cometh*; and a new play by Murray Schisgal, *The American Millionaire*.

The New Phoenix Repertory Company has strengthened itself by the addition of Rachel Roberts, the British star who won the Best Actress of the Year Award two seasons ago for her performance in *Alpha Beta*. Harold Prince (on vacation from creating hit musicals) will direct Duerrenmatt's *The Visit* (Lyceum Theater, November 25) and Stephen Porter will stage Feydeau's farce *Chemin de Fer* (November 26). A month later the company will revive Philip Barry's 1928 play, *Holiday*. John Houseman's City Center Acting Company, which began so promisingly last season, plans to bring us Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* in mid-November.

The Chelsea Theater Center will revive the Leonard Bernstein musical *Candide* (with a new book by Hugh Wheeler). The Roundabout Theater will stage Strindberg's *The Father* (September 11). And Off-Off Broadway's Circle Theater will do a season of six plays, including Lanford Wilson's *The Mound Builders*. Richard Schechner's Performance Group will assault Michael McClure's *The Beard* in November at the Performing Garage, prior to collaborating with Jack Gelber on the very free exploration of the Marilyn Monroe myth.

There is variety in the new musicals and revues, too. *Gigi* has proved popular with audiences on its extended pre-Broadway tour. *Good Evening* is a revised version of *Beyond the Fridge*, which was a London success in the style of *Beyond the Fringe*. A Yiddish musical, *Here Comes the Groom*, opens October 8 at the Mayfair. Three highly promising new composers, Paul Jabara, Jim Steinman, and John Braden, will make debuts. And everyone is curious to see whether Tom O'Horgan can theatricalize two Beatles albums with an invented narrative as successfully as he did *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Hair*.

But the most ambitious of all theater events this season is *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin*, which will play only four performances at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (December 7, 8, 14, 15). This work, created by Robert Wilson and the Byrd Hoffman School of Byrds, has a cast of 100, and each performance will last twelve hours. A six dollar ticket works out to fifty cents an hour, which has to be the best value around. □

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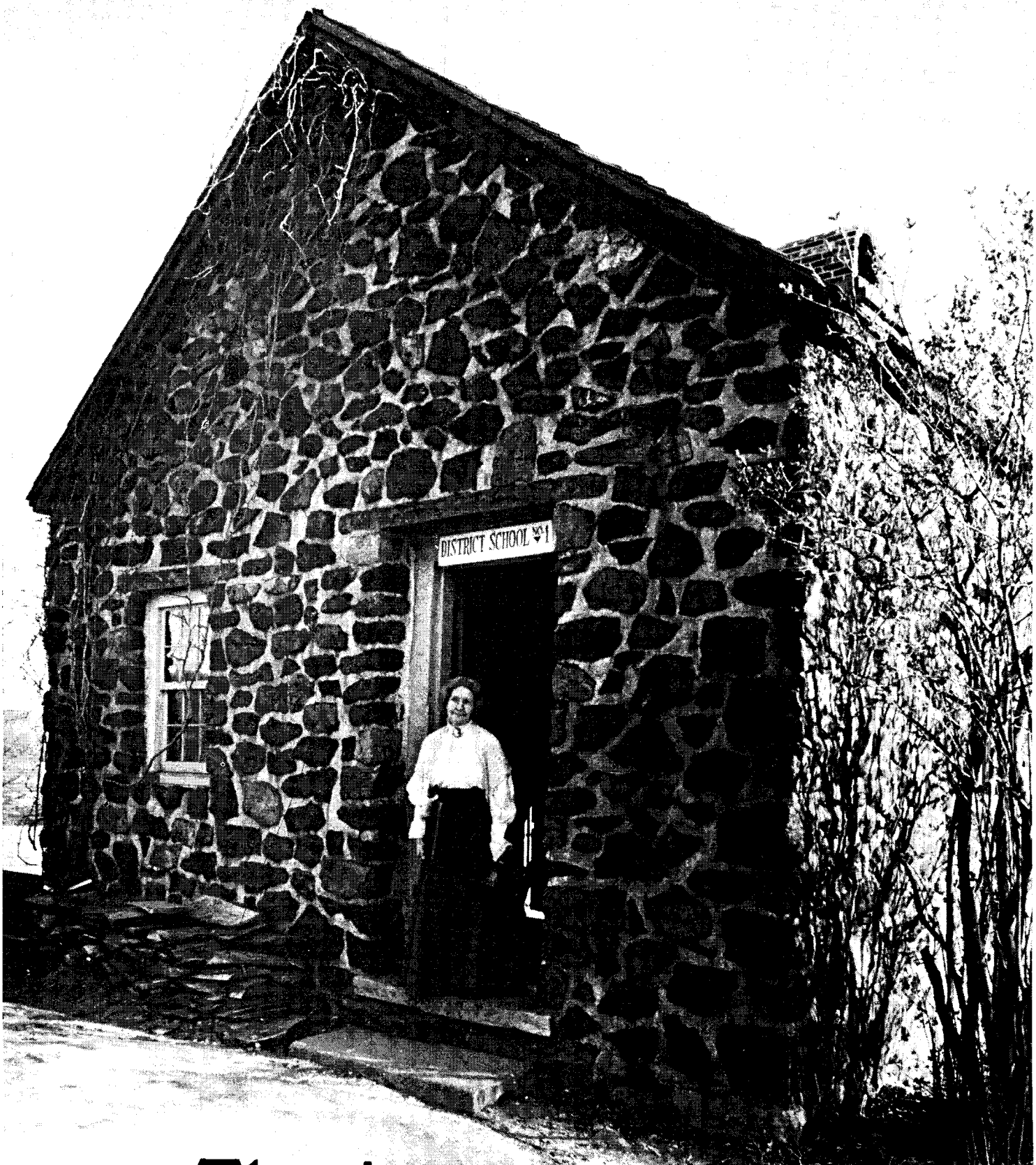

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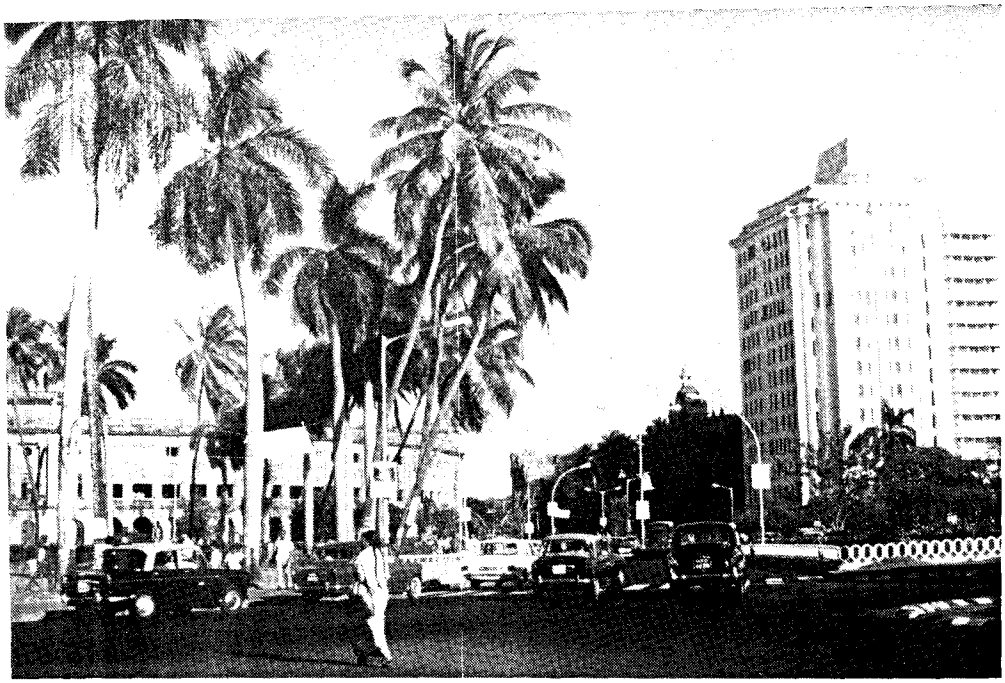

Diane Rawson: Photo Researchers

Old and New Bombay—"An antique chest in a room of chrome and glass."

Across the Gateway and Into the Curry

By Dena Kaye

Bombay, on the west coast of India, reaches out like a comforting arm into the warm Arabian Sea, a spit of land seeming to promise a snug harbor to those travelers who seek a landing on the subcontinent.

The sea that provides a byway between India and Africa brought trade to these latitudes long before the Roman Empire. Throughout the ages, spice riches have lured explorers and traders to India's shores. Europeans who came to conquer and modernize made Bombay one of Asia's largest seaports and commercial centers and earned the city its sobriquet, gateway to India.

Most of today's travelers arrive by air, as I did recently on Air India's 747, an airplane done up in the trappings of ancient India. Hostesses, in saris, served lamb *korma* (curried lamb) accompanied by seething-hot chili peppers, mango pickle, and salty lime rind—foods dancing with the spices that had enticed early explorers to set sail in search of a route to the East. If the fourteen-hour jet ride from Paris seemed long, I could only imagine the lengthy sea voyages of fifteenth-century Portuguese adventurers, the first foreign arrivals of modern times. Bombay wasn't even a city then, but seven small islands. Given to England by Portugal as a dowry when Charles II married Catherine of Braganza in 1662, the dots of land were later connected by the British East India Company, giving Bombay its recognizable shape.

Driving in from Santa Cruz airport, today's visitor sees tent settlements—monochromatic, covered with dirt—set up on rented land along the side of the road. Behind the tents rise four- and five-story government housing colonies, filled to capacity, their paint steamed off by year-round heat. Children come up to the car window, putting their fingers toward their mouth. Does the passer-by have five paisas for food?

Poverty is the basis of most Westerners' imaginings about Bombay and about India in general. The deficiencies, the contradictions can hardly be denied or overlooked, but the land, all the same, is a treasure of a 5000-year-old-civilization. Its relics, castes, languages, religions, customs—even its contemporary dynamism—are India's true fascination.

What startles one in Bombay is the modern look of the city, reaching upward with more than forty skyscrapers. Red double-decker buses, recalling colonial days of the British raj, carry men and women in Western dress or in Indian attire—cotton pants and *kurtas* (loose-fitting shirts), or saris. Passengers on the second level peer over cars whose horns make background music for the city streets. In Bombay, people say, you need nerve and a horn to drive.

Modern shopping centers are conveniently located, but markets, bazaars, and shops selling *chappals* (Indian sandals) and saris make the colorful economic belly of Bombay. At Crawford's Market, pyramids of oranges, mangoes, and red bananas rise from eye-level platforms, the perfume of their skin drawn out by the heat. A salesman in a white *dhoti* perches between mounds of eggplant, piles of tawny cinnamon and blazing turmeric, and pots and pans. Outside, chickens swing in straw baskets, and birds cluster in cages. A child with a stolen pineapple escapes through a clutch of goats.

From the heights of Malabar Hill, a plush residential section, Bombay resembles Rio with its curving harbor. And yet viewed up close, Bombay cannot reward the eye with Rio's grace. Almost half a century ago, Aldous Huxley observed that Bombay had the misfortune to develop in "perhaps the darkest period of architectural history, 1860–1900." But in truth the fussy neo-Gothic designs of the Victoria Railway Station, the Prince of Wales Museum, and the university, out of place as they may seem in this humid clime, are the foundation of the metropolis. They hold the city down like an antique chest in a room of contemporary chrome and glass; they contrast with the cold, smooth marble façade of the new All-India radio and TV facility, the shiny new hotels, the skyscrapers.

Tallest of the towers—indeed, the highest building in India—is the new Oberoi-Sheraton. The opening of Oberoi's 462 rooms recently set off a gala reminiscent of a Hollywood premiere. Film stars flew in from abroad; once-powerful maharajas, government officials, and members of the Delhi-Jaipur-Bombay social axis swirled for a long weekend through fancy parties and dined in India's first Polynesian restaurant. They might even have summoned the services of a familiar figure in Indian society, the resident palmist.

Strangely out of place in the spectacle was the man largely responsible for the new hotel, Mohan Singh Oberoi, inevitably called the Conrad Hilton of India. Horatio Alger stories are about as uncommon in India as Hindu beefeaters. Certainly they surprise most people who picture India as the home of the strug-

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gling farmer, not the successful capitalist. Nevertheless, the farmer's son from what is now Pakistan got his first job fifty-two years ago as a $5.50-a-week hotel clerk. He built his career as a hotelier with uncanny foresight, perseverance, and imagination. Today, at seventy-three, he is a member of Parliament and the chairman of the board of East India Hotels, Ltd., a company worth $30 million. Oberoi Hotels of India operates fourteen outposts (eleven in India), stretching from Cairo in the west to far-afield Fiji in the east.

Families of great wealth have contributed to the pivotal industrial and cultural position of Bombay. One India watcher says the economic growth today is comparable to a similar development of two American periods, the robber-baron era of the late nineteenth century and FDR's New Deal.

The Tatas hold first-family status in India. They are leading members of Bombay's Parsee community, whose forebears fled Muslim persecution in Persia. The founding father of the Tata dynasty, Jamsetji Nasarwanji Tata, began the steel and iron industries in India and initiated the project to harness monsoon waters for hydroelectric power, making possible the development of many new industries. Tata's enormous hydroelectric plants near Bombay generate power for the city's bustling industry.

Today's reigning Tata, J.R.D., has further developed the steel, heavy chemicals, and hydroelectric industries. Sometimes looked upon as a Lindbergh and a Rockefeller rolled into one, he also started Air India and built the Taj Mahal Hotel, which is more like a fine home with exquisite antiques than a commercial hostelry. The hotel's profits funnel into the Tata Cancer Research Institute. He is currently sponsoring the Tata Center for the Performing Arts, a cultural enclave similar to New York's Lincoln Center and the Music Center in Los Angeles.

MAHARAJAS, those romanticized rulers now in eclipse in India, are joining the business community, too. Their inherited political power and privileges have been removed by law. "My ancestors were rulers; now we must be businessmen," says a twenty-five-year-old maharaja still living in his pink sandstone palace, which he calls "an oversized Taj Mahal, built in 1929—our last big blast."

The maharaja of Baroda, whose family once ranked among the richest in India, is making the adjustment with ease. His business ventures include partnerships with Mitsubishi (Japan's economic giant) to develop textiles and with an Italian firm to make synthetic fiber. Onetime minister of health in his own state of Gujarat, he continues to show interest in this area as a member of the Smithsonian Institution committee on population control, and he is a member of Parliament. He has written a book, *Palaces of India,* with text and photographs of palaces belonging to India's princes and plans to turn his abode, which is "twice the size of Buckingham Palace," into a cultural arts center.

It is the many industry-oriented families, combining their expertise with Indian diligence, that are making Bombay India's fastest-growing industrial center. More than 3000 manufacturing facilities operate in the area, some using energy

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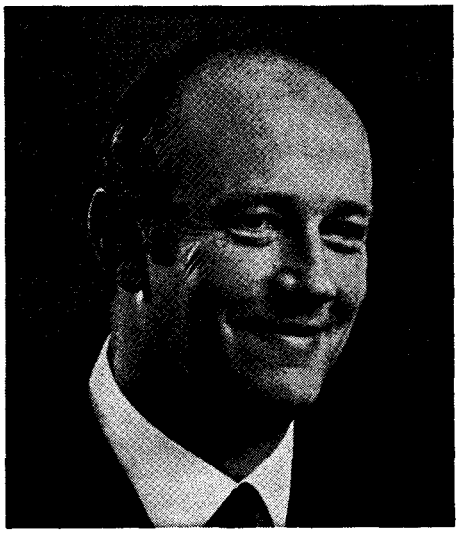
Tom Letham would be surprised if a herd of elephants wandered through his lobby.



Tom Letham manages the Nairobi Hilton. Only an elephant would consider it off the beaten path. For people, it's right where you'll want to be—ideally located for launching a camera safari, or for business in East Africa.

But the only big game Tom sees is in the authentic African art that decorates the hotel. Or the photos you're going to bring back from your visit to the nearby wildlife preserves.

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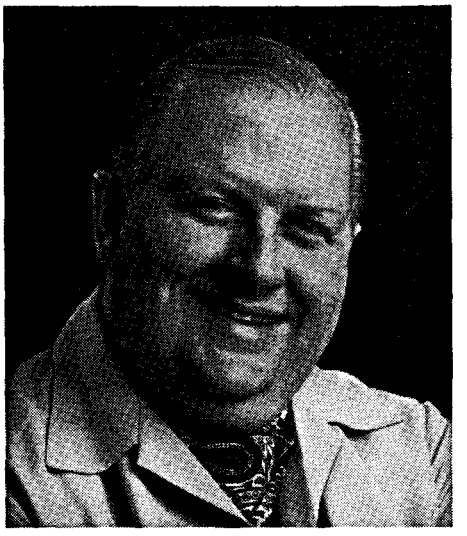
The Nairobi Hilton. It's full of surprises. But elephants aren't one of them.

John Coapman will be surprised if they don't.



John Coapman manages the Taita Hills and Salt Lick Game Lodges, 200 miles from Nairobi, 135 miles from Mombasa. Anyone but an elephant, or John Coapman, would consider it off the beaten path. John's experience in the area and his knowledge of wild animals and birds make him feel very much at home. Meanwhile, you'll feel at home on the all-weather highway that takes you there.

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Gervais Ramanitra of the Madagascar Hilton:
As Personnel Manager, he makes sure the service is as fine as the food, which is considered to be the finest in Tananarive, capital of the Malagasy Republic. The hotel with its pool and 15th-floor Casino overlooks Lake Anosy, yet it's a 5-minute ride from the centre of the city.

When's the last time you stayed with people who care?
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HILTON INTERNATIONAL

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from a nuclear power plant. Bombay's products include chemicals, cars, pharmaceutical goods, spices, and incense; the city is also a financial capital.

Historically, Bombay has been the cotton and textile core of the country. The first cotton mills appeared as long ago as 1850, and they thrived during the American Civil War. With the collapse of the Confederate states, Bombay's economy was rattled to its toes. Today, Bombay still commands the textile industry. Clothes made here sell under such well-known labels as Van Heusen, Manhattan, even Pierre Cardin. One manufacturer estimates that there is a 200 percent markup on goods sold in elegant New York stores.

What "mad money" the majority of people possess is less likely to be spent on material goods than at the movies, however. It is said that people will see the same film fifty times, even using money apportioned for food, to seek some pleasurable distraction from the gray errands of life. Television is new and costly, so Bombay still depends on movies.

The film business in India ranks as the second largest in the world, after that of Japan producing some 400 films a year in Hindi. Various film institutes, including one in nearby Poona, have begun to train young technicians and actors. Important film stars often make thirty movies annually, working on two or three productions at one time. Helen, whose flashy, provocative dances have been described as "a folk art of vitality and color," may well be the busiest superstar, having made more than 500 films since 1957. She compares the glamorous Hollywood of the Thirties to today's Indian film world.

Bombay's industrial energy attracted many of her 6 million inhabitants who came to the big city as adventurers once flocked to New York. Nine major languages and more than fifty dialects are spoken in Bombay. While New York's ethnic pools are beginning to eddy into a conglomerate sea, Goans, Gujaratis, Parsees, Sindhis, Marwaris, Punjabis, and South Indians still live and work in well-defined areas of Bombay.

SOME OF THE polyglot population will live in New Bombay. This model city being designed by town planners, traffic experts, sociologists, and landscape artists will eventually hold 2 million people. Not unlike Bombay's seven islands of old, New Bombay is built on a land-fill area. It sits near the harbor, shadowed by the Gateway to India, the monumental arch built to commemorate the visit of King George V.

The whole area suggests the development of Bombay. Here is the seed, the harbor; the flower, a city that grew under colonized care; the pollen, prosperity spread to build a modern city.

Bombay is indeed a place to begin an odyssey into the subcontinent. Today's travelers may no longer be lured by the promise of cinnamon, cloves, and pepper, as were the Phoenician sailors of King Solomon's empire, but there are storied corners to discover in Bombay that give a sense of the whole Indian mosaic, each with its touch of tradition, its twentieth-century veneer.

Tucked away behind the copper marketplace is a street where the activity revolves around polishing and printing fabrics. Men carry plum- and lime- and cherry-colored bundles of cloth on their heads. Others sit cross-legged, a bolt of

(Continued on page 76.)

Itzhak Perlman, take a bow.

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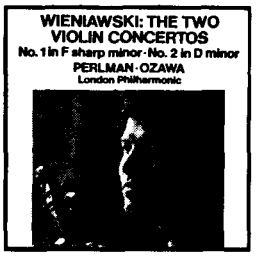

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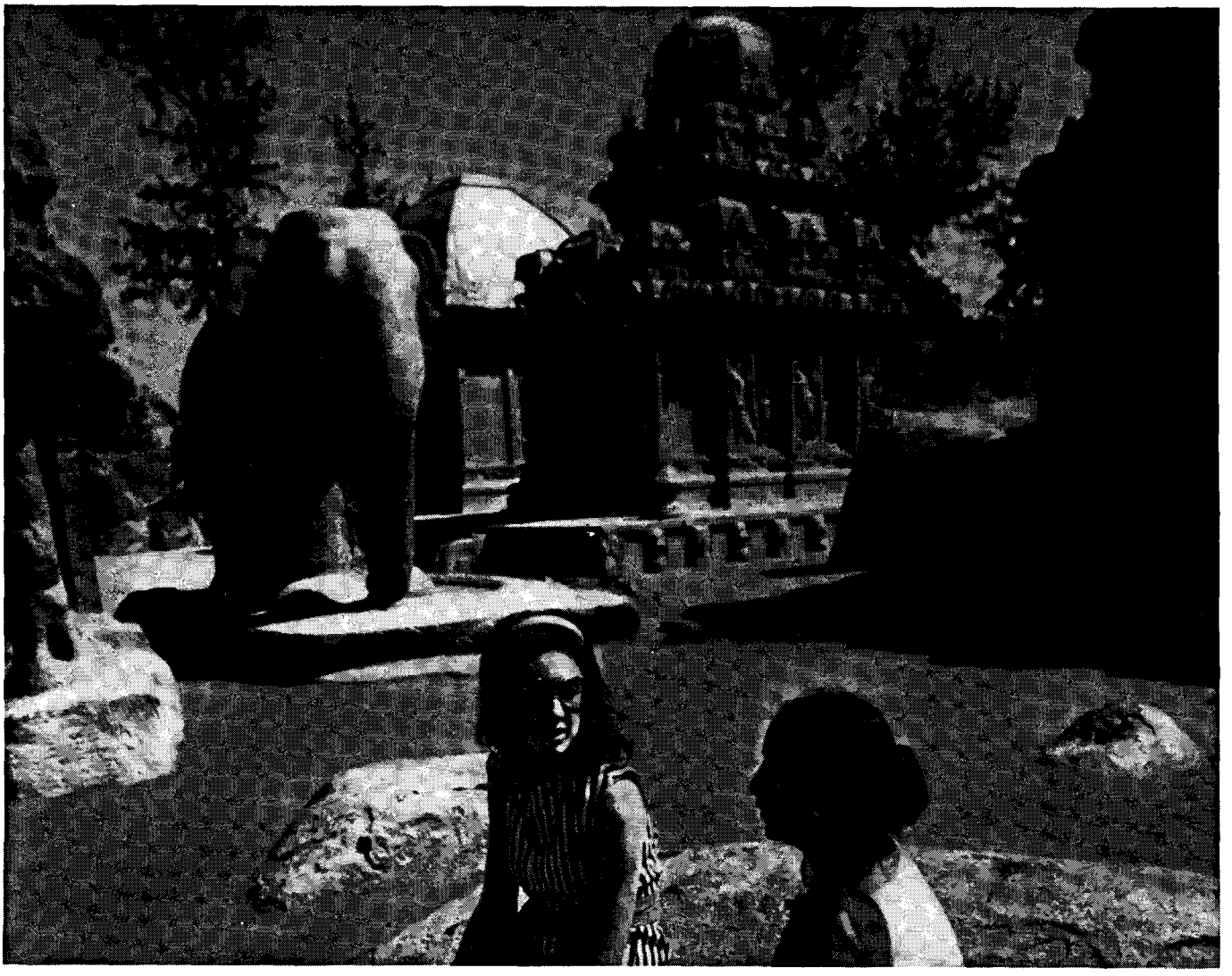

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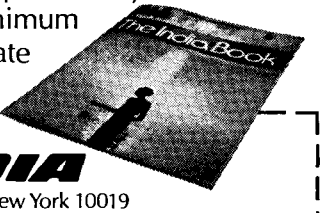

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Brother Timothy F.S.C.

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(Continued from page 74.)

cloth rolled out at their feet, spraying water through their teeth to polish the cotton. Others dip wooden blocks in a thin dye and stamp the patterns on the material. Finished bolts of cloth line the walls of specialty shops—Kalaniketan is a famous one—their weights and designs as varied as a Baskin-Robbins ice-cream chart.

In another part of town Chor Bazaar, or Thieves' Market, offers a hodgepodge of merchandise jammed into stalls spread over several blocks. It is both a place of business and a home for the entrepreneurs. A shopper could rebuild a 1956 Chevrolet, reclaim a stolen hubcap, or furnish a house with English antiques.

Jhaveri, the jewelry bazaar, is better organized than the Thieves' Market. Shops, some with glassed-in display cases, line one side of the street. Others haven't any merchandise and, to an unseasoned eye, might appear abandoned. In one such shell a man whose facial grooves revealed his age pulled out a gray gunny sack. He reached in with both hands, as one would to toss a salad, and brought out masses of silver—antique belts, bracelets, necklaces. No matter how detailed the workmanship may be, the price of each piece is determined by weighing it on a pint-sized set of scales.

While one proceeds without caution in the markets, myths about Indian food might dull the curiosity and limit appreciation of a cuisine as varied as the Chinese. In Bombay one should include such specialties of the realm as Goan and Parsee dishes.

Mutton kababs and chicken are roasted in an outdoor oven at Talk of the Town. The best chicken *makhanwalla* (chicken in butter) is served at Ali Baba, a bistro wallpapered in worn Arabian murals. In modern Bombay the elegant restaurants in the Oberoi-Sheraton and the Taj Mahal hotels can produce Gallic gastronomy almost with the flair of France. Sheraton thought about importing Kobe beef from Japan for its Nipponese restaurant but reconsidered after being quoted a price of $17.50 per pound. Should Mother India's culinary tastes be shaded by these gastronomic importations, the nearest betel nut is no farther than the *paanwalla*—the betel nut man—on the street corner, his presence as certain as that of the Good Humor man who rings his bell in Middle America. □

(This is the first article in a two-part series on India.)

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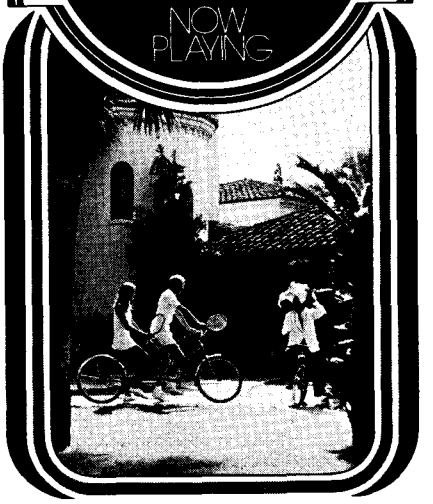

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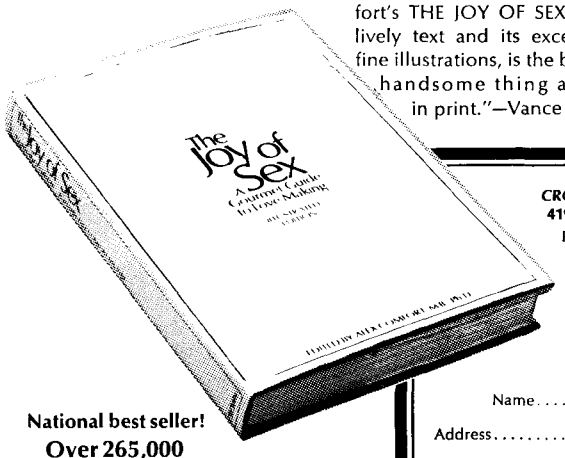

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Michael Gold

Arturo Di Filippi—"Attracted some of the most celebrated singers of his time."

Music on Miami's Coral Strand

By Irving Kolodin

Miami

The musician describing a new project in Miami was an old friend. Hence I could ask him bluntly: "Who is going to pay for it?" When he replied, "The local Medici," I realized that his had not been a wasted life. He was well versed in the premise that however synonymous money may be with art in general, money and the performance of music on the scale of Miami's Grand Opera Guild and Philharmonic are indivisible.

Miami has, of course, been identified with money and lavish spending for years, but it is only in the last decade or so that it has become identified with a musical establishment of national quality. What has brought this about?

The answer could begin with a reference to Flagler Street, Miami's main east–west thoroughfare. Of itself, Flagler Street commemorates the very fact of Miami's existence. Henry M. Flagler was long on enterprise but short on means when he became the third man in the trinity of Rockefeller, Andrews, and Flagler, a firm founded in Cleveland in the 1870s to refine oil. A visit by the now affluent Flagler to Florida in 1878 convinced him there was money to be made in the hotel and real estate business on the East Coast. Rather than waiting for some other entrepreneur to provide the all-important transportation, Flagler created the Florida East-Coast Railroad. From a standing start in 1885, it crept southward to bring the first train into Miami in 1896.

This is as much a part of Miami's lore as Flagler Street. What is not a part of Miami's lore is the Flagler identity with music. That is because his only son and heir, Harry Harkness Flagler, put a sizable part of his inherited wealth into Walter Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra. He was for fifteen years its sole supporter. When he withdrew his support in 1928, the orchestra was merged with the New York Philharmonic and is remembered only as a nominal part of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society, which funds the orchestra conducted by Pierre Boulez.

To a degree today's Maurice Gusman and the concert hall that bears his name reflect a similar pyramiding of means. Gusman, now eighty-seven, also made his first fortune in Ohio, but in Akron rather than Cleveland, and in rubber rather than oil. He became a capitalist in the 1930s after importing machinery from Germany that made him wealthy by the manufacture of rubber contraceptives. He prospered in this pre-Pill period particularly through government contracts to supply the military with prophylactics during World War II. At war's end he sold out and moved to Miami, presumably to a life of ease and leisure. But he saw values in real estate that others didn't, making another fortune or two.

Like Flagler, Gusman has a son and heir. Here, however, the resemblance ends. Gusman's son, Robert, lives and works in Miami, and the family money is spent, in large part, where it was made. This shift of emphasis is typical of a community whose economy has expanded from the seasonal to the annual and where wealth flows in and is siphoned out as well. Not a little of the wealth has been brought in by permanent residents who are unrelated—except by antipathy—to the gaudy halls of the beach hotels or the jungle beat of the music fed by Miami's numerous Spanish-language radio stations to the restless citizens of "Little Havana."

Additionally, a sizable amount of the wealth that distinguishes the riches of today's Miami from yesterday's has been intellectual and artistic rather than monetary. Miami has a flourishing opera enterprise and an expanding orchestra today, in large part because it has a University of Miami (in Coral Gables) that was founded in 1926. The university has a well-staffed school of music, which gave hospitality to a pair of disciplined zealots named Volpe and Di Filippi.

Arnold Volpe was a prominent member of New York's Russian-born musical community in the World War I period. Indeed, he conducted the first outdoor symphony concert ever given in Lewisohn Stadium. He migrated south in the mid-Twenties and organized the University of Miami Symphony Orchestra in 1926. It grew, as the community developed, from twenty-five players to full symphony size (by utilizing faculty, students, and others) by the time of his death in 1940. The orchestra did not attain full professional status until the university withdrew its underwriting in 1963, putting the problem of support squarely to the community.

Arturo Di Filippi was in his late thirties when he chose Miami, in 1939, as a haven because of a lung complaint that was making life in the North precarious. An Italian by birth and a tenor by trade, Di Filippi found not only a new career (as a teacher) in the university but also the co-workers to put on *Pagliacci* in 1941. No mere entrepreneur, Di Filippi engaged himself not only to sing Canio but also for return engagements as Alfredo, Don José, and Manrico in the *Traviata, Carmen,* and *Trovatore* that followed year by year. When he was able, in 1947, to persuade the world-famous Tito Schipa to sing Almaviva in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia,* he was off and running toward real community support. Similar powers of persuasion enabled him to attract some of the most celebrated singers of the time to Miami before his death in 1972. His most cherished footnote to history will record that Luciano Pavarotti, today's premier Italian tenor, made his American debut,

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not in New York, Chicago, or San Francisco, but in Miami in 1965, as Edgard to Joan Sutherland's Lucia.

The Miami Philharmonic began its rise to the ranks of major symphonies when young Alain Lombard, a Mitropoulos Competition winner in 1966, succeeded Sevitzky as conductor in 1967. He has brought vitality, youth, musical competence, and no little magnetism to Miami. Among those he has magnetized has been Gusman, who was impelled by Lombard's drive and determination to invest nearly $4 million to acquire and convert the old Olympia Theater into a very usable concert hall seating 1700.

With a budget now totaling $1.2 million annually and the forthcoming season including such works as the Verdi *Requiem* and Mahler's Second Symphony, the Miami Philharmonic requires a strong, steady surge of new subscriptions if it is to survive and flourish. To build such support the directors have engaged Hubert Scott, formerly of Indianapolis. "What this situation requires," he said recently, "is experience, background in management, and a knowledge of the field that recent incumbents haven't possessed."

He might have had in mind the fiasco that beset the first "gala" season of the Philharmonic in Gusman Hall. The orchestra's public relations got into the hands of promotional types who fostered a campaign for "Sym-fans" on the order of the "Dol-fans" who support the Dolphins, Miami's championship professional football team. The likening of choice locations in the symphony's new Byzantine splendors to fifty-yard-line seats in the Orange Bowl produced some results among the Miami Medici pressured to invest in the opening (and the season to follow) at $1000 a seat. It also produced embarrassing rows of empty seats when the ticket holders failed to show for later concerts.

After Di Filippi's death, the former Metropolitan Opera basso Lorenzo Alvary was engaged as his successor. When it was reported that the guild's principal patron had decided that her support would not be forthcoming while Alvary was on the scene, his retirement was all but confirmed.

Some fast verbal footwork produced, at short notice, an acceptable successor to coincide with Alvary's departure in July 1973. Recognizing that the end of Sir Rudolf Bing's tenure with the Metropolitan had also meant the end of employment for some of his closest

John Pineda

Robert Herman—*"Creating a workable surrounding for opera in Miami."*

associates, James Gerity, Jr. (whose wife is president of the Opera Guild) cast his net for the youngest, most managerially experienced of them, Robert Herman. At the Met, Herman was the official who said no to company members looking for permission to take engagements elsewhere, which did not add to his popularity. But his acquisition is clearly of formidable advantage to Miami's operatic future.

At an interview in the highly functional headquarters that Di Filippi had persuaded his constituency to create out of a former furniture emporium, Herman asserted: "I only agreed to sit in for the 1973-74 season to permit the board to find a permanent director, but I have already been invited to stay on as long as I want." To judge from his enthusiasm for a plan that would convert the Miami Beach Auditorium into a workable surrounding for opera and add 1000 seats to the capacity now available in its present home, Herman is inclined to stay around for a while.

He is, however, not looking to expand immediately the company's seasonal schedule, with its $650,000 budget. Rather, he says,

> I'd like to improve the look of the stage by borrowing complete productions from San Diego, Dallas, and other American companies, rather than depending on the odds and ends of scenery from Italy formerly in use here. I'd also like to build up the educational activities of the guild, evolve a workshop capacity that would enable us to create our own secondary personnel, and develop "family opera" to enlarge the guild's potential public.

Like Scott, Herman is bent on exploiting all the assets that have made Miami a year-round metropolis rather than a seasonal resort. According to the opera's artistic director, Dr. Emerson Buckley, who has conducted opera from Ellenville in the Catskills to Central City in the Rockies and is now firmly fixed on the flat surface of Fort Lauderdale, "We are getting more and more refugees from the metropolitan rat race, at a younger and younger age." How, he was asked, do they supplement earnings possible in the time span of the opera's or the Philharmonic's present seasons? "There's a lot of work," he says. "Some teach; others have studio jobs, like those in the Jackie Gleason TV series, or jobs in neighboring communities."

Can it be said, then, that Miami's climate—in the broadly sociological as well as the narrowly meteorological sense—is conducive to a major musical development such as does not exist in any other "resort city" here or abroad? The subjective reasons for saying yes are simple: Thousands of non-Floridians who make up the permanent population have brought their northern city-bred habits with them. Visiting artists fare well, and the best draw capacity audiences.

A more objective conclusion can be derived from a current development. The New York Philharmonic will have, when the top-rated Rafael Druian retires at the end of the present season, a new concertmaster, Eliot Chapo. He is a twenty-seven-year-old native of Miami, whose father (Joseph) played the violin well enough to indoctrinate his offspring in the instrument. When the child showed uncommon aptitude, there was already on the Miami scene (in 1957) a refugee from the urban North capable of guiding his future. Eugene Dubois had been concertmaster of a half-dozen American orchestras—among them, those of the Metropolitan and Chicago operas—before becoming concertmaster of the University of Miami Symphony in 1950. Like other, later arrivals identified by Buckley, he was also a capable teacher, who prepared Chapo for advanced training at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. Chapo has since gone on to positions with the Los Angeles and Pittsburgh orchestras, en route to the Philharmonic—a demanding post never before filled by so young a musician.

Educational leadership, a receptive public, and the financial means to make the most of both are classical elements of a cultural composite uniquely American. Their concurrence in Miami is writing the latest but hardly the last chapter in a still unfolding history. □

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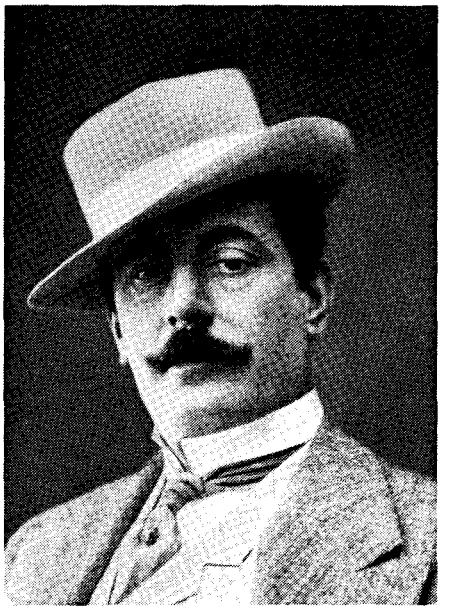
Record Notes

PUCCINI: LA BOHÈME: Mirella Freni, Elizabeth Harwood, Luciano Pavarotti, et al.; Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan, cond. London, two LPs, $11.98.

The temptation at this juncture to fiddle around with *La Bohème* must be almost irresistible. Fortunately, neither the man on the podium nor the men in the control room succumbed to it while making this new recording. It is a notably unfussy *Bohème,* quite free from questionable "effects." Rarely does one hear the familiar score in a performance of such scrupulous purity. (One lovely example among many: the hushed, pianissimo entry of soprano and orchestra on the phrase *"ma quando vien lo sgelo"* in Mimi's first-act aria, a quivering understatement seldom encountered in the opera house.) Yet with all the conductor's keen regard for Puccini's markings, this is a far from rigid or antiseptic account of the opera. It moves with an easy ebb and flow, pulls no dramatic punches, and is appropriately indulgent to the vocal largess of its splendid singers.

The singers are all exceptionally talented, but it is Pavarotti who shines the brightest in this constellation. I know of no other tenor today who so satisfyingly combines rock-solid vocal technique with such sensitive musicality and grace. His recorded Rodolfo belongs in the topmost echelon—which is to say that in this role Pavarotti stands comparison easily with Gigli and Bjoerling. Mirella Freni's engaging, vulnerable, waiflike Mimi should ideally be seen as well as heard. This is not to derogate the limpid charm of her singing here but merely to suggest that there is more to her characterization than meets the ear alone. Elizabeth Harwood is a sympathetic, blessedly unstrident Musetta, Rolando Panerai a suave if somewhat dry-toned Marcello, and Nicolai Ghiaurov an admirably mellow Colline. It goes without saying that the Berlin Philharmonic rises to the occasion with predictable silky sheen and impeccable ensemble.

Although there is nothing that can eclipse the ardent vitality of Toscanini's *Bohème* or the chiseled elegance of Beecham's, both dating from the mono era, the new recording by von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic is certainly now the preferred version in stereo. How lucky we record listeners are to have all three at our beck.



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Giacomo Puccini—"His familiar score moves with an easy ebb and flow."

•

THE MAGNIFICENT MELCHIOR: Lauritz Melchior, tenor. Seraphim, two LPs, $5.96.

Here's richness: two hours of early Melchior, 1926–1935, taken from EMI's archives. If only the transfers were of uniform quality, there would be cause for undiluted rejoicing. As it is, the good intentions of this memorial to the late great Dane have been partly frustrated by indifferent execution.

The rarest material in this album fortunately comes off best: a stunning account of Siegfried's Narration and Death from *Götterdämmerung,* Act 3; Tannhäuser's Rome Narrative and Rienzi's Prayer (the latter, however, inferior to Melchior's 1942 version for Columbia); Tristan's *"Wie sie selig"* from *Tristan,* Act 3; and three excerpts from *Lohengrin,* including a portion of the 1926 Parlophone version of the Bridal Scene with the soprano Emmy Bettendorf (a more forward and ingratiating recording than Melchior's later Victor version with Kirsten Flagstad—what a pity that Seraphim gives us only the first of five sides). As if these Wagnerian treasures were not enough, the collection also contains arias from *Pagliacci, L'Africaine,* and *Otello*—each one fabulous, despite the impediment of German texts.

All the above-mentioned material is new to LP, and most of it has been transferred expertly from the 78-rpm originals. The remainder has appeared before on earlier LP reissues, and the transfers range from acceptable *(Tristan* Love Duet, with Frida Leider) to mediocre *(Siegfried* Forging Scene) to downright awful (conclusion of *Die Walküre,* Act 1, with Lotte Lehmann). Even so, don't be deterred. Melchior was one of a kind, and in this compilation he is heard scaling the peaks.

•

SCHUMANN: PIANO QUINTET IN E-FLAT: Flonzaley Quartet; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, piano. RCA, two LPs, $11.98.

The Flonzaley Quartet flourished at a time when chamber music was as much a vehicle for private pleasure as for public performance. Originally formed in 1902 at the behest of a Swiss-American banker to provide musical soirees at his homes in New York City and on Lake Geneva, the quartet eventually "went public" and became celebrated on the international concert circuit. But wherever the Flonzaleys performed, their polished and meticulous style seemed always to emanate from a well-appointed drawing room.

After twenty-seven years together, the group disbanded in 1929 (an appropriate termination year for an ensemble founded on private munificence). By then, they had made a number of Victor recordings, three of which are included here. In addition to the Schumann work listed above, the album contains the Brahms Piano Quintet in F Minor (with Harold Bauer) and a previously unissued recording of Haydn's *Lark* Quartet, Op. 64, No. 5. The latter is not particularly distinguished, and the Brahms betrays its early-electric (December 1925) origins, particularly at the joins between sides. But in the Schumann the sound is altogether adequate, and the interpretation—at once rapturous and refined—is one for the ages. Informative jacket annotations come from Irving Kolodin, who as a student heard the Flonzaleys "live" at their farewell concert.

ROLAND GELATT

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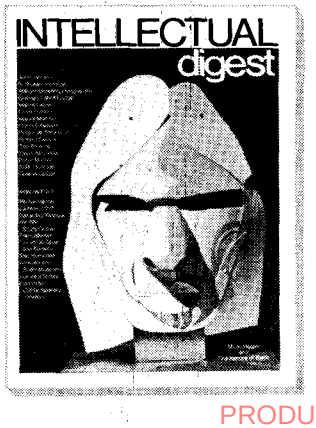

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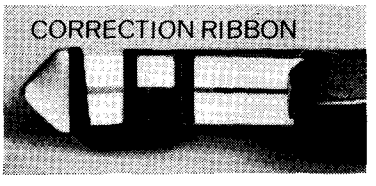

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:01 Press cartridge release.

:02 Cartridge snaps out.

:03 Snap in another cartridge.

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Culver Pictures

Hans Holbein "Dead Christ in the Tomb" (detail)—"It is not death alone we see."

Through the Eyes of Mark Tobey

By Katharine Kuh

On a serene autumn Sunday two years ago I was in Basel, visiting the American artist Mark Tobey, who has been living in that Swiss city for a number of years. We were on our way to the Kunstmuseum, located only a few blocks from his house. At the time Tobey was recovering from a rather severe illness but, even so, insisted on walking. Before I knew what had happened, he was sitting on the pavement, caressing a small wounded bird that was lying there terrified and limp. He crooned to it and, finally having picked it up, smoothed its feathers gently as he reassured the tiny creature. Passers-by were amazed to see this frail, white-bearded old man squatting on the sidewalk resuscitating a bird. For him it was more than a bird. In the bright sunlight its small body quivered under iridescent layers of feathers, not unlike certain passages in Tobey's paintings. After some coaxing, the bird established itself on the lower limb of a nearby tree, and we continued toward the museum.

The visit to the Basel Kunstmuseum with Tobey was a special bonus for me. At the time he was probably the oldest (born 1890) important American painter still working at top form and, in addition, he was a brilliant, if unorthodox, critic. His letters, written lucidly and often devoted to his work or that of others, are alive with non-academic insights and are illuminated by a strong personal bias. Established reputations mean nothing to him; he responds to works of art only in terms of reactions filtered through his own refined perceptions. Any hint of violence or overemotional exaggeration bores him.

As a cinema buff he has the same sharply individualistic approach. I remember, when he lived briefly in New York, how much he relished the movies, but never in relation to accepted rules. If he liked only a single episode, that was enough. I particularly recall a documentary on African wildlife that he sat through repeatedly, seemingly hypnotized by the elegant rhythm of the animals. Story sequences, plots, and sociological content have little to do with his criteria, which result, rather, from an acutely selective eye, able to extract rich deposits from even second-rate films. He looks at paintings with the same penetration and remains to this day one of the few distinguished artists I know who can evaluate their own work objectively.

This is not to say that, despite numerous honors and considerable fame, especially in Europe, he is free from those nagging doubts that hound most artists. Often worried about the public reception of his paintings, he sometimes bases approval on flimsy symptoms. For instance, as we continued our walk he told me that his finest large painting (he often works in small dimensions) was hanging in the Basel museum, having been purchased by that institution only a few years earlier. He claimed it as his masterpiece. What upset him was the Kunstmuseum's failure to make a post-card reproduction of it to be sold at the front door. After I saw the picture, I understood why this was quite impossible. Large and elusive, it depends on the most subtle interweaving of color, light, and poetically charged fragments. Everything is in flux, sliding over a shifting yet carefully organized substructure. One feels that the painting will not date because it seems organically rooted in nature's own dynamics. It could no more be compressed into post-card vision than could the sea or sky.

When previously I visited the Basel museum, I was impressed with its extraordinary Holbein collection and its extensive group of early cubist paintings by Braque and Picasso. As a rabid art-museum addict, I ordinarily prefer to indulge my habit alone, finding it tedious to share intense enthusiasm with companions who respond on different wave lengths from mine. Looking at works of art can be almost as private a preoccupation as making old-fashioned love. However, to have Tobey as a cicerone was rewarding; to see through his eyes was to see better his work and that of artists for whom he felt a close affinity.

Together we first went to the contemporary American gallery, where large paintings by Kline, Rothko, various other abstract expressionists, and Tobey were on view. Although considerably older than most of these artists (many had died prematurely), Tobey dominated the group with a canvas produced in his late years. It was not size that made it the pivotal work there, for the other canvases were equally large and often more aggressive; it was density—the density of forces slowly unwinding and emerging.

While we were sitting on a bench, studying the picture, a young hippie came loping into the room. He could have claimed any nationality, what with dirty jeans, mops of hair, and guileless face. He turned out to be an American who made a careful survey of the paintings, ultimately settling on Tobey's. Here was Tobey telling me there was no post card, and there was the boy emoting over the picture. He kept saying, "Terrific!" and the artist was definitely not displeased. I think it gave Tobey considerable satis-

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faction to realize he could create a composition of impressive dimensions that still retains the complicated interplay of his smaller works. He told me he had spent more time on this canvas than on any other, and indeed it is a marvel of intricate and mysterious elaboration. One becomes lost in the maze of its wanderings.

From the modern American gallery, the artist zigzagged around the museum until he found the room devoted to Konrad Witz, a fifteenth-century Swiss master little known in America and rarely seen here, yet a painter of total purity. Where else in late medieval art can one encounter a more moving scene than his version of Christopher tenderly carrying the Christ child? Tobey was enthralled not so much by the peasantlike, stunted figures of Witz as by their complete religious involvement. Himself long a believer in the Bahai faith, Tobey relies on a kind of metaphysical unity in both his work and life. His paintings, I think, try to make oneness out of multiplicity. For Witz it was a simpler matter; he saw biblical revelations in terms of fifteenth-century daily life and, because of a strong emotional commitment, was able to transform familiar figures into symbols of compassionate fervor. No longer mundane Swiss peasants, they attained a glow of the supernatural.

The same is true of the Holbein painting that Tobey particularly admired, and it was to this German's gallery he next led me. Nowhere else in the world can one find such a comprehensive array of drawings and paintings by this artist. I sometimes wonder why a directory is not available specifying where the greatest concentrations of works by important masters can be found. One goes to Chicago and Paris for the impressionists, to Florence and Rome for Michelangelo, to Madrid for Bosch, to Vienna for Brueghel, to Rome for Caravaggio, to Amsterdam and Leningrad for Rembrandt, and certainly to Basel for Holbein. The latter is represented here by numerous portraits, climaxed by the renowned group study of his wife and children. Here, too, is his peerless *Dead Christ*.

It is hardly surprising that this taut image of death interests Tobey. How describe the emaciated figure, curiously interred in its horizontal, tomb-shaped canvas? How describe the intimation of dissolution so poignantly revealed here? Yet it is not death alone we see, for the elongated Christ gives off an otherworldly emanation, suggesting that the body was never entirely a matter of flesh and bones. When compared with the group portrait of Holbein's wife and children, the picture is no less realistic but far less materialistic.

In the room reserved for Picasso, Tobey confessed respect for the artist but added, "I've never really liked this fellow's work." He also skipped rapidly over certain brutal, early German paintings, considering them unnecessarily explicit. Although never a realist himself, he applauded the childlike realism of Konrad Witz, while deploring the sadism of certain German primitives whose tortured overstatements are uncomfortably reminiscent of modern concentration-camp techniques. As for Picasso, Tobey recognizes the man's greatness and wide influence; yet he personally is not drawn to much of the Spaniard's output after the early cubist days. It is Braque he prefers. "Now there's a fellow I do like," he said. The distinction he draws between these two famous artists is a reliable barometer of Tobey's esthetic philosophy, a philosophy he has consistently followed in his own work, which, as a rule, is based on abstract metaphors.

Braque's muted color gradations, organized in sonorous compositions, are never shocking, nor do they clamor for attention. They exist in a lyrical world sealed off from the violence of daily life. Picasso, on the other hand, was at his best when trumpeting strong passions. His bold innovations were born of explosive conflicts. Where Tobey looks for poetry, Picasso produced turmoil; where Tobey looks for reticence, Picasso declaimed in a manner so grand as to revolutionize our thinking. It is interesting that both Braque and Picasso were basically products of their homelands—Braque with his classical sense of Gallic order and Picasso steeped in a long tradition of tempestuous Spanish invention.

Tobey's vision, however, does not stem from the sturdy pragmatism of America; it is more the result of Oriental introspection. Tangible forces interest him less than impalpable ones. His paintings have to do, even if only obliquely, with the magnitude of nature, not the magnitude of man. His work, rarely insistent, must be slowly unraveled and savored. Pursuing such ephemeral ideas as the wind, the seasons, the weather, he transmutes these elements into a personal iconography that pulses in tidal sequences.

Some years ago Tobey was an outspoken devotee of Paul Klee, an artist who presumably influenced him at one time. On view during our museum tour were two galleries packed with small paintings by this modern Swiss artist, but Tobey was not entirely happy. "Too many, too many," he murmured rather sadly, and it is true that a plethora of Klees can take the edge off individual ones. Certain painters are at their best in concentrations, others in more isolated examples. Paul Klee—prestidigitator, master of the visual pun, specialist in small works of large meaning, humorist, and social commentator—belongs to the second category, and so, too, does Tobey. To see many works by either of them at one time can be frustrating, for their pictures must be looked *into* rather than looked at.

My wanderings at the Kunstmuseum with Tobey reinforced a conviction I have long held—that artists are often better critics than professional ones. Aware of what makes their own work tick, certain painters can identify more clairvoyantly with colleagues who react to parallel stimuli. Little affected by popular opinion or intellectual snobbism, these men are satisfied by the making of art and hence do not depend on criticism for personal aggrandizement. What they accept is as revealing and often as astute as what they reject. When criticism is impartial, it becomes little more than description. □

Bettmann Archive

Konrad Witz "St. Christopher" (detail) —"Symbols of compassionate fervor."

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"I Could Never Have Sex With Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband."

Restless Beds

By Hollis Alpert

I ran into him at a party, mid to late twenties, lots of hair on head and face. I knew him to be a writer of film-personality pieces and occasional reviews for outlets such as the Sunday film page of *The New York Times* and *The Village Voice*. "What is your opinion of *A Touch of Class?*" he asked me. To play that particular game well, you don't commit yourself too much in advance. Rashly, though, I reacted with praise for the film. Great performances by George Segal and Glenda Jackson. Clever writing and slick direction by Mel Frank.

"I hated it," he said.

Defenseless for the moment, I asked him why.

"Because," he said, "it's an immoral movie."

The film has been around for most of the summer and has been doing well. It deals with an adulterous situation between a married American employed in London and a rather liberated English divorcee, whose Italian husband has taken the cars and left her the children. The affair starts out blithely and "sensibly," gets involved when they find themselves in love, and ends with both sadder and perhaps slightly wiser.

"Immoral?" I asked. "In what way?"

"Dishonesty," he said.

"You mean the infidelity?"

"I mean the man's keeping the affair from his wife. She never knows. No exploration of what must be a lousy marital relationship."

THE PROPER PROCEDURE from his point of view, I gathered, would have been for the man to tell his wife that he had found Glenda Jackson irresistibly attractive and that it was necessary for him to make love to her and then rearrange his life accordingly. As it was, the film propagated the same old typical middle-class, middle-aged double standard, while also embodying a basically sexist attitude.

I reported the conversation to a woman friend who writes and lectures on the problems of women in contemporary society and who had seen the film in question. "I hope," she said fervently, "that if my husband were ever to get involved in a temporary situation of that kind, he would make damn *sure* not to tell me about it. I wouldn't want to know. Once I knew . . ." She sounded ominous.

What I was beginning to realize was that a rash of marital comedies in recent years has been raising questions that have bearing on current attitudes toward fidelity in marriage. Once the production code gave up its restrictions on subject matter, film makers were freer to deal with what was on their minds; and what was on their minds had much to do with sex in marriage. When the new era began is difficult to pinpoint precisely, but we might start with *The Graduate* and include films such as *Diary of a Mad Housewife, Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice, Carnal Knowledge, The Heartbreak Kid, Blume in Love,* and one just seen, the lengthily titled *I Could Never Have Sex With Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband.* The itch in these films doesn't appear every seven years; it is apparently ever-present. Nor are women immune.

Most of the films mentioned are funny and, if intended more or less seriously, usually have sharply humorous moments. But behind the humorous façade is the real problem: marriage, what to do about it, and how to deal with it.

So for the moment, let's ignore the humor and concentrate on just what is going on in these films. Remember Anne Bancroft in *The Graduate*? Viewed bleakly, Mrs. Robinson appears to us as a sexually frustrated housewife who for temporary surcease from the burden of a weak and alcoholic husband turns to the young college graduate, who is at loose ends for a summer. The affair she has with him is for the purpose of sex only; when sentiment and affection (on his part) enter, she retreats with alarm and fear. He has broken the ground rules. And when that same young man falls in love with her daughter, she can react only with fury and horror. Comedy? Hardly. It would take a legion of psychiatrists and psychoanalysts to heal Mrs. Robinson's psychic wounds.

Mrs. Robinson, the film makes clear, is on the wrong side of the generation gap. In *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice,* the four fairly young marrieds are making a valiant attempt to catch up with the under-thirty's. In their comfortable set too big a thing is being made of marital fidelity, and it's time to get with the new morality, which has to do with honesty in relationships. Bob and Carol, the more advanced of the two couples, spend a weekend in encounter therapy at Esalen and revise their attitudes accordingly—so much so that when Bob confesses an infidelity, Carol professes to be thrilled with the new dimension the confession has brought to their marriage. Naturally, she now has the same right of sexual freedom; and when she chooses her tennis pro for experiment, Bob must be a good sport about it.

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Many have accused the film of copping out, particularly the critics, some of whom apparently wanted the four main characters to work out their sexual problems in one grand group bash. As it was, the four got companionably into bed together but failed to cross what we might euphemistically call the line. But how did they happen to get into bed in the first place? You may remember that it was Alice, wife of Ted and the most repressed of the four, who made the suggestion out of anger with her husband, who had rashly confessed a sexual adventure. It had already been established that Ted's sex drive was stronger than Alice's, or at least more open, and that Alice had felt the need to see a psychiatrist because of her lack of sexual feelings.

The scene between Alice and the psychiatrist was one of the funniest in the film; yet a psychoanalyst friend of mine saw deeper and darker implications in Alice's behavior in the film. Her proposal to have a sex foursome, he thought, indicated a lesbian leaning, and he went so far as to say this was characteristic of women who participated in group sex. The assumption in the film, however, was that Alice was merely striking back at her husband and her friends, who were by then openly espousing something now called open marriage.

In *I Could Never Have Sex With . . .* (to use the short form of the title) there are also two youngish married couples, and they are sharing a summer house for a month in Martha's Vineyard. At a cocktail party they run into a couple called the De Vrooms, who, it is gossiped, "take Tuesday nights off from each other." In other words, the De Vrooms espouse the concept of open marriage and seem happy and well adjusted while doing so. The knowledge imparted to the two couples sets off a train of incidents, some very funny, as they tentatively explore new (for them) sexual possibilities in marriage. The film could just as easily have been called Marvin & Laura & Stanley & Mandy, and although Dan Greenberg's script all but leads them to wife swapping, it retreats in the nick of time. Again, some critics were ahead of them, terming the couples "square." The makers of the film would more likely regard them as typical and unlikely actively to work out their fantasies.

Curiously, the writers of both the above films originally had contemplated fantasy sequences in which each of the characters dreams or envisages a marital situation than runs counter to his usual behavior. The scenes were in the scripts but either not shot or cut out in the final versions. If, in fact, one of the fantasy sequences in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* had been left in, the charge of copping out might never have been made.

In the film the four are in bed together, but Bob, according to the script version, is involved in a daydream. All four are sitting around a breakfast table in Bob's home; and when their children enter, there is a scene of mad confusion as the young ones attempt to straighten out who their real parents are. Here's how the dialogue runs in the fantasy scene eliminated from the final print:

Jimmy (to Bob): I need thirty-five cents for hot lunch at school.

Bob: Ask your father.

Jimmy: I thought you were my daddy.

Alice: Jimmy! You know who your daddy is.

Jimmy: Well, you and Bob sleep in the same bed.

Alice: Just Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Bob: Ah, what's the difference. Here's your money, Jimmy. . . .

"The itch in these films doesn't appear every seven years; it is apparently ever-present."

Thus, the failure to cross that euphemistic line comes from Bob's recognition of the impracticalities involved in marital group sex if carried to a logical conclusion. It's all very well to say that if there is love between the parties, as one of the newer sex attitudes would have it, there is also morality; but what these four discover is that it doesn't work—and this is also the case in *I Could Never Have Sex With . . .*.

How sexual variety in modern marriage is treated is dependent, to a great degree, on the attitude of the authors of these films. In *Diary of a Mad Housewife* (screen-written by Eleanor Perry from a novel by Sue Kaufman) the protagonist is a married woman who rebels against the tyranny of a pettish, arrogant, dominating husband by having an affair with an even more arrogant, dominating, best selling author, whom she encounters at a cocktail party. The affair is as unsatisfactory as the marriage, and the woman eventually winds up in group therapy, attempting to work out her dilemma—whether to accept her marriage for what it is or leave for a liberated life, for which she is as yet unprepared. But the author's sympathies are clearly on the side of the wife (although the film was directed by Frank Perry), and she is seen as the victim of society's favoritism toward the male.

Blume in Love, a more recent film, does not weight the case against either sex. Blume, a successful lawyer in love with his charming, socially aware wife, has a quickie encounter with his black secretary, using his home for the commission of the crime. His wife, home early with a cold, catches him at it, upon which she walks right out of the marriage —this meaning, in California, that she gets the house and furnishings, while he moves to a rather dismal apartment. And the wife remains unforgiving as Blume strenuously attempts to regain her affections. He, on the other hand, is totally willing to overlook her domestic arrangement with an itinerant, unemployed folk singer, if only she will resume the marriage. Finally, unable to seduce his wife, he quite literally rapes her and gets her pregnant, after which she considers a return to the marriage.

This sequence of incidents has led to much discussion. I happened to be present at a conversation between Martin and Gail Stayden, the husband and wife producers of *I Could Never Have Sex With. . . .* Mrs. Stayden's view was that if Blume's wife had not already been ill at ease and unfulfilled in her marriage, she would have, after a time, forgiven what she referred to as "Blume's fantasy lapse." Mr. Stayden's view was that the wife lacked a sense of "inner security" and reacted out of blind panic and fear as well as wounded pride. He also felt that Blume's rape of his wife was due to his instinctive knowledge that the only way for him to regain his wife was to dominate her sexually.

However they are interpreted, the films unquestionably reveal a severe reevaluation of the traditional tenets of marriage. In each and every one, the partners are possessed of sexual fantasies that they reveal only under duress. The subject may be treated in comic terms, the characters may be played by delightfully funny people, but invariably the films contain an underlying and challenging seriousness, for within their limitations, they are attempting to deal truthfully with what they assume to be a continually vexing state of affairs. □

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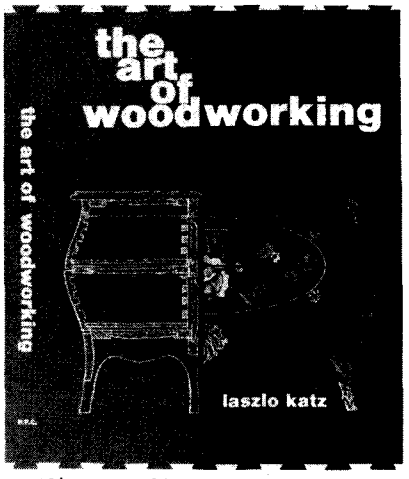

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Eye on Chess

Robert Byrne, slayer of dragons, also seems to be holding time at bay. At an age (forty-six) when many players find their game declining, he placed third in the Leningrad Interzonal Tournament, after Russian stars Karpov and Korchnoi, and qualified for the candidates' matches that will determine who plays Bobby Fischer for the world championship in 1975. Although Byrne has long been one of America's strongest grand masters—winning the U.S. Open Championship in 1960 and placing second in 1959 and 1961—this result at Leningrad was unexpected. Byrne, who has an amazing facility for self-criticism and evaluation, attributes his fine showing to two factors: the rigorous analytical discipline his *New York Times* chess column demands and the new control he has over his nerves. "Chess used to be a terrible strain for me," he said recently. "But now I seem to remain much cooler and more objective. I don't know the reason, but I do know that I was the coolest player by far at Leningrad." Whatever the reason, his qualification means that America's chances for retaining the world title are significantly better.

The following positional tour de force was played in the 1965 tournament, which saw Bobby Fischer win his seventh U.S. Championship.

French Defense

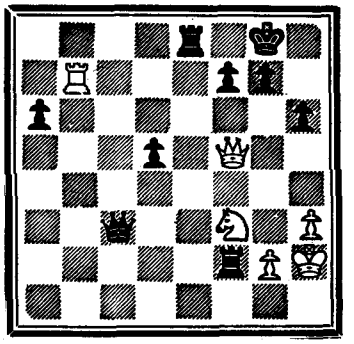
White: Fischer		Black: Byrne	
1. P–K4	P–K3	6. KN–B3	PxP
2. P–Q4	P–Q4	7. B–B4	Q–KR4
3. N–Q2	N–QB3	8. O–O	N–B3
4. P–QB3	P–K4	9. Q–Kch	B–K2
5. PxQP	QxP	10. NxP	O–O

White's tenth move did not prevent Black castling; if 11. NxN, B–Q3; 12. N–K7ch, K–R; 13. N–B3, B–KN5.

11. B–K2	B–KN5	12. NxN?	B–Q3

Threatening 13.... QxP mate and 13.... BxB. After this coup, which wins the exchange, it is only a matter of technique.

13. P–KR3	BxB	24. N–N6	BxB
14. N–Q4	BxR	25. NxN	PxN
15. QxB	KR–K	26. RxB	R–K7
16. N(2)–B3	P–QR3	27. R–N	Q–B7
17. B–N5	Q–N3	28. R–B	QxNP
18. R–Q	R–K5	29. R–N	QxBP
19. B–K3	N–Q4	30. RxP	RxRP
20. B–B	QR–K	31. K–R2	P–R3
21. N–Q2	R(5)–K2	32. Q–QN	RxP
22. N–B4	B–B5	33. Q–B5	
23. N–B3	P–QB3		



33. . . .	QxN!	35. PxR	R–Q
34. QxQ	RxQ	36. R–N6	P–Q5
		Resigns	

The following year Byrne, playing White, opened new theoretical frontiers in the Ruy Lopez at Bill Lombardy's expense:

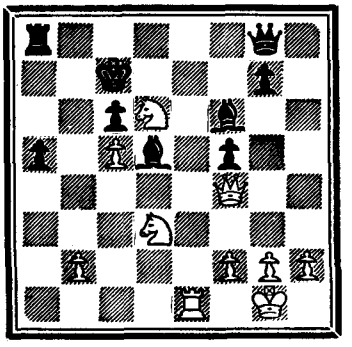
1. P–K4	P–K4	4. B–R4	P–QN4
2. N–KB3	N–QB3	5. B–N3	N–R4
3. B–N5	P–QR3	6. NxP	

Of course, White doesn't hope to keep the pawn, but Black will lose some important development tempi.

6. . . .	NxB	13. P–B4	N–B4
7. RPxN	Q–K2	14. R–K	NxB
8. P–Q4	P–KB3	15. RxNch	K–Q
9. N–KB3	QxPch	16. N–B3	B–B4
10. B–K3	B–N2	17. R–K4	Q–R4
11. O–O	Q–N5	18. Q–Q3	
12. P–Q5!	N–K2		

It is hard for Black to counter White's threat on both wings.

18. . . .	K–B	31. N–Q3	B–KB
19. R–KR4	Q–B2	32. R–K	Q–B
20. RxKRP	RxR	33. N(B)–K5	B–B
21. QxR	K–N	34. Q–B2	P–B3
22. Q–Q3	PxP	35. PxP	PxP
23. PxP	P–R4	36. P–B5	Q–N
24. N–K4	B–N5	37. N–QB4	B–K3
25. Q–Q4	Q–B	38. N–Q6	R–R2
26. R–QB	R–R3	39. N–K5	K–B2
27. N–K	P–KB4	40. Q–R4	B–Q4
28. N–N5	B–K2	41. N–Q3	R–R
29. Q–Q2	Q–B3	42. Q–KB4!	
30. N(5)–B3	Q–Q3		



42. . . .	K–Q2	45. N–Q6ch	K–R2
43. N–K5ch	K–B2	46. Q–QR4	forfeits
44. NxKBP	K–N2		

FAIRFIELD W. HOBAN

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(Editorial, *continued from page 5.*)
lifestyle that has been growing in the national life, a lifestyle alien to the nation's history and contemptuous of people. Contemptuous not just of Americans as political animals but of people in general. The effect has been a suspension of energizing thought in the society and an oppressive sense of a lowering ceiling over our national prospects.

The nation's credentials for its leadership role in the world are being shredded. At precisely the time when new global approaches have to be fashioned for global problems, the United States is losing moral tone and therefore rallying power. More serious even than Watergate, in its impact on world opinion, has been the special dispensation asked by the government to continue to drop bombs on human beings for a specified period of time. It is almost made to seem as though we were en route to a promised land, needing only forty-five days of unobstructed bombing of human beings to get there. Can anyone imagine the feelings of Cambodians on learning that the rain of death would be prolonged for a magic number of days according to a compromise formula worked out between the President and the Congress? Can anyone explain to the Cambodians that bombing errors in which people are killed are inevitable concomitants of large-scale bombing operations? Is the term "inevitable concomitant" a suitable epitaph for a human life?

And what are people to think when they read that, three years ago, the American people, boasting of an open society and the finest communications system in the world, didn't even know that their own air force had carried out 3630 air raids over a foreign country? Does anyone remember how incredulous and indignant we Americans were, after the end of World War II, when the German people said they had no knowledge of the concentration camps and the abominations that were officially sanctioned at those man-made hellholes? If, as we said at the time, the German people were responsible because they should have known, what do we say in our own defense today about the 3630 bombing raids on Cambodia? Do we say we have no responsibility because the government deliberately lied? Do we say the bombings were carried on outside the constitutional process and that even committees of Congress were systematically deceived? If these are our answers, how do we make them persuasive to other people? How do we make them persuasive to ourselves?

WE LIVE WITH all these questions, and we feel in limbo spiritually. Yet we have more to bring to our problems than despair. Watergate and Cambodia and, indeed, the entire ordeal of Vietnam have set the stage for national regeneration. We are discovering that our history and our traditions have provided us not just with anthems and folk tales but also with machinery for working on hard problems. Americans are now learning, in a way that even their history books have been unable to dramatize, what is meant by a government of laws rather than of men. It is important to be reminded that most of the American Founding Fathers were young, innovative thinkers, men whose first concern was to create a society that could surmount its ordeals, however complex or extreme. We are now witnessing the beautiful workings of that design. The American system is greater than the men who serve it or exploit it.

This doesn't mean that the American people should sit back and congratulate one another on their history. There is work to be done. The cleansing process must not be halted out of a misguided notion that everyone has now learned his lesson and that we can revert to business as usual. But neither must the cleansing process be a substitute for thought and action on urgent fronts. A world design for peace is still the number-one problem. Human life on this planet is being inadequately sustained in most places. There is still no rational or workable means for preventing a nuclear holocaust. When the national governments act on the world level, they do so primarily through force or the threat of force. We are all locked into primitive relationships and forms of human organization.

To the extent that any attack on problems begins with words, we are grateful for the opportunity to rededicate the magazine to that purpose.

N. C.

WIT TWISTER NO. 4

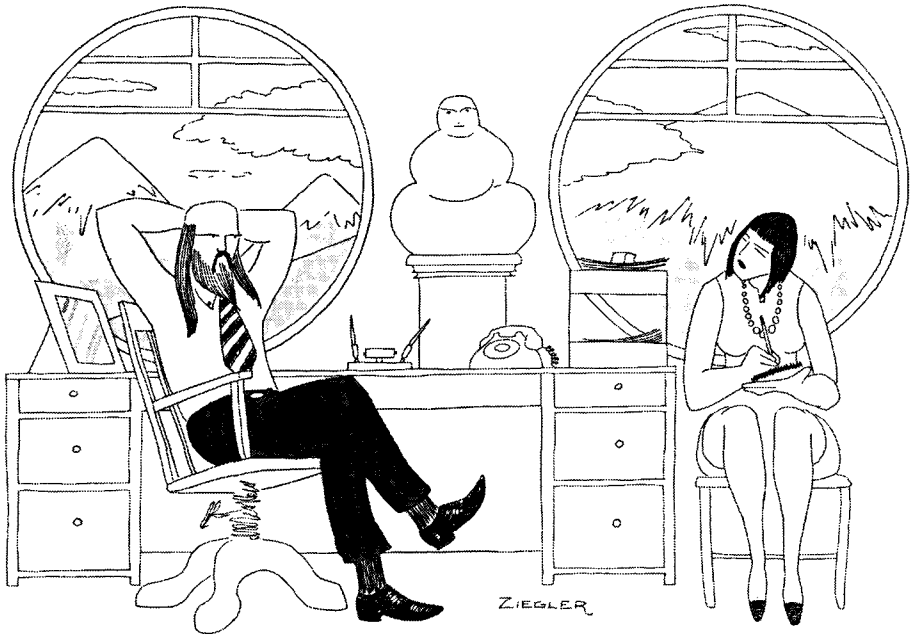
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The — — — — — — — — of
Lust, like gnats that sting and
swarm,
Nip thin-lipped — — — — —
— — and turn their chill skins
warm.
In spite of — — — — — — — —
self-dealt with stinging birch,
The itches still — — — — — —
— —quite wrong for church!

A. S.

Answer, see page 47.



"Take a haiku, Miss Lee. . . ."

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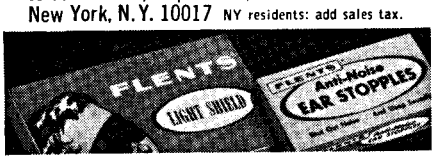

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Light Refractions

The Divine Dizziness

To me, the screwball uses of language are among life's great joys. I think Peter De Vries has the keenest ear in the English-speaking world for linguistic absurdities.

One of my cousins, who lived, he said, in RATchester, New York, pronounced "probably" as "prally" when he was in his early teens. Years later I met a young lady from WisCANsin who pronounced it "parry," as in "Tamarra'll parry be even hatter'n taday." But it took Peter De Vries to find a young lady who said "pry." I loved her instantly. I can't remember her name, but I'm sure she was in *Reuben, Reuben*, one of the many De Vries books I've lent or given to friends in the course of proselyting for the De Vries cult. I pry lent it to a friend who pry lent it to someone else.

In De Vries's latest book, *Forever Panting*, he has created a woman who talks like my wife.

The De Vries character is named Ginger, and she talks in Ginger-isms. For years I've marveled at and loved what I've called Jeannie-isms. "She was one of those women who manage to be both dizzy and intelligent," says De Vries of Ginger.

This is the sort of sentence you can get away with in a novel, but if I referred to a woman, especially my wife, as "both dizzy and intelligent" today, hordes of modern women would bridle justifiably in recognition of the stereotypical "dizzy dame." Nevertheless, it is a fact that there are some women who have the divine gift of natural, unintentional comedy, and Jeannie is among them.

Some men have it, too, of course. The most famous Dizzy is one of the Dean boys, who is as famous for saying "He slud inta third" as he is for his phenomenal pitching. It was Joe Jacobs who said, "I shoulda stood in bed," and Sam Goldwyn, who was anything but dumb, made—or at least was credited with having made—hundreds of dizzy statements, my favorite of which is, "A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's printed on."

Back to Ginger-isms and Jeannie-isms. "The scatterbrained woman is not the worst company in the world, if it's brains she's scattering," says De Vries through his leading character, Smackenfelt. Far, far, far from the worst company, I add from personal experience.

Ginger says things like, "People in show business always have a lot of irons in the fire, but few of them ever jell."

Jeannie says things like, "If I had the time to play bridge, I'd take up all my hems."

One of the classic Jeannie-isms was: "Gee, I was really surprised to hear about Lee and Betty getting a divorce. It didn't surprise me, though."

I was reminded of that a couple of weeks ago when I got a card from a lady whom I'll call Mrs. Tyler. Critical mail seldom delights me, but Mrs. Tyler's card made me feel right at home.

I am totally amazed that you—a self-proclaimed master of linguists and a crusading purist for the English language—can so befoul the same by your misuse of "elemental" (WORLD, July 3). I am, however, not surprised—as week after week you submit inaccurate "clues" to the puzzle.

What can I say? I'm totally disarmed by anyone who's "totally amazed" but "not surprised." Mrs. Tyler was referring to something I said about George Orwell's Newspeak in his *1984*. I said that, in Newspeak, "verbal thought becomes possible only on the most elemental level." I meant elemental in the sense of "not complex or refined" (WNI 3) and "starkly simple, primitive, or basic" (Random House).

Mrs. Tyler must have been thinking of elemental as "relating to or caused by a great force of nature." That, indeed, would have been a misuse of elemental.

Being totally amazed but not surprised seems to be much more a feminine than a masculine aptitude. In fact, in a poll of more than a half-dozen women, I found only one who was in the least surprised that Mrs. Tyler was totally amazed but not surprised, and even *she* wasn't surprised that Jeannie was really surprised but that it didn't surprise her, though. On the other hand, it's been my observation that men are much more prone than women to use the word "literally" to mean its exact opposite, sometimes evoking bizarre images: "He was literally coming apart." The other day I heard a state senator say, "I had Senate bills literally coming out my ears."

That fractured me. Literally.

THOMAS H. MIDDLETON

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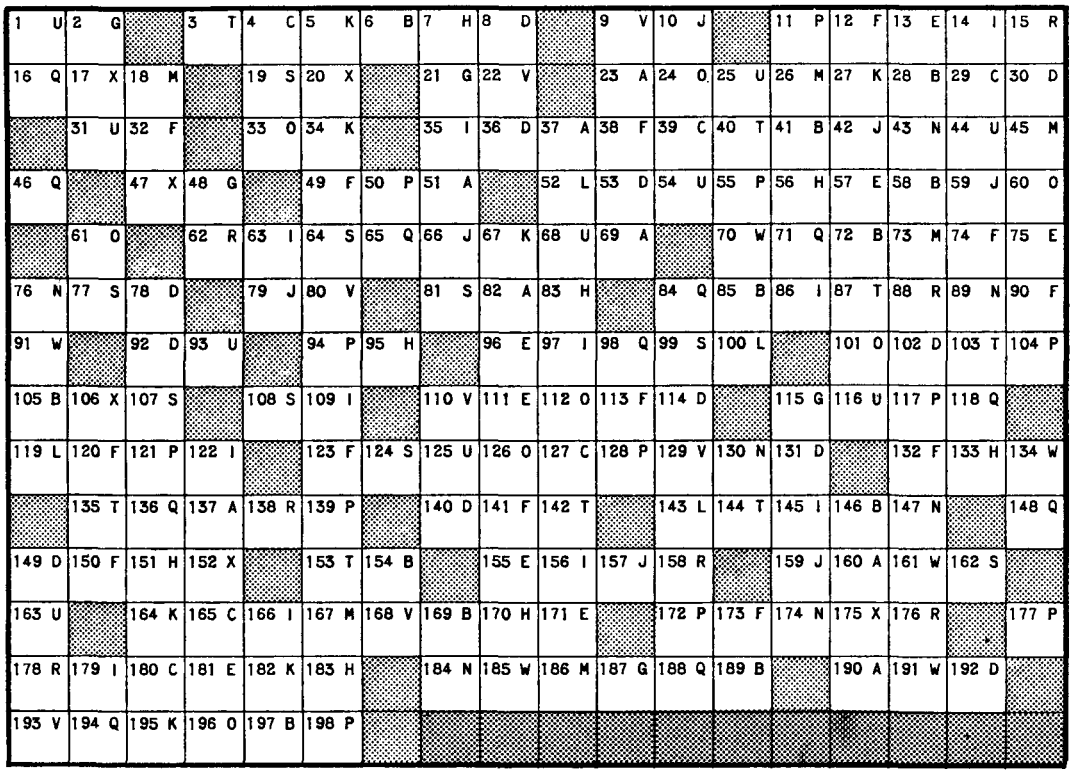
Double-Crostic No. 32

by Thomas H. Middleton



INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the words correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the words you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate what word a particular square's letter comes from.

The diagram, when filled in, will read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each word, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth from words to diagram and from diagram to words until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Superabundance	23 37 51 69 82 137 160 190
B. Interpreter of dreams	197 28 58 72 85 154 169 189 6 41 105 146
C. Jinx, evil eye	180 4 29 39 127 165
D. Italian actress (1859–1924; full name)	8 30 36 53 78 92 114 140 192 102 131 149
E. Shaw, Ross	171 13 57 75 96 111 155 181
F. Principality of which Vaduz is the capital	12 38 74 90 120 132 150 173 32 49 113 123 141
G. Blarney, soft soap	187 21 48 115 2
H. Unscrupulous subordinate	56 83 95 7 133 151 170 183
I. Tooth pullers	86 97 156 35 63 109 122 145 166 179 14
J. Very large, powerful, short-haired dog with an apricot, fawn, or brindle coat	157 42 59 66 79 10 159
K. First president of Upper Volta	34 67 164 182 5 195 27
L. Region north of Peshawar, north West Pakistan	52 143 100 119

CLUES	WORDS
M. French painter and etcher (1836–1902) famous for water-color Bible scenes	167 186 18 26 45 73
N. "Spring Goeth All ____": Robert Bridges poem (2 wds.)	76 89 184 147 174 43 130
O. 1952 John Ford comedy starring John Wayne (2 wds. after *The*)	101 126 196 24 60 33 61 112
P. Not kind or forgiving	172 198 11 50 121 117 128 55 94 177 104 139
Q. "____ of great pith and moment / With this regard their currents turn awry" (*Hamlet*)	188 46 98 194 71 84 136 16 65 118 148
R. Perfume, scent	88 138 15 158 176 62 178
S. Conformity to a rule or standard	64 77 99 162 108 124 19 81 107
T. Send off with speed; kill	142 40 87 135 103 153 3 144
U. Strange; different	54 68 93 31 1 44 125 116 163 25
V. Italian operatic composer (1792–1868; *La Gazza Ladra*)	193 9 22 80 110 129 168
W. Bis	91 191 70 161 185 134
X. Darts	20 17 47 175 106 152

(Answer to Double-Crostic No. 31 appears on page 47.)

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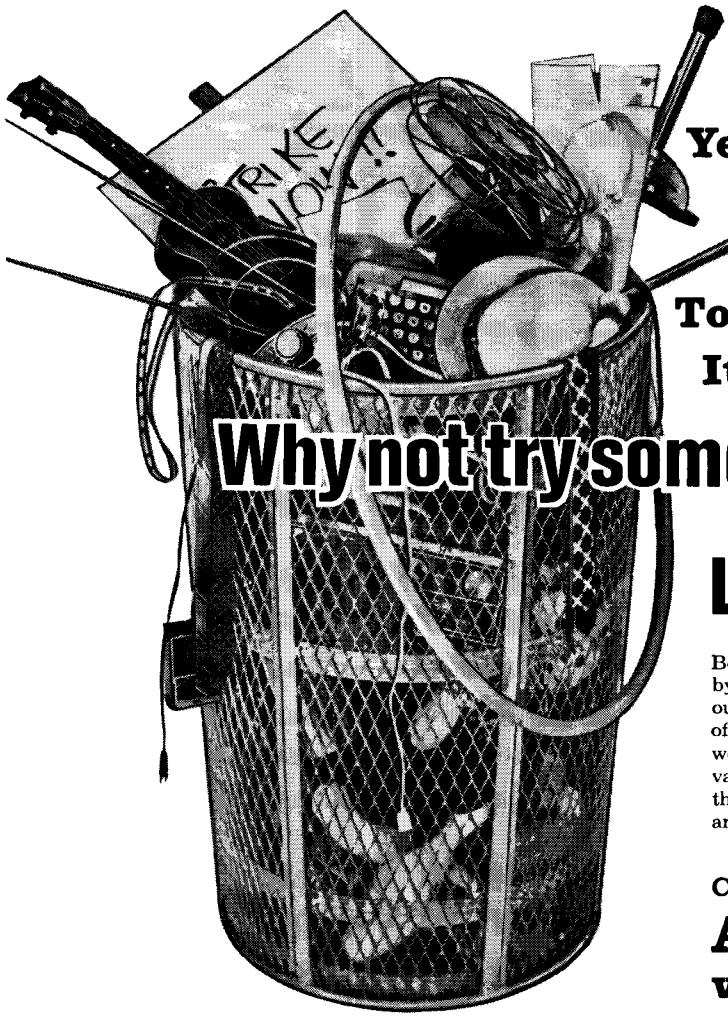

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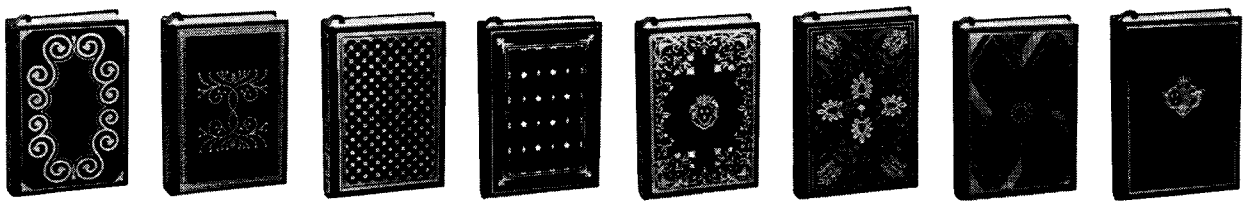

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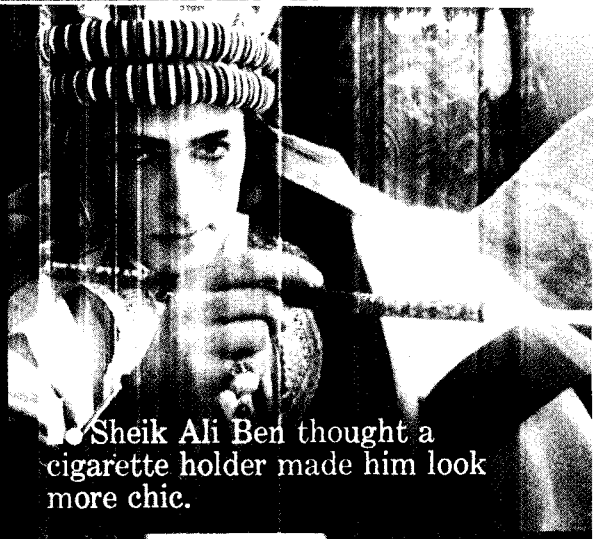

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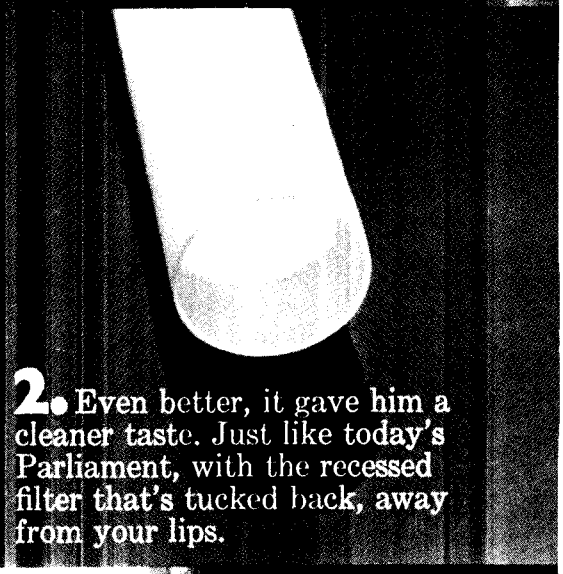

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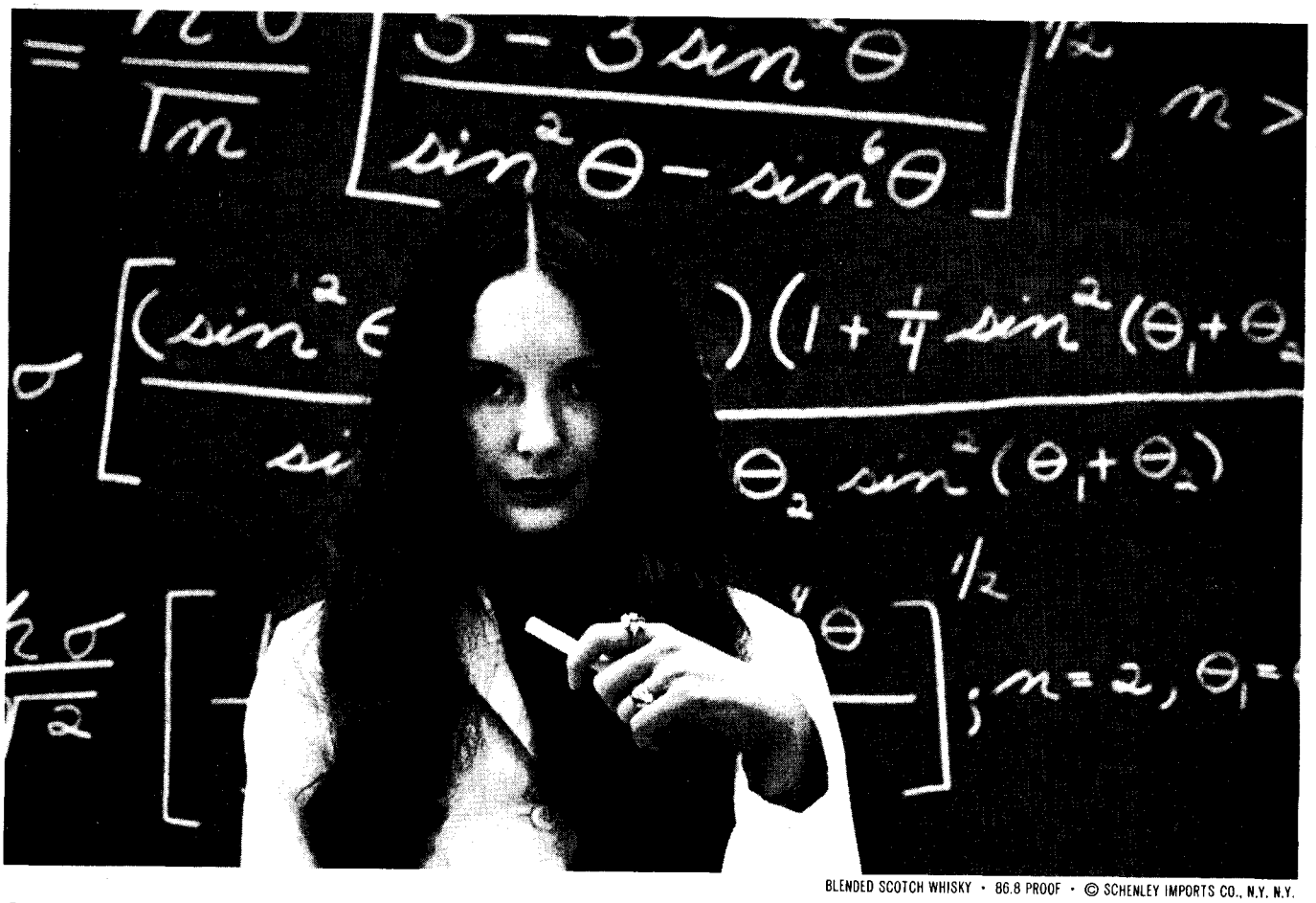
DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF · © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y. N.Y.

SHEILA ANN T. LONG

HOME: Hampton, Virginia

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Physicist

HOBBIES: Ballet, Sailing, Car Racing, Chess

LAST BOOK READ: "Beyond Freedom and Dignity"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Member of the team of international scientists who are mapping earth's electromagnetic field for the first time

QUOTE: "Scientific research in all fields has been a prime contributor to America's greatness. Let us not forget this in our concern for the dying environment, for Technology holds the very means to save it."

PROFILE: Brilliant, beautiful, in love with life. Involved, and unintimidated by difficult challenge. Saluted by *New Woman* magazine as one of the 26 women who "made it big in their twenties."

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides. ***Dewar's never varies.***

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